

THE  
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1854.

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KING, THE SCULPTOR.

“HOW palpable,” says a late writer, (Rev. H. W. Bellows,) “the profound design entertained by Providence, of awakening and educating man’s soul through the necessity under which he lies of subduing and regulating the material world.” And in this adaptation of the outer world to the inner and higher wants of man, he well remarks, “we behold the grandest and most glorious proof of the being of that God, that wonderful designer, whose plan, as it opens, shows an infinite forecast—and of the

patience, wisdom, benevolence of that Providence, which keeps his own gifts half hidden, half revealed, that they may be received with the best advantage of his creatures, while he strictly subordinates the natural world to the spiritual discipline and moral victory of his rational offspring.” The same divine mind has also provided the proper stimulants for the culture of the imagination and the taste. As all the concealed capabilities of the natural world to add to the comforts of the race are so many heavenly invitations and even

commands to discover and subjugate them—the cloudy steam, the fugitive electricity, the expansive gas, new esculents, new medicinal elements—so the ductile metal, the finely veined wood, and the yielding marble are all as direct intimations of the divine will and purpose. In the mind God has implanted the restless urgency to realize, in beautiful forms, the spiritual ideas that rise into life within its pregnant bosom—a craving more powerful than the cry for bread, and even conquering the strong natural instinct for rest and for life. And he has himself provided the unapproachable paradigms, which ever inspire and excite the human powers to their utmost ability. A beckoning hand, and a spiritual voice whispering *excelsior*, ever invite the reverent imagination to a higher conception, and the cunning fingers to a more delicate execution. The world is hung with pictures, adorned with statuary, and piled up in sublime forms of architecture. The great Sovereign of the universe is evidently worshiped and glorified as truly in an effort to develop and cultivate the imagination, as in the toils of daily labor and the investigations of science; and the work may be as devout. Sir Godfrey Kneller was accustomed to say:—“When I paint, I consider it as one way, at least, of offering devotions to my Maker, by exercising the talent his goodness has graciously blessed me with;” and Francis I., when his noblemen expressed their surprise at his grief upon the death of Leonardo da Vinci, exclaimed: “I can make a nobleman; but God Almighty alone can make an artist.” Indeed, the inspiration to accomplish these noble and beautiful results is ascribed in Holy Writ to the Almighty: “Then wrought every wise-hearted man in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding, to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary;” and in the disclosures of the “new heavens” and “new earth,” the adornments of art are the chosen symbols of its glory: “Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors and thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.”

The effect of a true and pure work of art upon the mind of the beholder can but be wholesome and ennobling. “Though the cultivation of the taste,” says the

author of the “Manual of the Fine Arts,” “will not create moral principles in the mind where they do not exist, it is maintained that there is an affinity between the refinements of taste and the virtues of the soul; between the beautiful and the good. Heaven, the peculiar abode of holiness, is represented as a place of transcendent beauty and glory. And granting that the fine arts are utterly powerless to implant pure principles, still, if not abused, they will foster and expand them, and imbue them with a fine sensibility.” The same author remarks with much propriety: “A cultivation of the taste, by a proper degree of attention to literature and the fine arts, elevates the mind above trivial cares and conventional jealousies, giving it a vigorous independence, and a fund of inexhaustible resources within itself.” The increase of material wealth, with us, exhibits itself too often in the gratification of appetite or of the lower affections—in the over-luxuriousness of our dwellings and their furniture, and in those forms of domestic art that strike the sight with the most glaring effect—in plate and jewelry. “I cannot but think,” says Ruskin, “that part of the wealth which now lies buried in these doubtful luxuries, might most wisely and kindly be thrown into a form which would give perpetual pleasure, not to its possessor only, but to thousands besides, and neither tempt the unprincipled, nor inflame the envious, nor mortify the poor; while, supposing that your own dignity was dear to you, this, you may rely upon it, would be more impressed upon others by the nobleness of your house walls than by the glistening of your sideboards.”

No form of art is better adapted to accomplish these high purposes than sculpture. Ruskin is of the opinion that there is less liability of a perverted taste in this form of art than in painting. “You are aware,” he says in his interesting lectures, “that the possibilities of error in sculpture are much less than in painting; it is altogether an easier and simpler art, invariably attaining perfection long before painting, in the progress of a national mind.” Our young country has presented its full share of claimants to the honors of this noble art, and among the living and the dead can point, with national pride, to names that the world will not readily let die. The lamented Horatio Greenough

—a Boston boy—whose valuable life was finally fretted out, in the prime of his years, by the vexatious delays of our government in sending for the group of statuary executed by him in Italy, which had been ordered, under the administration of Mr. Van Buren, to embellish the pediment of the eastern portico of the capitol at Washington, had lived long enough to secure a European reputation. To him belongs the honor of the severe and sublime design of the monument upon Bunker Hill. His younger brother, Richard Greenough, is an emulator of his genius, and is rising to fame in the same province of art. Eve, the Greek Slave, and the Neapolitan Fisher Boy have rendered the name of Hiram Powers immortal—a New-Englander by birth, but early transplanted to Ohio, and claimed by Cincinnati as one of her noblest sons. The majestic bronze statue by Ball Hughes of Dr. Bowditch, in Mt. Auburn, and other equal works, have placed the author's name among the conspicuous sculptors of the day. Henry Dexter, of New-York, became a painter, by the irresistible force of genius, and a sculptor almost involuntarily. About the time of his coming to Boston, Greenough was leaving the country for Italy, and a friend of the young painter advised him to obtain the molding clay left behind in the sculptor's rooms, as modeling might help him in acquiring a knowledge of forms. The suggestion was followed, and the clay obtained. "I mixed it with water," he says, "and prepared a mass of it in the way I supposed it was to be used. My hands were in the clay when Mr. White, the painter, came in. I requested him to let me make his face in the mud. He readily assented. In about half an hour, with only my fingers for instruments, I astonished my sitter, and almost frightened myself. This was my first attempt at modeling." His marble "Binney Child" in Mt. Auburn will not soon leave the memory of the observer. Clevenger, and Crawford, the latter of whom conceived and chiseled the striking monumental representation of the death of Dr. Amos Binney, in Mt. Auburn, have both justified by ample results their right to a position in the "goodlie" company of sculptors. And then there is Stevenson, who executed the "Wounded Indian;" Bracket, the sculptor of the "Shipwrecked Mother and Child;" Brown, whose colossal statue

of De Witt Clinton, in bronze, was a great achievement of art; Thomas Ball, of Charleston, whose head of Webster has been much admired; Clark Mills, whose equestrian statue of Jackson adorns the National Capitol; and Miss Hosmer, the latest, and in some respects most remarkable cultivator of the art of sculpture—a young lady of Watertown, Mass., whose "Hesper" is considered an extraordinary production, affording an eloquent prophecy of fame.

John C. King, whose name stands at the head of this sketch, is intimately connected, in his early artistic history and fortunes, with his warm friend and companion, Hiram Powers. Mr. King is a native of Scotland, having been born in the town of Kilwinning, Ayrshire, on the 16th of October, 1806. His later studies and labors were foretold by his early tastes and passion for painting. At five years of age, he began with chalk sketches, and the gift of his first box of water colors, he says, made him "happier then, than a fortune could make me now." He practiced as an amateur artist, without instruction, until the age of manhood. He was persuaded to learn the business of his father, (a machinist,) that the aid of his services might be secured to the family. In 1829, Mr. King, having become restless at home, and having heard glowing accounts of the openings for business in America, embarked for New-Orleans, where he arrived in due season, and soon after sailed for Cincinnati. His time was occupied in various forms of his trade until 1836, when, in the financial crisis of that memorable period, all manufacturing business was paralyzed. In 1832, while residing in Cincinnati, he became acquainted with Hiram Powers, and a warm and lasting friendship was the result. "In 1834," writes Mr. King, in his sketch of his life prepared for Mrs. Lee, "a young friend of Mr. Powers died of cholera. Powers was applied to, to model a bust of him from memory. I had an invitation to look at it when it was finished. This was the first model in clay I had ever seen, and it possessed great interest for me. After examining it carefully, and making remarks on the parts that pleased me most, Powers came directly in front of me, threw his hands behind his back, looked at me with his large, serious eyes, as if he saw through to the back of my



DANIEL WEBSTER.

head, and said, 'King, if you had as much practice as I have had, you could model as good a bust as I can.' I asked him why he said so; he replied, 'I know it from the remarks you have just made on that model. Get a piece of clay, and I will give you my modeling stand, and lend you my modeling tools, and if your modesty will not allow you to ask any gentleman to sit, make a bust of your wife; and if you should fail, don't be discouraged, as a female study, for a beginner, is rather a severe test.' The clay was procured, and the block set up, into which I was to work my way, to come at the likeness. Most of the work had to be done at night, as early in the morning I had the duties connected with my business to attend to. About two weeks served to throw aside the clay in the front of the head, and, somewhat to my astonishment,

the likeness was apparent. I summoned courage to ask Powers to look at it. I confess that I was quite nervous about the time the model was uncovered. He looked at it, and said, 'Did I not tell you that you could model? And if circumstances should occur that make it expedient for you to resort to sculpture as a means of supporting your family, you need no teacher: you have that within you that will guide you better than any master.' Thus was one artist quickened into life by the genial and unselfish kindness and appreciation of another. From this time Mr. King continued to cultivate the art which he had espoused with all the warmth of a first love, modeling busts and medallions.

In 1837 he removed to New-Orleans, and gave himself up to his profession, leaving in this city when he removed, as



the evidences of his peculiar skill and success in copying nature, among others, the busts of Rev. Theodore Clapp and Honorable Pierre Soulé, and a number of his remarkable likenesses in cameo. In 1840 he removed to Boston, continuing his work of modeling busts with great assiduity, and multiplying his accurate and beautiful cameos. His great works in marble are the busts of John Quincy Adams, Dr. Samuel Woodward, and Daniel Webster.

Mr. King has not yet illustrated his genius by any ideal statuary; indeed, although in the simple sketch that we have given, the life of the artist may seem to have run quietly and happily on, behind this outward and visible life there may have been the keen inward struggle against the pressure of daily necessities, and also against the mental despondency arising from the inadequate returns of labors that had become a craving and an almost necessary condition of happiness and life.

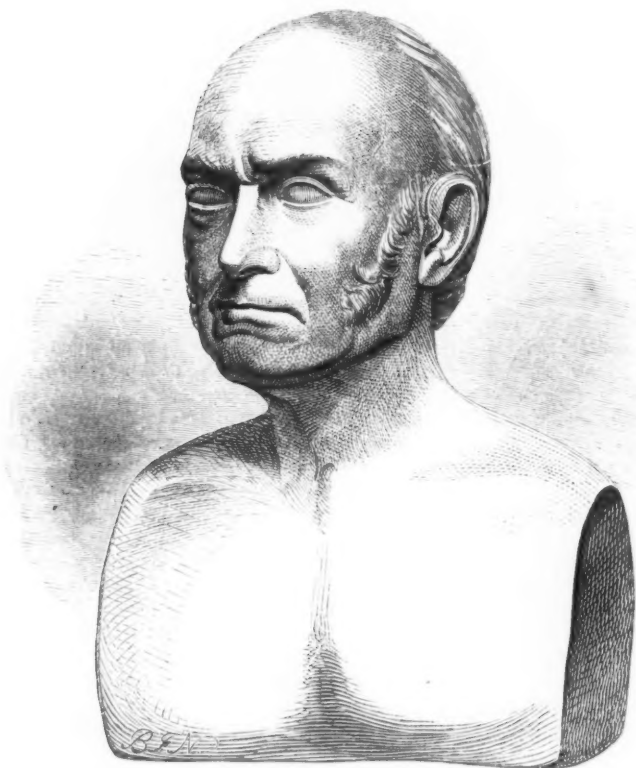
A more touching and painful record could hardly be written than the confidential history of most of our artists. Long months of toil, without resources to meet the continual wants of a family, must be passed, before the speaking marble or canvas returns even its limited recompense; and with the comparatively few appreciators of art, the supply ordinarily is in advance of the demand. The wonder is, that art is still so generously cultivated by its devotees, at such a price of neglect and agony. But the ideal power is not lacking in Mr. King: it reveals itself by unmistakable symbols in his marble busts. The original forms of beauty stand around his mental gallery awaiting the hour of hope, when they shall come forth and assume a material embodiment. "Those can know but little of the miracles in primitive clay," says the *Washington National Intelligencer*, "who have not seen King's gorgeous, but truthful bust of the great expounder of the constitution." His power of seizing upon the best expression and producing a likeness of extraordinary precision both in cameo and in marble, is not more marked than the ethereal grace of original genius with which he invests the perfect images that rise under his hand.

His noble bust of the "old man eloquent" stands in the room of the speaker

of the House of Representatives, on the very spot where Mr. Adams breathed his last—a perpetual remembrancer of the fearless and faithful sage of Quincy, and honor to the sculptor. In the spring of 1850, Mr. King had the privilege of a series of sittings from Mr. Webster. He saw him under the most favorable circumstances, and by careful measurements was enabled to secure an exact counterpart of the illustrious statesman. The majestic subject, in both physical and mental proportions, was all that art could ask for a noble display of her handiwork. And the success of the artist was complete; he has succeeded in perpetuating in marble that wonderful "personification of intellect and power, and of self possession and energy in repose."

Of this work the discriminating critic of the *Boston Post* remarked: "The likeness, the expression, the character of the remarkable man are all faithfully and wonderfully presented, the bust is lifelike, impressive to an astonishing degree, and must rank altogether among the best efforts of modern art." Another Boston critic, the editor of the *Transcript*, remarked: "It is the true historic head of Webster—that by which he will be best known to posterity—that which his most intimate friends will most confidently refer to, as, at once, the most agreeable and the most minutely accurate of the many likenesses of the man." A marble copy of this bust was ordered for Faneuil Hall; and when completed and the object of universal commendation, the memorable fire which consumed the Tremont Temple destroyed this noble result of months of toil, together with the artist's casts, models, valuable busts, all his cameos and all the implements of the art which he had collected in his studio. The gentlemen, however, who had ordered the original bust, generously called for another; a plaster cast, happily, having been preserved. Mr. Grinnell, of New-York, is possessor of another marble bust of Webster from the hand of Mr. King; and the artist is at present in England with his fine copy of the American senator, ordered by Lord Ashburton. We hope he may bring with him, upon his return, orders for many more of his great work.

If life and an opportunity for the development and cultivation of his genius are



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

enjoyed by Mr. King, we may confidently predict a still richer recompense of emolument and fame for him. He is but inspired by his early successes, and the cunning of his hand has not yet expressed itself as it may when the pressure of necessity is removed from it, and it follows unembarrassed the conceptions of an untrammelled mind. A keen observer, and one well qualified to form a comparative estimate of the genius exhibited by the cultivators of art, says in a letter to the writer: "I know of no artist of our own day so well entitled, whether in cameo-cutting, or in modeling, or in exquisite skill in chiseling, to unqualified eulogy and ample patronage, yet securing so little in proportion to his merits. In cameo work, we have no living artist, at home or abroad, who, in his characteristic style, unites, with original life and freshness, so much classical elegance and

finish. In his admirable busts he has the rare skill to retain a well-marked individuality and life-like portraiture, with an ideal dignity and grace, seldom revealed by other artists without sacrificing truth and resemblance." We trust that brighter days are beginning to beam upon the pathway of the artist, and that his genius will have yet an unobstructed path. However this may be, the true artist may ever say of his art as Coleridge said of his poetry: "I expect neither profit nor general fame from my writings, and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."



LUTHER BESIDE THE COFFIN OF HIS DAUGHTER.

## LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER BESIDE THE COFFIN OF HIS DAUGHTER  
MADELEINE.

**WE** stand here before a sanctuary. On the altar of his God, from the inmost depths of his painfully struggling soul, the father gave up the dearest of all he possessed ;—his beloved child, ripe for heaven while still on earth, he placed resignedly into the lap of his Creator and Redeemer.

On Wednesday, September 20, 1542, his daughter Madeleine, not yet fourteen years old, closed her eyes forever. "I love her much," he said at her bed-side ; "but if it be thy will, O God, to take her, I shall gladly know her to be with thee !" When he asked her : "Madeleine, my

little daughter, thou wouldst gladly remain here with thy father ; but thou wilt also readily go to thy other Father ?" the dying child replied : "Yes, dear father, as God wills." And after the funeral he said : "My daughter is now provided for, body and soul. We Christians ought not to mourn ; we know that it must be thus : we are most fully assured of eternal life : for God who has promised it us through his Son, cannot lie. God has now two saints of my flesh ! If I could bring my daughter to life again, and she could bring me a kingdom, I would not do it. O, she is well cared for ! Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ! whoever dies thus is assured of eternal life. I wish I and

my children, and you all, might depart; for I see evil times coming."

The great effectiveness of this picture arises from the holy peacefulness breathing in the words of the mourning father, so powerfully impressive in their solemn simplicity. We seem to hear them: "Thou hast given, thou hast taken away; blessed be thy name!" No woman knew better the affections of home than this sturdy gladiator of the moral world. Children especially were dear to him. "Children," he said, "are the happiest. We old fools are ever distressing ourselves with disputes about the word—constantly asking ourselves, 'Is it true? Is it possible? How can it be possible?' Children, in their pure and guileless faith, have no doubts on matters appertaining to salvation. . . . Like them we ought to trust for salvation to the simple word; but the devil is ever throwing some stumbling-block in our way." Another time, as his wife was giving the breast to his little Martin, he said, "The pope and duke George hate this child, and all belonging to me, as do their partisans and the devil. However, they give no uneasiness to the dear child, and he does not concern himself what such powerful enemies may do. He sticks to the teat, or crows laughingly aloud, and leaves them to grumble their fill." One day, that Spalatin and Lenhart Beier, pastor of Zwickau, were with him, he pointed to his little Martin playing with a doll, and said, "Even such were man's thoughts in Paradise—simple, innocent, and free from malice or hypocrisy; he must have been like this child when he speaks of God and is so sure of him."

He said, among other things, "God has not given such good gifts these thousand years to any bishop as he has to me. We may glorify ourselves in the gifts of God. Alas! I hate myself that I cannot rejoice now as I ought to do, nor render sufficient thanks to God. I try to lift up my heart from time to time to our Lord in some little hymn, and to feel as I ought to do." "Well! whether we live or die, *domini sumus*, in the genitive or the nominative.\* Come, sir doctor, be firm."

"The night before Madeleine's death,

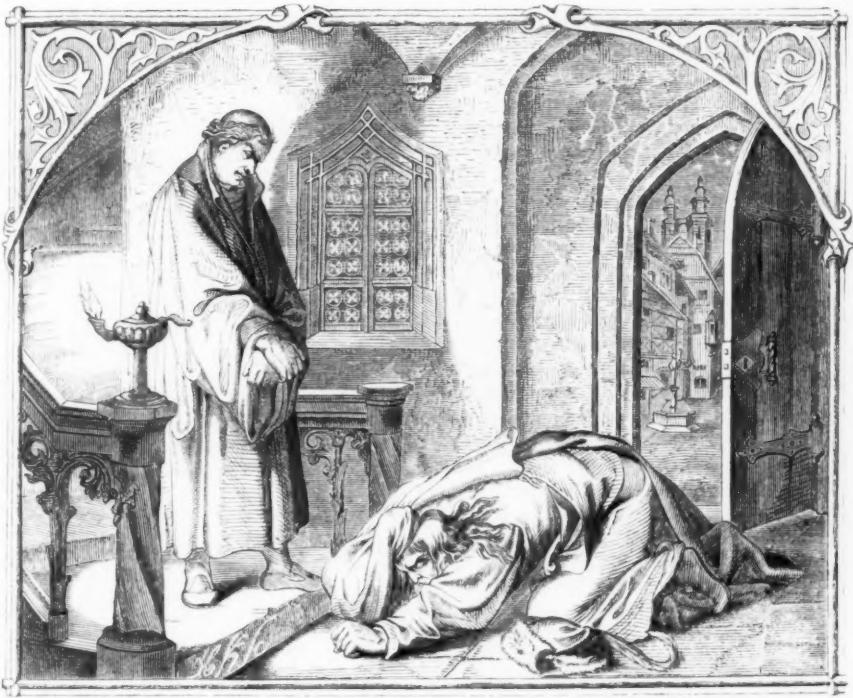
\* A play upon the word *Dominus*. "*Domini sumus*" may signify, (*Domini* being constructed in the genitive,) "We are the Lord's;" or else, (constructed nominatively,) "We are lords," (i. e., masters, teachers.)

her mother had a dream. She dreamed that she saw two fair youths beautifully attired, who came as if they wished to take Madeleine away with them, and conduct her to be married. When Philip Melancthon came the next morning and asked the lady how it was with her daughter? she related her dream, at which he seemed frightened, and remarked to others, 'that the young men were two holy angels, sent to carry the maiden to the true nuptials of a heavenly kingdom.' She died that same day. When she was in the agony of death, her father threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and weeping bitterly, prayed to God that he would spare her. She breathed her last in her father's arms. Her mother was in the room, but not by the bed, on account of the violence of her grief. The doctor continued to repeat, 'God's will be done! My child has another Father in heaven!' Then Master Philip observed, that the love of parents for their children was an image of the divine love impressed on the hearts of men. God loves mankind no less than parents do their children. When they placed her on the bier, the father exclaimed, 'My poor, dear little Madeleine, you are at rest now.' Then, looking long and fixedly at her, he said, 'Yes, dear child, thou shalt rise again, shalt shine like a star! Yes! like the sun! . . . I am joyful in spirit: but O! how sad in the flesh! It is a strange feeling this, to know she is so certainly at rest, that she is happy, and yet to be so sad.'"

LUTHER AND HANS KOHLHASE.

PROMINENTLY to depict the moral courage of Luther, and to show the great weight of his name, the artist refers to his intercourse with Hans Kohlhasse.

This unhappy individual, originally an honest much-respected man, of a strong and vigorous mind, but passionate, and with a keen perception of justice and of his own rights, was driven to desperation by a series of injuries, and a denial of all redress, inflicted upon him by the ruling powers: he became a robber, and on several occasions acted in concert with the most violent opponents of the constituted authorities of that day. A character such as this was well calculated to inspire Luther with the most lively interest; for in the depths of his soul also violent pas-



LUTHER AND HANS KOHLHASE.

sions lay hid, subdued and controlled by his higher qualities and by his faith.

The *Chronica* of Peter Hafititi states that a warning letter which Luther addressed to Kohlhasse, and in which he solemnly and impressively admonishes him to repentance, encouraged the outcast to go to Luther's house, and, without naming himself, implore for admission. "It occurred suddenly to Luther that this might be Kohlhasse; therefore he went to the door himself, and said: '*Numquid tu es Hans Kohlhasse?*' to which the answer was, '*Jam Domine Doctor.*' Upon this he was let in; and Luther conducted him solemnly to his own room, and sent for Master Philip (Melancthon) and several other divines. These Kohlhasse made acquainted with the state of his affairs; and all remained with him until late at night. In the morning he confessed himself to Luther, received the holy communion, and promised that he would abstain from violence, and injure the Saxon lands no further. He departed, unrecognized and unobserved, from the hostelry; having

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been consoled by the promise that they (Luther and his friends) would advocate his cause, and bring it to a good end." When this interference proved unavailing, Kohlhasse resumed his attempts to right himself by violence; and was at length taken, condemned, and executed, 1540.

In the picture Kohlhasse appears despairing; bowing down before Luther only, because he could have faith in and respect him alone. Luther receives him seriously and compassionately; for he reads in this darkened mind, and perceives that a great and divine power had been given it, the degeneration and destruction of which he deeply laments.

#### LUTHER VISITING PLAGUE PATIENTS.

LUTHER, inspired by the courage which faith gives, looked death in the face even when it approached in the terrible guise of the plague. This awful disease had broken out three times in Wittenberg (1516, 1527, 1535;) and three times he remained in the midst of the danger,

although he was pressingly requested to absent himself.

"I hope," he wrote to Lange, in 1516, "that the world will stand, though Martin Luther fall. I mean to disperse the brethren in all directions; but I have been posted here, and here I must remain. I do not say this because I do not fear death

—for I am not the Apostle Paul, but only his commentator—but I trust God will protect me from all my fears." Eleven years later, when the greater number of the inhabitants had left, and the university had been removed to Jena, he cried: "We are not alone; Christ and your prayers, and those of all the saints, are with us;

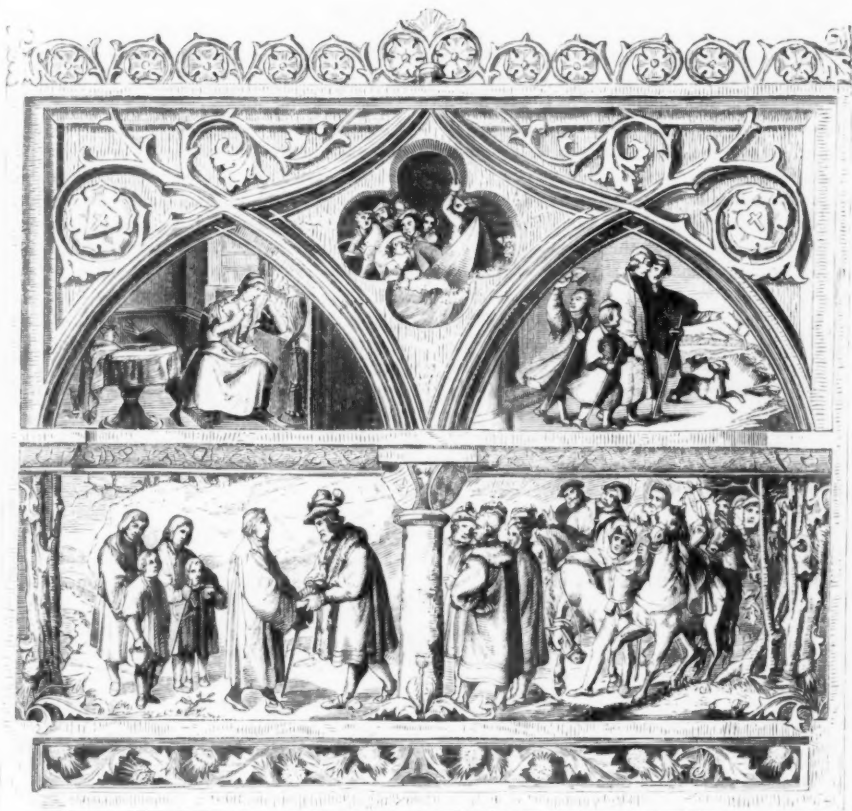


LUTHER VISITING PLAGUE PATIENTS.

also the holy angels, invisible, but powerful! If it be the will of God that we should remain and die, our care will avail us nothing. Let every one dispose his mind this way: if he be bound to remain and to assist his fellow-men in their death-struggles, let him resign himself to God, and say, 'Lord, I am in thy hand; thou hast fixed me here; thy will be done.'"

On All-saints' day, ten years after the indulgences had been trodden under foot, (1527,) he complained to Amsdorf: "My house is becoming an hospital; Hannah, Dr. Augustin's wife, has carried the plague about with her, but she is now recovered; Margareta Mochina frightened us with one boil and other symptoms, but she is well again; for my Kate I fear much, for





LUTHER'S LAST JOURNEY.

she is near her lying in; my little son also has been ill for the last three days. Thus there is struggle abroad and fear within—and both violent enough. Christ visits us sorely; the only consolation which we can oppose to the wrath of Satan is, that we have God's word for the salvation of our souls, even though he destroys our bodies. Therefore do thou and our brethren include us in your prayers, that we may firmly bear the hand of God." On the 10th of December he writes: "I am like a dying man; and behold, I live!" At the end of the year he exclaimed thankfully: "God hath shown himself wondrously merciful unto us."

In the picture we see the horrors of a plague-scene. Luther administers the last consolations of religion to a dying woman; she has already overcome the afflictions of this world, even the painful

sight of her dead child, in the anticipation of a future life. Around her are depicted the different degrees of the fear of death, which stalks along in the back-ground as a never-ending funeral train.

LUTHER TAKES LEAVE OF HIS FAMILY; EXPERIENCES GREAT DANGER DURING HIS JOURNEY; HIS RECEPTION AT THE FRONTIERS BY THE COUNTS OF MANSFELD.

THE man of battles begins a journey of peace: as peacemaker he proceeds to his home; it was, as he had felt it to be, his last journey, which led him to eternal peace, and to his real home. "The world is tired of me, and I am tired of it; we shall part easily, as a guest leaves his hostelry not unwilling."

He had twice attempted in the preceding year to adjust the quarrel between the Counts of Mansfeld; and now, accom-

panied by his three sons, he started a third time (January 23d, 1546.) His Katherina saw him depart with a sorrowful heart, as if she had a presentiment that she should never see him again, at least not otherwise than in his coffin. In vain he sought to cheer her in his letters by gay and grave remarks: "Read St. John and the Little Catechism, my beloved Kate, for thou seemest to fear for thy God as if he were not almighty, and could not create ten Dr. Martins, if the one old one were drowned in the Saale." "Do not trouble me with thine anxieties; I have a better protector than thee and all the angels. He lieth in the manger, or clings to the breast of the Virgin, but sitteth also at the right hand of God our Father Almighty. Therefore rest in peace. Amen."

He had escaped death in crossing the Saale during a flood, (January 28th,) that he might depart this life a few weeks later at the very place where he had entered it, at Eisleben. At the frontiers of Mansfeld he was received by the counts with a great retinue: he went there to reconcile the brothers and other relations who were at issue among themselves about their worldly possessions. This task was a most painful one for him. "In this school," he says, "one may learn why the Lord in his Gospel calls riches thorns."

#### LUTHER'S DEATH.

AN eventful great life, of which the results are incalculable, approaches its end; the heart stands still, that had beaten so warmly and faithfully for his people, for Christianity, and for the gospel. During the last years of Luther's life, his enemies often spread reports of his death; with the addition of the most singular and tragic circumstances. To refute these, Luther had printed in 1545, in German and Italian, a pamphlet, entitled *Lies of the Goths touching the Death of Dr. Martin Luther*. "I tell Dr. Bucer beforehand, that whoever, after my death, shall despise the authority of this school and this Church, will be a heretic and unbeliever; for it was here first that God purified his word and again made it known. . . . Who could do anything twenty-five years since? Who was on my side twenty-one years ago?" "I often count and find that I approach nearer and nearer to the forty years, at the end of which I believe all

this will end. St. Paul only preached for forty years; and so the Prophet Jeremiah and St. Augustin. And when each of these forty years had come to an end, in which they had preached the word of God, it was no longer listened to, and great calamities followed."

The aged electress, when he was last at her table, wished him forty years more of life. "I would not have heaven," said he, "on condition that I must live forty years longer. . . . I have nothing to do with doctors now. It seems they have settled that I am to live one year longer; so that I won't make my life a torment, but, in God's name, eat and drink what I please."—"I would my adversaries would put an end to me; for my death now would be of more service to the Church than my life." (February 16th, 1546.) The conversation running much on death and sickness, during his last visit to Eisleben, he said, "If I return to Wittenberg, I shall soon be in my coffin, and then I shall give the worms a good meal on a fat doctor." Two days after this he died, at Eisleben.

Luther often said that it would be a great disgrace to the pope were he to die in his bed. "All of you, thou pope, thou devil, ye kings, princes, and lords, are Luther's enemies, and yet you can do him no harm. It was not so with John Huss. I take it that there has not been a man so hated as I for these hundred years. I, too, hate the world. In the whole round of life, there is nothing which gives me pleasure; I am sick of living. May our Lord then come quickly, and take me with him. May he, above all, come with his day of judgment. I would stretch forth my neck . . . so that he hurled his thunderbolt and I were at rest. . . ."

Luther had arrived, the 28th January, at Eisleben, and, though already ill, he joined in all the conferences until the 17th February. He preached also four times, and revised the ecclesiastical statutes for the earldom of Mansfeld. The 17th, he was so ill that the counts prayed him not to go out. At supper he spoke much of his approaching end, and some one asking him if he thought we should recognize each other in the other world, he replied that he thought so. On returning to his chamber with Master Cælius and his two sons, he drew near the window, and remained there a long time in prayer.

After that he said to Aurifaber, who had just arrived, "I feel very weak, and my pains seem to increase:" on which they administered some medicine to him, and endeavored to warm him by friction. He spoke a few words to Count Albert, who had come to see him, and then laid himself down on the bed, saying, "If I could only sleep for half an hour, I think it would refresh me." He did sleep without waking for an hour and a half. This was about eleven o'clock. When he awoke, he said to those in attendance, "What, still sitting up by me: why do you not go to rest yourselves?" He then commenced praying, and said with fervor, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis.*" (Into thy hands I commend my spirit; thou art my Redeemer, O God of truth.) He also said to those about him, "All of you pray, my friends, for the gospel of our Lord, that his reign may be extended, for the Council of Trent and the pope threaten it greatly." He then slept again for about an hour, and when he awoke, Doctor Jonas asked him how he felt, "O my God," he replied, "I feel myself very bad. I think, my dear Jonas, that I shall remain here at Eisleben, where I was born."

He then took a few steps about the room, and laid himself down again on the bed, where they covered him with soft cushions. Two doctors, and the count with his wife, then arrived. Luther said to them, "I am dying: I shall remain at Eisleben." And Doctor Jonas expressing a hope that the perspiration would perhaps relieve him: "No, dear Jonas," replied he, "it is a cold and dry sweat, and the pain is worse." He then applied himself to prayer, and said, "O my God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou the God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe; whom I have preached and acknowledged; whom I have loved and honored; and whom the pope and the ungodly persecute. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestrial body; I shall be taken from this life; but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee." He repeated three times following, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine veritatis.*" Suddenly his eyes closed and he fainted. Count Albert and his wife, as well as the doctors, used their

utmost efforts to restore him to life, in which they with difficulty succeeded. Doctor Jonas then said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in constant reliance on the faith you have taught?" He replied distinctly, "Yes," and fell asleep again. Soon after he became alarmingly pale, then cold, and drawing one deep breath, he expired.

In the picture his two sons kneel beside their dying parent; his faithful friend and companion, Dr. Justus Jonas, addressed his last words to him; Michael Cælius prays for the preservation of the beloved life; the physician, Simon Wild, holds the now useless medicine-bottle in his hand; to the right stand Count Albracht and his wife, for whose sake the weary warrior had undertaken this troublesome winter journey.

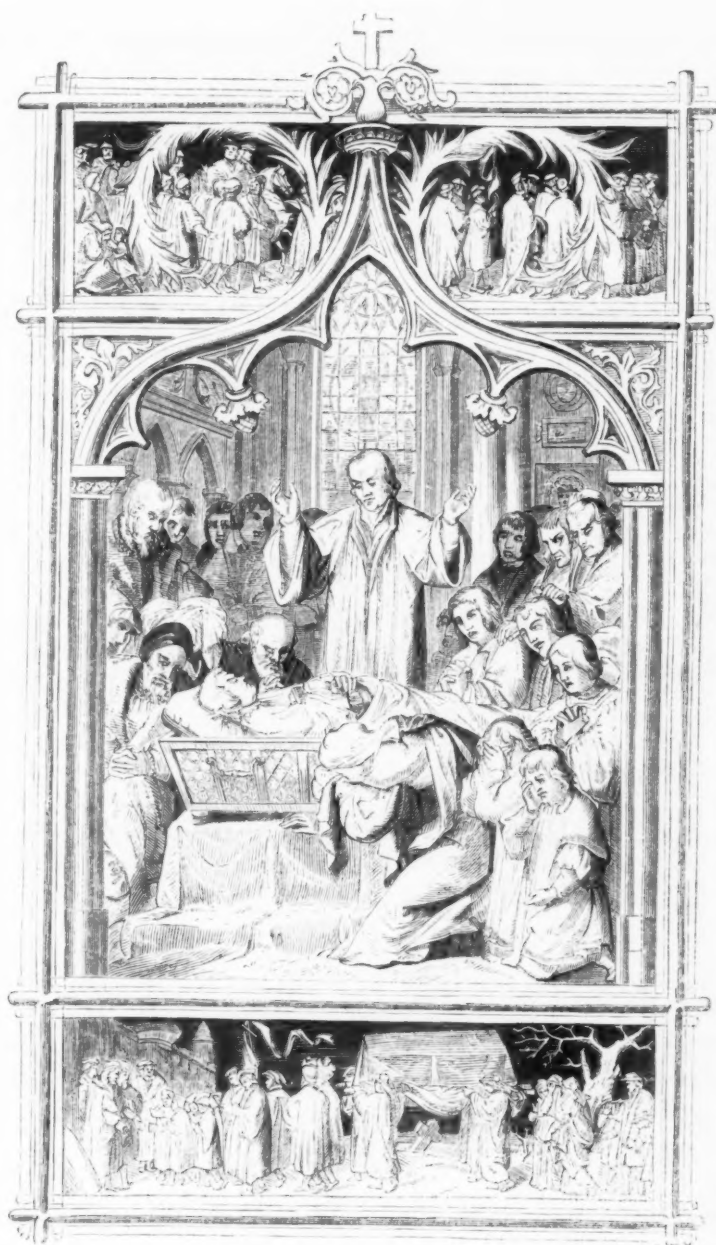
Below, Master Lukas Fortenagel, from Halle, is kneeling at the coffin of the departed, whose portrait he is about to take. Above, the swan prophesied by Huss, rises anew from the flames.

#### LUTHER'S OBSEQUES.

ONCE more we stand at Wittemberg before Luther; but the eloquent lips are silent, the eye is closed which once he raised with holy confidence to the emperor and the country, to the pope and the cardinals; he is silent forever in the Church to which he had affixed thirty years before a word that was to shake the world. His body had been carried, as ordered by the elector, in solemn procession from Eisleben to Wittemberg, that a place of rest might be prepared for it in the electoral chapel. Next to the coffin stands his friend Melancthon, who had during twenty-eight years fought indefatigably by his side. On the morning of the 19th of February he had, deeply affected by the news of the death, pronounced in his lecture-room, with few but emphatic words, the testimony of history and of the Protestant world upon the departed: "The doctrine of the forgiveness of sins and of faith in the Son of God has not been discovered by any human understanding, but has been revealed unto us by God through this man, whom he had raised up." On the day of the funeral also, after Dr. Bugenhagen had preached, he once more bore witness to the value of the labors of the departed: "His doctrine does not consist in rebellious opinions



LUTHER'S DEATH.



LUTHER'S OBSEQUIES.



made known with violence; it is rather an interpretation of the divine will and of the true worship of God, an explanation of the Scriptures, a sermon of the word of God, namely, the gospel of Christ. . . . Now he is united with the prophets, of whom he loved to talk; now they greet him as their fellow-laborer, and with him thank the Lord who collects and maintains his Church."

Three times has the centenary festival of his death been celebrated in Wittenberg; but still Germany and the German Evangelical Church await a second Luther. To many has been given the power to develop in an equal or a higher degree some one single feature of his sublime being; but where find a second time that inexhaustible depth of faith, with the same irresistible command of the popular language, united to the same strength of will and readiness for action? where this blessed absorbing in God, with the power of ruling mankind? where find once more that union of qualities, the non-existence of which as thus united has constituted for centuries the hereditary want of Germany? Even to-day we still ask this at the grave of the German reformer.

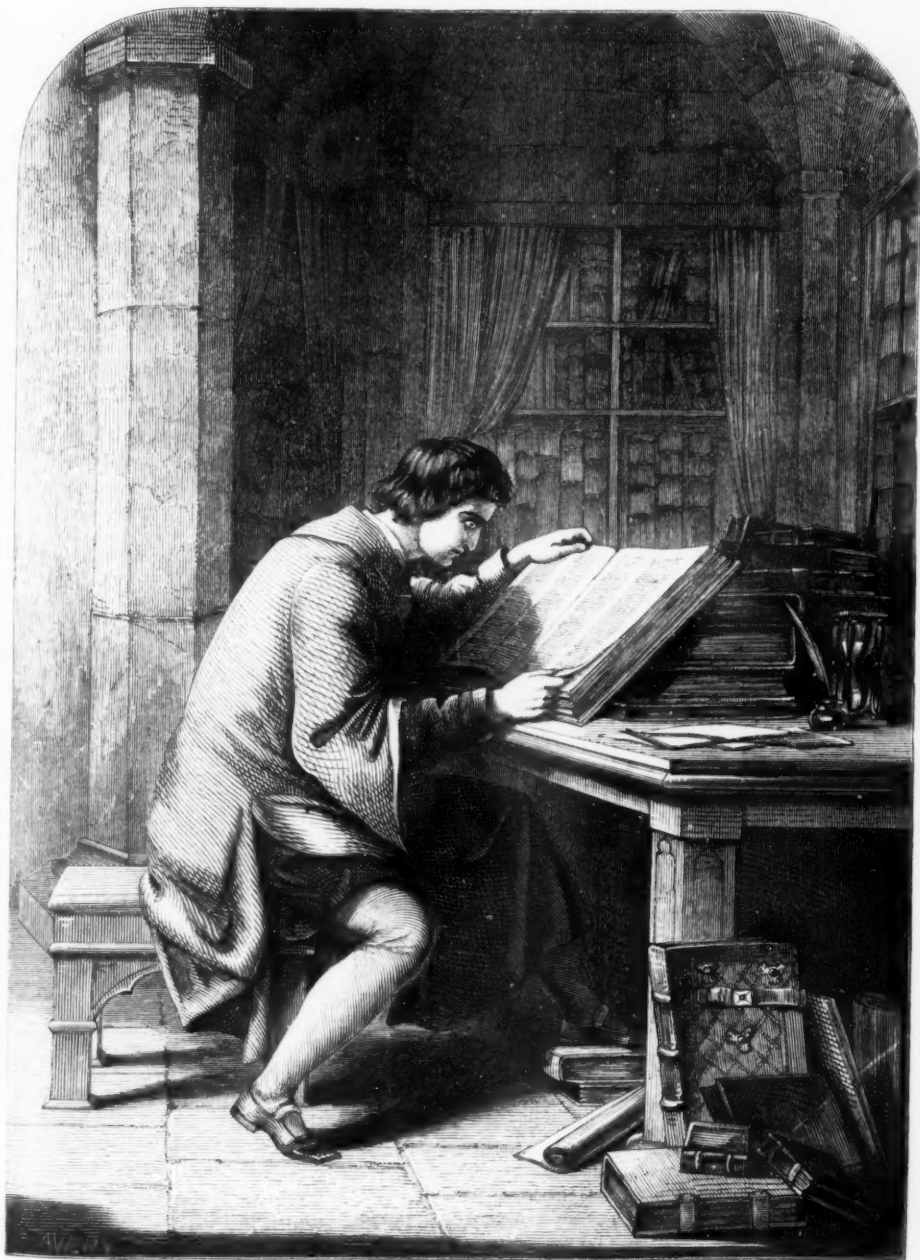
WE close this series of articles with a beautiful engraving of Campbell's picture—"Martin Luther's first view of the Bible." Luther, it will be remembered, entered the University of Erfurt in 1501, being then in his eighteenth year. It was here, while in quest of knowledge, that the grand episode of his life occurred—the opening of his mind to the blessed truths of Christianity—as they exist in the Bible. Here he first distinguished himself, and formed the principles which had afterward so much effect upon the Christian world.

Every moment that could be spared from his academical labors, the young student spent in the university library. Books were as yet hard to be had, and access to the treasures brought together in that vast collection was to him a great privilege. After having been two years at Erfurt, and being then about twenty, he happened one day to be turning over a number of books in the library, to see who their authors were, when a volume, which he opened in its turn, struck his attention; until that hour he had seen nothing resembling it; he reads the title—it was a Bible!

a book which was then seldom to be met with, and almost unknown. It excited his liveliest interest; he was utterly astonished to find that the book contained something beyond the fragments from the gospels and epistles, which were selected by the Church, for people to read at public worship on each Sunday in the year. He had always thought that in these was comprised the whole word of God; but here he found pages, chapters, entire books, of which he had never an idea before! His heart beat high as he held in his hand the whole of that Scripture which is divinely inspired. With an eagerness and interest that no words could express, he ran over all those leaves of the Book of God. The first page that caught his attention, told him the story of Hannah and the boy Samuel, and in reading it he could with difficulty control his emotions. That child, lent by his parents to the Lord for the whole of his life; the song of Hannah, in which she declares that the Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar out of the dung-hill to set him among princes; the boy Samuel growing up in the temple before the Lord—the whole history—the whole word then discovered, made him experience feelings before unknown to him. He went home with a full heart, thinking, "O that God would give me such a book to be my own!" Luther did not yet know Greek or Hebrew. There is little probability of his having studied those tongues during the first two or three years of his university course, and it was a Latin Bible that had thrown him into such a transport of joy. He was not long in returning to his treasure in the library; he read and read again; and with mingled surprise and delight he still returned to read. It was then that the first dawn of a truth, entirely new to him, gleamed upon his mind.

What a blessing to mankind was this simple but wonderful discovery of the poor student of Erfurt! Throughout all time, wherever the light of the gospel shines, the name of Martin Luther will be revered. When monarchs, warriors, and statesmen are forgotten, and the laurels they won shall have faded away, the narrative of his glorious deeds and self-sacrifices will be related with the same enthusiasm that they are now, and, we trust, with equally good results.





LUTHER'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE BIBLE.

## A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

PASSAGE TO BUCHAREST—TRAVELING POST IN THE  
PRINCIPALITIES—KHANS—LIFE IN THE MAHALAS OF  
BUCHAREST—CITY LIFE—A FEAST—THE GLORIES OF  
THE WALLACHIAN BATH.

I HAVE at last reached Bucharest; the journey from Jassi, over the monotonous plains which separate the two capitals, was more wearying than I can possibly describe. If one could only forget his troubles in slumber during the entire route, it would be a relief; but it would require a Rip Van Winkle sleep to produce insensibility to the jerks and plunges of eight or ten horses, driven at their utmost speed, by postillions whose shouts and cries are enough to wake the dead. I made many efforts to isolate myself in a world of thought, less noisy and disturbed, while sweeping over the dreary sameness of the way; but the *hurrahs* of the driver, or a frequent ascent of some two or three feet into space, effectually ended my meditations. The only incident which varied the journey was our arrival at the posts where we change horses. Nothing could be more primitive than these same post stations. The cabins consisted only of branches of trees, and the stables were of the same material: the horses were never found in the latter, however, as they had the good sense to prefer the grass of the surrounding plains. Upon reaching the post, two men on horseback drive at full gallop into a herd of thirty or forty grazing animals, which, thus disturbed, are driven in a straight line, like a squadron of cavalry, with loud cries and whip-crackings, toward the waiting vehicle; the necessary number are forthwith attached to it, and as we start off in triumph, the whole remaining troop again betake themselves, neighing and kicking their feet into the air, to their green pastures.

The level and mountainous regions of the Principalities are entirely distinct, and unfortunately for me, with my passion for mountains, the three hundred miles which separate Jassi from Bucharest were entirely through the dead plains; which, notwithstanding the rapidity of the horses, seemed to stretch themselves further and further, as we passed over them. An entire day's journey is frequently unrelieved by a hill or even a tree.

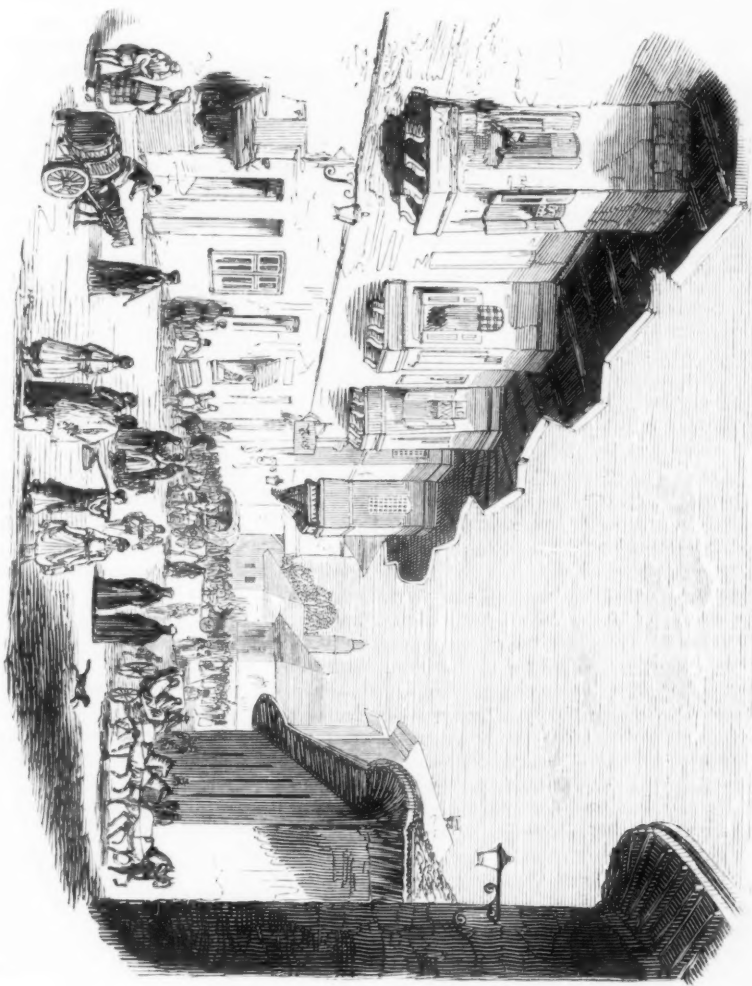
The sight of any object upon these dreary and desolate wastes is as interesting as the appearance of a sail at sea; the horizon has all the monotonous sameness of that of the ocean.

It was a repetition of my Russian posting, and you may imagine the weariness with which I was hurried over these distances, nearly as destitute of all signs of animal life as of vegetation and of relieving inequalities of surface. The villages are very few, and entirely unlike any picture your imagination would draw from the word. Here a few miserable hovels, partly underground and built of clay and straw, are dignified with the name of a village, though on account of the pastoral habits of the people, and the uncertain government of the country, it is not unfrequent for whole towns composed of these perishable and valueless structures, to disappear entirely from one spot and rise up in another many miles distant. Indeed, a town or village is no more a fixture to be determined by latitude and longitude in these provinces, than the locality of a flock of birds. America, itself, is rivaled in the facility with which cities are created here out of the smallest capital. A collection of wooden houses immediately becomes a city; if a few of them are brick or plastered with lime, it is a chief place of the district or perhaps a bishopric.

After my wearying and painful journey, you may imagine my dismay upon arriving at Bucharest, to find that there were absolutely no hotels or even public-houses in the place. There are some vast buildings or caravansaries, designated as the red khan or the yellow khan, in which straw takes the place of furniture; tumbled upon this in picturesque confusion are found Wallachians, Moldavians, Hungarians, Transylvanians, Germans, Albanians, Turks, and Greeks. The scene, with its contrasts and clamors, would afford the very best suggestions for an *Ostade* or *Teniers*.

The hospitality of the inhabitants is, however, proverbial; the yellow khan, especially, is a kind of ambush, where any respectable traveler may be seized and carried to some private residence to be made comfortable; the generous-hearted citizens disputing with each other for the possession of the guest. I was fortunately furnished with letters of introduction,

A STREET IN BUCHAREST.



which immediately procured me an agreeable asylum in the Mahala de la Stella.

The suburbs of Bucharest are distinguished by the name of *Mahalas*—a number of crooked little streets, quite without the noise and bustle of the city, are terminated by a fence, a wall, or a hedge, behind which are partially concealed rural residences, charmingly situated in the surrounding trees, or overgrown with vines and clematis. A white church, with its assemblage of towers terminating in Indian pagodas, stands at the end of the *Mahala de la Stella*. It is surrounded with acacias, while near it is the residence of the bishop.

Two or three white houses with Persian blinds stand opposite the church. Everybody seemed on the best terms in this miniature world. Two or three times a week I saw from my windows one of the neighboring houses brilliantly illuminated, and servants with lanterns conducting the beauties of the mahala, in their ordinary attire, toward its cheerfully lighted rooms. This kind of enlarged family life was quite charming to me. After a short residence in my new abode, I was so fortunate as to obtain an invitation to one of these social reunions. Several of the matrons of the neighborhood were seated in graceful and

picturesque positions upon the red divan which extended round the apartment, forming a suitable background for the tableau of girls who were present. Their animation seemed a little intimidated upon my entrance, but after a few moments their timidity vanished, and they were quite regardless of my presence. I found that dancing was the chief amusement of the evening, and it was at once proceeded with in the simple style of the country, accompanied with music on the violin and the pipes of Pan. The women of Bucharest are proverbially beautiful, and those of our quarter did not detract from the established reputation of their countrywomen. Some of the names struck me as pretty and melodious. Among them I remember Maritza, Paraskéva, Lianka, Zinka, &c. The graceful national costume, although rapidly falling into disuse, especially with the young people, and indeed never seen in what is called society, was frequently worn on these occasions, slightly modified. "On Sundays, also, I was often struck with its picturesque beauty, as I saw the fresh and smiling faces of those whom it adorned, coming forth from the white church in the midst of the flowering acacias. I leave it for your readers to decide if any fashion plate compares with this graceful attire of one of our belles of the *Mahala de la Stella*.

The apartment which had drawn me into its magic circle was quite simply furnished. The illumination which had struck me as so brilliant, was produced by four large candlesticks reflected in four mirrors of highly polished steel, with the addition of a handsome three-branched lamp. Two young Bohemians soon entered with refreshments; they were brown



YOUNG GIRL OF THE MAHALA DE LA STELLA.

as Indians, with their large black eyes set in blue enamel. The national dishes of preserved citron, and a delicate preparation of roses, were served in primitive and national style. Two vases were filled with them, from which each guest helped himself to as much as he wished, with a spoon, which was then passed to his neighbor. The other tray had a large glass bowl, containing the pure water of the Dimhowitza, from which all drank as in the days of the patriarchs. As my turn came, a lady smilingly repeated one of the poetical proverbs of the country, respecting this pretty and beloved river. It is very musical in the original, but the translation must suffice: "Sweet Dimhowitza, who



GIPSY CHILDREN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

drinks of thy waters shall leave thee no more." It must be powerful water indeed if it stops my vagabondizings!

I was much struck with the grace and beauty of many of the Bohemian or gipsy children. Two little figures whom I frequently saw filling their *donitzas* with water at the fountain, seemed to me to possess all the quiet grace and repose of the antique, as they balanced the weight of their jaw with their extended hands clasped together. The Bohemians, or gipsies, are scattered everywhere through the Principalities. I shall give you a

more lengthened account of them in a future letter.

But I must emerge from the charming seclusion of the Mahala, and again "begin at the beginning," like an orthodox traveler, with some information respecting my present resting-place—the "City of Joy," as its inhabitants like to distinguish it.

Bucharest is nearly two hundred miles from the Black Sea, a little more than fifty from the Danube, and three hundred from Jassi. It lies on a vast plain, with a gentle inclination toward the Dimbo-witza, which passes directly through the

city in many graceful windings. It occupies sufficient space for a large number of inhabitants, but the population is by no means so great as it appears, on account of the gardens and public places which surround nearly every residence. Most of the houses have all their apartments upon the ground floor. They are built in this manner because of the earthquakes which occur so frequently in these countries. For the same reason few of them are elegantly constructed.

The streets are generally unnamed and unpaved; they are long, narrow, and crooked, and revoltingly filthy at all times. Instead of pavements, most of them are roughly laid with planks, under which channels have been constructed to carry away the water and impurities of the city; but these wretched conduits are almost always obstructed. You think nothing can exceed the disagreeable uncleanness of the city in winter, until you find it in summer with the additional aggravation of whirlwinds of dust. It is not extravagant to say that it is often ankle-deep; few, however, ever measure it in this manner, for in Bucharest feet are luxuries, carriages are absolute necessities. No respectable person is ever seen in the streets of the city on foot, any more than without clothes. The human being was not more inseparable from the quadruped in the fabulous *centaur*, than is respectability from an equipage in this community. A moderate income is obliged to support one vehicle, and often two. During my stay here I have seen no one on foot in the streets, except the beggars and gipsies; but you may frequently see the occupants of such houses as your day-laborers would despise, alighting from one kind of a carriage in winter, and another in summer. People are supplied with two or three equipages here, as among you they furnish themselves with the same number of boots or shoes. They are the grand ambition of life, and, as in countries older in civilization, the great aim in the possession of an equipage is to eclipse some rival in the display of vehicle or steed. The Albanian breed is valued most highly, and is only at the command of the most wealthy. The coachman, in his ragged and filthy garments, seems perched on his seat purposely to display to better advantage the elegant form and gorgeous caparisons of the horses, which are covered

from head to foot with silk and cashmere, elaborately ornamented with gold, silver, and gems. There are fashionable drives for the display of all this extravagance, and they are usually thronged. Next to theatrical displays and gaming, the drive is the most serious employment of the Bucharians. Games of chance are frequently pursued with a passion amounting to frenzy: more than one nobleman has lost his entire fortune in a single evening's play.

The indolence of the Moldo-Wallachians is proverbial; they prefer repose to everything. Nowhere have I found such an utter aversion for the proper use of the pedal extremities. But a better day is coming. A few of the streets are already paved; more examples will follow when their superiority is seen. Carriages will become a luxury for the vain and wealthy alone; and Bucharest, the City of Joy, receding still further from Asia in its progress, will receive a new impetus toward the civilization of Europe, when her citizens can tread her streets without disgrace.

A great point has already been attained in the destruction of the dogs with which the city was formerly infested. One of my countrymen who visited it in 1835, stated their numbers at thirty thousand. Unfed and homeless, their battles were, of course, perpetual. Woe to the unfortunate whelp who secured a bone for his private repast. He was immediately the object of attack from troops of starving curs, with inflamed eyes and foaming mouths, and with whom the victory was a matter of life or death. Everything fled before these tyrants of the streets. The authorities of the city were at last obliged to attempt some remedy, and a few paras were offered for every carcass. The Bohemians, to whom the calling seemed a natural one, armed with long sticks pointed with iron, entered upon their duties at five o'clock in the morning, and pursued them until mid-day. The carnage was dreadful, but it resulted in the relief of the city from the grievous evil under which it had so long suffered.

As in most eastern and Russian cities, each trade has a particular quarter assigned to it. The quarter of Leipsikani is occupied by traders whose supplies come from the annual fair of Leipsic. There is also the bazaar of the *bacans* or gro-



cers; the *sarafs*, or bakers; the *kajokars*, or fur-dealers; the *abadji*, or clothiers; the *zerkenkauls*, or toy-shops; the *matchelars*, or butchers; the *kofetars*, confectioners; the *skaoumelé*, or musicians. Jews also have their department, called *ovrai*, which has no communication whatever with those of the Armenians, Servians, Bulgarians, German and French, who surround them.

The most obvious characteristic of Bucharest is the inequality which marks its buildings. Its elegant public edifices are side by side with miserable hovels. In this respect it bears no resemblance to the European cities which it endeavors to imitate. The diversity of costumes is also very striking to a stranger, even to those who have been accustomed to the various garbs of a Russian city. Here it is not unfrequent for the father to preserve the national costume, while the youngsters of the family adopt the European fashions. The French language is generally taught, precisely as the classics are made a part of education in your schools; it is also the general language of polite circles; its use and the recognized forms of French society and French mode, are exclusively adopted by the aristocracy. It is as yet, however, quite impossible to ingraft the taste and cultivation of western Europe upon this odd *mélange* of population, just emerging from eastern barbarism and obscurity.

Among other objects attractive to a stranger in Bucharest is the hospital of Coltza, with its ruined tower, which was built in 1715, by the soldiers of Charles XII., of Sweden. It will be remembered that this "Madman of the North" took refuge, with a remnant of his troops, in Turkey, after his defeat by the Russians. His heroic pranks while here perplexed the grave Turks with profound astonishment. They called him the *Demirbash*, or the "Iron Headed." Tradition still speaks of his whimsical but courageous feats, and this monument of the presence of his troops is regarded with special interest by natives as well as travelers.\*

\* Charles, while living in Turkey, on the hospitality of the sultan, had a freakish quarrel with the authorities, and actually defied the whole military force. His officers and ministers, his chaplain bowing before him, supplicated him not to sacrifice them by his rashness; but he fortified his house, and, as Voltaire says:

Besides this relic the visitor will find at Bucharest several interesting structures, such as the Convent of St. George, the Khan of Mahmoudk Bey, an immense caravansary, of two stories, with a double balcony in its interior; the Museum of Antiquities and Natural History, the College of St. Sava, &c., &c. It possesses also a library of some six or eight thousand volumes, and is rich in oriental manuscripts.

Instead of wearying myself with the details of these charitable and scientific establishments, true to my instincts, I preferred making my observations in the *Mahalas*, upon the habits, costumes, and manners of the poorer classes. Their habitual food consists of a porridge made from coarse wheat or other grain. They scarcely ever taste animal food of any kind. Notwithstanding the affectation of European and more particularly French manners by the wealthier classes, the character of the people is decidedly oriental, and many of the formal manners of the Arabian knights are still retained in their social intercourse. When a lady enters a saloon she kisses the brow of the mistress of the house; a young girl drops gracefully upon one knee and presses her lips upon the hand of the hostess, presenting her cheek as she rises. Smoking is evidently the chief business of the sterner sex. Upon the entrance of a visitor, a chiboque is brought by a slave, from which the master of the house draws a few whiffs and then offers it to his guest.

"*Il se défend avec quarante domestiques contre une armée,*"—"He defended himself with forty domestics against an army." The Turks sent a delegation of venerable janissaries to entreat him to yield. He would not see them, but sent them word that unless they left the mansion he would cut off their beards. They retired in amazement, saying, "Ah, the Head of Iron, if he will perish, let him perish!" The army, with ten cannon, bore down upon the house, the janissaries penetrated its chambers, but as Charles opened a door with his little force, "the Turks," says Voltaire, "burdened with booty, were so struck at the appearance of the strange man whom they had so much wondered at, that they threw away their arms, leaped out of the windows, or hid themselves in the cellars." In less than fifteen minutes the crazy king and his crew killed two hundred of the Turks from his windows. They had, at last, to burn him out. He dashed in among them, cutting right and left. The account of the scene in Voltaire, is exceedingly amusing. Don Quixote never equaled the feat.



THE TOWER OF COLTZA.

When this ceremony is finished, he claps his hands three times, a servant appears with coffee, *deubchatz* and rose water. Immediately after they separate, often without a word being spoken by either party. You smile, incredulously, perhaps! But "it is a fact and no mistake," as you Yankees say.

Public and private entertainments are conducted on a scale of great magnificence. I attended a soiree given by a lady of the city, that rivaled royalty itself in splendor. The guests were introduced into a vast saloon, which was filled like a conservatory with the rarest exotic flowers; and flowering-shrubs, and even trees were waving in the breath of an invisible ventilation. Intoxicating perfumes floated on the air, while fluttering among the thick clusters of myrtle, cactus, honey-suckle, and jasmine, were innumerable tamed birds, of brilliant plumage, warbling their sweetest melodies amid this fairy scene. Two Albanian servants in the richest costume opened and closed the door at each arrival. The lordly *boyards* (noblemen) reposed on the divans with the indispensable *chibouque*; the young people sauntered about talking French, while the magnificently dressed

mammas discussed that theme of endless interest—the fashions.

At eight o'clock five slaves entered bearing massive silver vases, which contained rose-water and a delicate extract of vanilla, designed for the ablution of the hands. These were followed by five others, who presented each of the guests with a napkin of the finest linen of the Crimea, elaborately embroidered in silk and gold. A moment after the doors were thrown open, revealing the dining-hall illuminated with three hundred wax candles, the light of which was dazlingly reflected by the crystals and silver that covered the tables. Fifty-two guests were seated at this sumptuous repast, which was served quite in the French style, save that the order of dishes was reversed, commencing with salad and closing with soup. Several of the national dishes were furnished on the occasion—the *meisch-spisen*, a pastry of the utmost delicacy cooked with fruit something like fritters; *sarmates*, balls of meat roasted and enveloped in young vine leaves, fresh eggs served with wine, and mutton covered with *deulchatz*. Native and foreign wines were abundant. The four quarters of the globe contributed to furnish the

dessert with every imaginable luxury. During the entire repast, numerous servants busily plied large feather fans, that the guests might remain undisturbed by gnats and flies, which infest these climates. Such is high life in Bucharest!

I must not close these rambling remarks without attempting some description of one of my first adventures in Bucharest, with a sense of gratitude that I am alive to tell the tale. One morning I awoke after a night of profound sleep, and rubbing my eyes, bethought myself that a bath would not be amiss. I went forth to inquire for one. The Turkish and Wallachian baths are both patronized here, and as I had heard the latter highly extolled, I determined to test them. They are situated in a disagreeable quarter of the city called Leipsikani; the building which incloses them resembles an immense bee-hive, and I walked three times around it without finding the entrance. A kind of trap-door was then discovered by the friend who accompanied me, somewhat similar to those by which cellars are protected in country towns. Having raised it, we descended eight steps, and found ourselves in the center of a round hall, perhaps a hundred feet in circumference. Its walls were of rose-colored marble, spotted with blue; its pure white pavement was also of marble; and the whole area was surrounded with a kind of divan, comfortably cushioned. The light, dimmed by the thick vapor through which it passes, is only admitted by a circular window, about a foot in diameter, of concave and convex glass, inserted in the freestone dome. This is supported by eight granite pillars, each of them containing tubes through which the water of as many different degrees of heat falls into the same number of marble vases. I also discovered more than "seven sleepers" stretched around apparently in as profound a slumber as is generally ascribed to those mythical personages.

Utter silence reigned over the luxurious scene, and I was inquiring of myself if we had not wandered into the kingdom of the gnomes, when my companion clapped his hands, and immediately there appeared before us, as if he had sprung out of the earth at our feet, a little figure, crooked as Æsop, bearded like a fawn, and covered with the most curious habiliments. Again I appealed to myself, with

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as little prospect of a satisfactory reply, if this was not one of the genii of the Thousand and One Nights.

"*Silam alekoum*," said the strange figure, (which being interpreted is, I salute you,) bowing his odd little form to the ground very good humoredly.

He now clapped his misshapen hands, accompanying the motion with a chuckling sound. Two servants answered this summons; their skins were yellow and dry as parchment, their eyes were dull and deep set, they were dressed like pugilists, and appeared large, strong, and young enough to sustain the character. Our presence was a sufficient explanation of our wishes, and without a word, one hand was laid upon our neck, and in a twinkling we were completely divested of every article of clothing by the other. One of them then placed wooden slippers, about six inches in height, upon our feet, while the other wound three or four yards of gray cloth about our forms; turbans completed our equipment for the bath.

We were now conducted to a small arched closet, the temperature of which was a little more than tepid. The water flowed over the warm pavement from every side, and escaped by a channel in the wall. We remained here but about two minutes, and were then taken to an apartment, a little larger than the first, arched in the same manner, and furnished with three large scallop-shells, each supplied with water still warmer than the other from tubes continually overflowing the receptacles, and filling the space with so condensed and penetrating an odor, that I nearly fainted.

At the end of ten minutes, which appeared like so many ages, one of the servants opened the door of a third apartment, larger than either of the two preceding ones, in the midst of which I was thrust, without the slightest explanation from our silent attendants; my companion also submitted with martyr-like-composure to the same fate. I immediately came to the conclusion that this was a furnace where people were burned alive. I made an effort to remonstrate, but in vain; my voice was lost in my throat, my knees trembled, my head swam, and I sank down in utter helplessness. In a few seconds my chest dilated and natural respiration was resumed. I opened my eyes to ascertain my true position. In the midst of

the apartment, which was a vast amphitheater with vaulted arches so skillfully cemented that they seemed cut from the solid granite, was a large circular basin which represented a wheel; the water, spouting from the center and divisions, formed a fountain of distinct compartments, furnished by eight brass tubes with mouths of girasol—a gem resembling the opal. Four of these compartments were occupied by bathers, whose purpled visages were expressive of the most blissful beatitude. Wishing to share their enjoyment, I looked round, and finding that the attendants had disappeared, like a child in the absence of his master, I darted with one bound into the deceitful fountain. Fatal imprudence! I paid dearly for my impatient curiosity.

These compartments are heated by subterranean conduits, the temperature of the water varying in each. In my precipitation, ignorant that it was necessary to pass from one to the other of the graduated baths, I had plunged my limbs into the hottest basin, the temperature of which was sixty-four degrees Reaumer, only six less than the spring of Neidubrum, in which the villagers boil eggs.

It is useless to add that I sprang out quite as soon as I had sprang in, with an exclamation that excited the hilarity of my fellow-bathers, whose mirth was only increased by the sight of my legs, which were as red as well-boiled lobsters.

Quite infuriated, I called my attendant; no sound answered my voice save a sad and hoarse echo. I attempted to escape, notwithstanding my ridiculous figure; but the door was firmly clasped. My strength had returned after a few moments of faintness; but it was now again deserting me, and though I was not frightened, these transitions were certainly far from agreeable. Firmly persuaded that twenty-four hours of this discipline would reduce a man to his original elements, I attentively examined my companions, and they seemed to me gradually shriveling up in the misty atmosphere which enveloped them. Yet I could not but admit that their silence appeared to proceed from their ecstatic enjoyment. I came to the conclusion that the ineffable delights of this voluptuous bath could only be enjoyed after long experience.

My meditations were, however, interrupted by the opening of the door and the

reappearance of the bayaches, or servants. One of them bore a bowl of clay, in which he dissolved some rose perfumed soap; the other unfolded a package of coarse cloth. The latter made a sign expressive of his desire for me to extend myself upon a marble table, and I obeyed with the utmost docility, for I assure you I had been thoroughly subdued; he then dipped his cloth in the soapy water, and with it rubbed my face and the entire surface of my body. The second bayache now seized me firmly by the neck and legs in order to prevent me from kicking, while the other rubbed my back and breast with hair gloves; then lifting me up, as if I had been a feather, he laid me at full length in the first compartment of the fountain. After being thoroughly rinsed in this from the soap with which I was pasted from head to foot, I passed successively through the seven others, until I reached the one where I had been so cruelly scalded. It was now quite as endurable as the others, though its temperature remained the same.

I was then again stretched on the table, for the purpose, as it seemed to me, of having all the bones of my body dislocated. To crown the tortures to which I was doomed, one of my executioners turning my face down upon the table, now leaped upon me, and applied his feet with vigorous kicks to my back and loins.

I presume many of these details will seem incredible to you; but you may be assured that I am a faithful chronicler, except that my description must fall short of the reality. For about three minutes I was perfectly convinced that every vertebra in my spine was broken; my terror nearly bereft me of my senses, but upon returning to full consciousness I found the other bayache vigorously rubbing the soles of my feet with pumice stone.

This was the last act in the tragedy; my fate began to brighten, the woolen slippers were replaced upon my feet, the cloth was again wound about my form, and my head was recrowned with the turban. I returned through the small apartments to the common hall, and was given into the hands of the bayache who has special charge of that department. After enveloping me in a warm covering, he rolled me on the divan, precisely as a baker kneads his bread, perfumed me with rose water of the sweetest odor, and contemplated his work in silent complacency.

Our nimble little Æsop now reappeared, bearing a dish of *deulchatz*, a most excellent preserve, which he offered me with numerous and profound bows. I swallowed but a spoonful, as you may well suppose. The bayache spread over me a *pechtewal*, or silk coverlid, surrounded me with soft pillows, replaced my first turban with another of linen, called a *largue*, and nursed me as tenderly as if I was suffering from gout. He then withdrew courteously, recommending me to sleep, which was an entirely superfluous advice.

"Well," said my friend, after an hour of the most profound slumber, "how do you feel?"

"Indeed," I replied, panting, "these baths are by no means as bad as might be imagined; my spine is still sound."

Our dwarf again appeared, this time with two long lighted chibouques. We smoked and prepared to depart. I can give you no idea of the agreeable sensations which diffused themselves through my entire frame—the elasticity of my limbs—the vigor of my nerves. I was full of courage, and ready to fight with Hercules.

And what do you suppose was the whole expense of all the boiling, roasting, beating, kicking, sleeping, smoking, &c., through which we had passed?—just one *zwantzig*, less than a "York shilling!"

Thus have I introduced you, in my desultory way, to the life of the Bucharian Mahalas, the festivities of the upper class, and the beatitudes of the bath. Enough for the present. *Au revoir*.

## LOVE AND CHANGE.

### THE CLOUD.

Love stood before me in my youth's fresh prime.  
 "Life's hill is steep," he said; "the way is long;  
 Be Love thy guide! Love's heart is bold and strong,  
 Love's truth triumphant over Death and Time."  
 O! very fair was Love, and sweeter far  
 His voice than any bird's—my soul did seem  
 Touch'd by an angel in a silver dream,  
 Sent down from regions of the morning star.  
 I turn'd to follow, but, austere and strange,  
 Another voice cried "Pause!" whereat a wail  
 Broke from me—lo! sweet Love wax'd wan and pale,  
 And dark, behind him, lower'd the shadow,  
 Change.  
 That sterner voice was Truth's, for now I know  
 Change followeth Love wherever he doth go.

### THE "SILVER LINING."

"Poor child!" truth murmur'd, "thou dost shrink to see  
 Love thus companion'd; on thine ear doth ring  
 The grand 'forever' that the seraphs sing  
 In the heavens only. Love that melody  
 Hath dream'd; nor questioneth, nor doubteth he,  
 But chanteth loud and strong, yet pauseth oft,  
 And . . . ceaseth soon. Poor child! the clouds,  
 aloft,  
 Are just as stable—yet some grace must be  
 Hid in that sorrow; with meek hands uplift  
 The shroud and search; behold! how, one by one,  
 Life's feeble loves die out, like flowers in the drift  
 Of the first snow; grief lingers, but anon,  
 By faith transfigured, sets the whole heart free,  
 To clasp a love whose term's eternity."

### GRIEF.

I could not lift that pall—my heart was full,  
 Mine eyes o'erflow'd—Life's glory seem'd to grow  
 A shadowy semblance and a mocking show;  
 Dull grew the earth—the sky, all leaden dull.  
 O Love! I cried—O Love, the beautiful!  
 O Love, the joy o' the heart, the light o' the eyes!  
 Thou hast undone me with thy witcheries.  
 O fair, false Love! a pitiless hand doth pull  
 Thy mask off, and behold, Decay hath shed  
 Dust on thy lip and ashes on thy head.  
 O Death, unbar thy door! my soul doth pine  
 To enter in—and thou, the one, divine,  
 True Love, uplift me, where the sweet heavens  
 ring,  
 With that "forever" which the seraphs sing.

### RESIGNATION.

The river flow'd in music to the sea,  
 The summer wind its wild, sweet tune began;  
 The little field-mice in the furrows ran;  
 From out the flower-bells buzz'd the wandering bee.  
 A calm sank on my soul. This misery  
 Of loss and change, I said, all life doth bear,  
 Nor riseth in revolt, nor in despair  
 Doth languish. God is very strong, and we,  
 In rash rebellion, but as sapling trees,  
 That front the lightning; I will lift that pall,  
 And bow me where the deathly shade doth fall,  
 And scan, with patient heart, those mysteries;  
 If haply I may find—O! sweet and strange—  
 God's Love enfolded in God's bitter Change!

A GREAT MAN is, in fact, the instrument of Divine providence. Hence all great men have been, more or less, fatalists. The error is in the form, not in the substance of the thought. They are conscious of immense power, and not being able to attribute its possession to any merit of their own, they attribute it to a superior power, whose instruments they are, and which makes use of them for its own ends.—*V. Cousin*.

## PLYMOUTH, THE PILGRIMS AND PURITANS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

A GOOD name is no mean inheritance—for, strive as we will, we are not able to separate ourselves from the glory or shame of our ancestors; but while not insensible to "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," prized so highly by our transatlantic contemporaries, we, Americans, are well content to forego the tracing of lineage at that great landmark of liberty, Plymouth Rock.\*

The Pilgrim Fathers! What brave-hearted and great-hearted pioneers those words conjure up! Hardly a pulse is there among their millions of descendants, now speaking one language, and carrying a liberal literature to the farthest parts of the world, that does not thrill at the mention of those words. Thoroughly grounded in the right, as they understood it, they were reliable as the rock on which they first planted their feet, and, like it, unyielding. Pious, even to austerity, they fetched out of their own souls, which were, in fact, set on edge with zeal for God, the intolerance which ended in persecution. Not by the larger light which has come into the world since their day must we judge them, but rather by their own standards; and thus judging, we trace their hardest dealings to personal sanctity, and are ready to say—

"Even their failings lean'd to virtue's side."

Pilgrims we may well call those heroic refugees, who, leaving not only native homes, but what seemed to them all the world, planted themselves in the wilderness, believing that in its awful and solemn shadows God could hear them and Gabriel could find them. In the legends of romance, or the chronicles of history, no event, perhaps, takes precedence of their curious emigration for singularity of origin or pregnancy of result.

\* It is estimated that only about one-third of our present European population is of Puritan origin.



It is believed that a condensation of the history of this handfull of sectaries who, in the frail little May-Flower, landed on our shores in 1620, and of the Puritans, shortly following, will not be found uninteresting to a majority of readers; for it is only with a few great facts of their history that most of us are familiar. We are all ready at once to throw over them a mantle of pride and veneration, long enough and broad enough to cover whipping-posts, ducking-stools, witch trials, hanging ropes and all, without stopping to inquire into details.

Unlike our Puritan ancestors, we have become a race of dreamers and reliers upon hearsay—they *knew* things, and never doubted that they knew; having once fixed a standard there was no question about its perfection, and wo to the dissenter who was too long or too short for its measurement—there was no way but that he must be stretched out, or cramped down to fit it.

The name *Puritan* was bestowed in derision, by adherents of the Church of England, on a little band of dissenters, on account of their profession of superior piety—of following the pure word of God in opposition to all traditions and human institutions.

The Puritans, on the accession of Elizabeth, resolved to extirpate the last vestige of popery from the English Church, and introduce the practices of the continental reformers. And here began a struggle between those entrenched in the high places of the Church, and maintaining the royal supremacy, and the lesser and more reformatory party. Both were alike con-



scientious, and alike prepared to endure or to inflict punishment, even to death, if thereby their opponents might be silenced. The high Church party had the advantage of numbers and of entrenchment in royal favor; but the Puritans had an indomitable firmness, and a scathing zeal, which enabled them to dare their prelatist foes, and set themselves as one against a thousand.

Fines, prisons, and death, were the portions of the Puritans during the reign of Elizabeth. James had been educated a Presbyterian, and had written in defense of the doctrine, and the Puritans expected toleration, at least, from his ascendancy of the throne; but they were destined to disappointment. He had suffered at the hands of both Puritans and Presbyterians, and hated both alike—he saw the principles of Knox and Calvin tended to republicanism, and that the bishops were allied to monarchy. The Puritans became Separatists, assuming, day by day, a gloomier and more austere demeanor, and receding in politics as well as religion further and further from the Established Church. At length the Separatists began to contend for larger liberties—the power of appointing their own officers, and performing all the functions of self-government with absolute independence of all foreign control.

Worn with toil and suffering, a society composed of artisans, whose names are still preserved in authentic documents, met toward the close of the sixteenth century, in the house of one Roger Ripon, in Southwark, to spend their Sabbaths in expositions of the Bible and in prayer. The names of the martyrs, Henry Barrow, John Greenwood, and John Penry, are connected with this society. At one time, a majority of the members of the Church being in bonds, meetings were held in prison, through the connivance of the jailor.

Other associations of similar character, were at the same time in other parts of the kingdom, reading and exhorting by stealth. At the dying request of the martyr, Penry, a conference was held among the brethren to take measures for some plan whereby they should depart in a body to some distant country; but with no immediate success. Subsequent sufferings, however, resulted in the *May-Flower*, which landed at what is now the pleasant little town of Plymouth, on a bay of the same name, about forty miles from Boston,

some men and women, who received their principles from the Pilgrim martyrs, and were "seasoned with the seeds of grace and virtue." There a solid groundwork received them, and the greatest commonwealth which the world has ever known was established, but not without the encounter of new difficulties.

Formidable enough was the aspect of things to those weary men and women come to seek shelter and repose. "The ground (I quote from White's Brief Relation) was covered with snow a foot deep, and they being without habitations, and having among them divers women and children, no marvel if they lost some of their company; it may be wondered how they saved the rest." "After having passed over the difficulties that usually encounter new planters, (says the same author,) they began to subsist in a reasonably comfortable manner, and after a year's experience or two of the soil and inhabitants, sent home tidings of their well-being there, which occasioned other men to take knowledge of the place, and to take it into consideration."

It is hard for us to estimate the "deep and bitter concern" it must have cost our conscientious ancestors to leave their iron-bound wains and yokes of oxen, friends and kindred; everything but rectitude, and faith in God—that was best and dearest to them—and especially with no prospect of bettering their condition in anything but religious liberty. So far from amendment, they had prospectively the severest poverty, the hardest toil to encounter, the cruelty of a savage foe, and the famine and sickness incident to a strange and uncultivated land. These things awaited them so surely as the perils of the ocean were overpast. Our steam-vessels, with all their splendid appointments and ingenious contrivances to master time and subdue danger, give us very inaccurate notions of the old ships known to the colonists. "At James's accession, there were not above four hundred vessels in England of four hundred tons burden. In their build, though very picturesque, they were tub-like and clumsy—the shape of the hull being very broad-bottomed and capacious, while the lofty cabins, built up fore and aft on deck, must have caused them to roll heavily in bad weather. This style has now become obsolete in Europe, but may still be seen in the Arab vessels



THE MAY-FLOWER.

in the Red Sea and the Levant." The cut which we give is supposed very nearly to resemble the *May-Flower*.

As long as our language exists, the name of this little vessel will live too, and so will the names of some of those who adventured in it life, and all that was dearer than life, and sought in the great strange wilderness freedom to worship God, and ground wherein their bones might be buried.

The annexed description of his own feelings on leaving home, and of the wonder of his neighbors, is quoted from Bradford himself, the early governor of Plymouth colony:—

"Being thus constrained to leave their native country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance—it was much—and thought marvelous by many. But to go into a country they knew not but by hearsay, where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war, it was by many thought an undertaking almost desperate—a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death—especially seeing they were not acquainted with trades nor traffic, (by which the country doth subsist,) but had only been used to a plain country life, and the innocent trade of husbandry."

And he concludes by saying:—

"These things did not dismay them, for their desires were set on the ways of God, and to enjoy his ordinances; they rested in his providence, and knew whom they had believed."

And what a beautiful example this resting of theirs in divine protection has bequeathed to us! Softly the winds were

tempered to their shorn lambs, and the stony hills of New-England, under their culture, speedily blossomed as the rose.

Theirs was no half-way trust, and theirs were no shivering souls that sought to wrap themselves in the pious mantles of Papal pretensions—warmed by the fire of zeal, they encased themselves in what seemed to them the armor of righteousness, and did battle mightily against the arch-enemy in whatever shape he appeared to them to assume. If they met his pride in the starch of a ruff, it was straightway broken—if they recognized his lures in the pranking of a Maypole, they stripped off the garlands, mindless of the sharp pricking of their own fingers; for they were no less brave in endurance than severe in infliction. They would have dashed themselves on the stones which they cast at dissenters, if they could have thought themselves other than instruments in the hands of God.

Having put their hands to the plow there was no looking back—only a steady and firm going forward; and whatever objects opposed, must be torn up root and branch, or wrenched away, or burned up in the fire. No matter what cares oppressed them, or what enemies beset them, the main object of their lives, the propagation of the gospel, was never lost sight of. "Only let us not be wanting on our parts, now that we are called to this work of the Lord's," writes Cradock, Governor of the "Company for the Plantation of Massachusetts Bay," to his worshipful friend, Endicott. I cannot but wish this good governor's estimate of tobacco were a little more popular in our day. If it could have been foreseen that in after times even the meeting-houses would be defiled by reason of it, doubtless the growing of it would have been prohibited altogether, even with the "necessity consideration" involved. In the letter already quoted from, Governor Cradock says:—

"The course you have taken in giving our countrymen their content in the point of raising tobacco there for the present (their necessity considered) is not disallowed; but we trust in God other means will be found to employ their time more comfortable and profitable also in the end; and we cannot but generally approve and commend their good resolution to desist from the planting thereof, whenas they shall discover how to employ their labors otherwise; which we hope they will be speedily induced unto by such precepts and examples as we shall give them."

But though averse to the raising of tobacco, and provident in the wisdom of the serpent as regarded trust in the fidelity of the "salvages," mere worldly interests were a secondary thing; and while wary in their trust of the "salvages," they were careful to make plentiful provision of good ministers; by whose faithful preaching, godly conversation, and exemplary life, they trusted to reduce them to obedience.

To *reduce*, and not to persuade, was the method of procedure at the planting of the colonies, and we find the council styled the "Council of the Mattachusetts Bay," authorized to exclude from certain privileges which had been obtained, from the "especial grace of His Majesty, with great cost, favor of personages of note, and much labor"—"all persons, but such as were peacemakers, and of honest life and conversation, and desirous to conform themselves to good order and government." The annexed quotation from the aforementioned company's letter of general instruction to Endicott and his council, shows how strictly the growth of religious difference was guarded against. Thus:—

"Mr. Ralph Smith, a minister, hath desired passage in our ships; which was granted him before we understood of his difference in some things from our ministers. But his provisions for the voyage being shipped before notice was taken thereof, through many occasions where-with those intrusted with this business have been employed; and forasmuch as from hence it is feared there may grow some distraction among you if there should be any siding, and that the worst may grow from different judgments; we have, therefore, thought fit to give you this order, that unless he will be conformable to our government, you suffer him not to remain within the limits of our grant."

It further appears from the colony records of the court proceedings of the time, that "Ralph Smith was required to give, under his hand, that he would not exercise his ministry within the limits of the patent without express leave of the governor upon the spot." With regard to Sabbath keeping, we quote from the same letter of instruction:—

"And to the end the Sabbath may be celebrated in a religious manner, we appoint that all that inhabit the plantation, both for the general and for particular employments, may surcease their labor every Saturday throughout the year at three of the clock in the afternoon; and that they spend the rest of that day in catechising and preparation for the Sabbath, as the ministers shall direct."

Mather informs us that John Cotton began the Sabbath the evening before, for which keeping of the Sabbath from evening to evening, he wrote arguments before his coming to New-England—so the practice appears to have been introduced from abroad. It doubtless originated in the injunction in Leviticus—"From even unto even shall you celebrate your Sabbaths." The Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) began at six o'clock of our Friday, and the preparation for it at three in the afternoon. There appear to have been different opinions as to the length of time to be kept sacred, and in reference to it Hooker says:—

"The question touching the beginning of the Sabbath is now on foot among us, hath once been spoken to, and we are to give in our arguments, each to the other, so that we may ripen our thoughts concerning that truth, and if the Lord will, it may more fully appear."

We find no record of summer vacations among the ministers of those times. No time was out of season, and sometimes no choice as to the field of their labor seems to have been given them; and that there might be no difference about the appointing one to be minister to those sent to inhabit at Massachusetts Bay, we will have you (say the instructions) "make choice of one of three by lot; and on whom the lot shall fall, he shall go with his family to perform the work."

The professions appear to have been less accessible in the olden time than now-a-days, inasmuch as the wholesome requisite of some sort of capability was desired on the part of the applicant. The following, throwing some light on this matter, is extracted from the "Letter of General Instruction to Endicott and his Council," previously quoted from:—

"We have entertained Lambert Wilson, chirurgion, to remain with you in the service of the plantation; with whom we are agreed that he shall serve this company, and the other planters that live in the plantation, three years, and in that time apply himself to cure not only of such as came from hence for general and particular accounts, but also for the Indians, as from time to time he shall be directed by yourself or your successor, and the rest of the council. And, moreover, he is to educate and instruct one or more youths in his art, such as you and said council shall appoint, that may be helpful to him, and if occasion serve, succeed him in the plantation; which youth or youths, fit to learn that profession, let be placed with him; of which Mr. Hugeson's son, if his father approve thereof, may be one, the rather

because he hath been trained up in literature ; but if not he, then such other as you shall judge most fittest."

John Hugeson became a minister, and not a "chirurgion," and died in Salem, in 1780, aged ninety-two years, and having preached more than seventy years.

That "ill weeds might be nipt before they took too deep a head," Endicott was directed to take special care in the settling of families, that the head of each should be grounded in religion, and to have a watchful eye to the performance of morning and evening family duties. It was esteemed a business worthy of his best endeavors to look into this, and, if need were, make some an example to all the rest ; else, say the advisers, "our government will be esteemed a scarecrow." "Our desire," they continue, "is to use lenity all that may be, but, in case of necessity, not to neglect the other, knowing that correction is ordained for the fool's back."

The necessity of labor, which should be the privilege, as well as duty of us all, but which has sadly fallen into disrepute in modern times, is enjoined thus urgently :—

"And we heartily pray you that all be kept to labor, as the only means to reduce them to civil, yea, a godly life, and to keep youth from falling into many enormities, which by nature we are all too much inclined unto."

"And God, who alone is able and powerful, enable you to this great work, and grant that our chiefest aim be his glory."

So endeth the first Letter of Instruction from the loving friends of Endicott, "the Governor and Deputy of the New-England Company for a Plantation at Mattachusetts Bay."

In a subsequent letter of instructions from the London company to the planters, they are put in mind to be very circumspect in the beginning to settle some good orders, whereby all persons resident in the colony should apply themselves to some calling or other, and no idler be permitted to live among them ; for if care was taken at the first, it was thought a world of disorders would be prevented, and many grievous sins and sinners kept out of the world.

Ay me, even with their severe regulations, they found it a hard task to keep drones and idlers out of their midst. The keeping of a daily register in every family was prescribed, so that what was

done by each member of the family might show for itself, and be a help to them, or a remembrance of good works to posterity.

It is to be regretted that none of these registers have been preserved—it would be curious to the fashionable ladies now-a-days to note the daily employments of the women of the olden times. For all derelict in duty, severe punishments were proposed, and those to be inflicted at once and in public.

Among other sins, say the advisers, "we pray you make some good laws for the punishment of swearers." This was enjoined, if comfort or blessing from God was expected on the plantation. Many who sought of the company to come over were refused, even when they had been at "great charges" with them, on account of their pernicious practices. But over and beyond their temporal comfort, they looked steadily to the glory of God.

Some temperance measures appear to have been taken chiefly with regard to the salvages, as to the strong waters sent for sale. Public and exemplary punishment was recommended for him who exceeded in that inordinate kind of drinking, so much as to become drunk. As to the raising of tobacco, we find repeated instructions for its discouragement. Care was advised to be taken that none was planted by new planters, unless in small quantities for mere necessity and for physic, and for preservation of health ; and that the same were only taken privately by ancient men.

Notwithstanding all the hardships and trials which accompanied the new heritage, and all the sacrifice of accustomed comforts, the planters seem to have been more than satisfied. From Francis Higginson's account of "the earth of New-England, and all the appurtenances thereof," I transcribe the following :—

"It is a land of divers and sundry sorts all about Massachusetts Bay, and at Charles River is as fat black earth as can be seen anywhere ; and in other places you have clay-soil and sandy soil. The form of the earth here in the superficies of it is neither too flat in the plainness, nor too high in the hills, but partakes of both in a mediocrity, and is fit for pasture or for plow, or meadow ground, as men please to employ it. Though all the country be, as it were, a thick wood for the general, yet in divers places there is much ground cleared by the Indians ; and I am told that about three miles from us, a man may stand on a little hilly place

and see divers thousands of acres of as good ground as need to be, and not a tree in the same. It is thought here is good clay to make brick, and tiles, and earthen pots, as need be."

The author goes on to say there was plenty of slate in the Isle of Slate, and lime-stone, free-stone, and smooth stone, and iron stone, and marble stone, in such store that they had great rocks of it. He expresses great hope too of minerals, though no trial had been made in the soil, the fertility of which, he says, "is to be admired at in the abundance of grass that groweth everywhere, both very thick, very long, and very high, in divers places." "It is scarce to be believed," he continues, "how our kine and goats, horses and hogs, do thrive and prosper here, and like this country." It is strange that we find no despondency for the hard portion they found—no regret for all they had left—all they saw was good, and they believed that greater blessings which they did not see awaited them. "Our plantation," writes the same author, "already yields us a quart of milk for a penny, and the abundant increase of corn proves the country to be a wonderment. Yea, Joseph's increase in Egypt is outstripped here with us."

The cheerful, the almost exultant spirit in the records of these devoted worthies affords a pleasing and faith-inspiring contemplation. We cannot read their history without having our belief in the efficacy of prayer increased, our religious trust strengthened and elevated. God seems everywhere to have met the measure of their faith—in the perils of the sea and the famines of the land; pledging us anew, as it were, in their faith, that he walks with us still, and answers those that call on him. But of these things presently. I quote further from Francis Higginson's *New-England*, and the appurtenances thereof. In one place he says:—

"Our governor hath store of green peas growing in his garden, as good as ever I eat in England."

And in another:—



THE MAY-FLOWER.

"This country aboundeth naturally with store of roots of great variety, and good to eat. Our turnips, parsnips, and carrots, are both larger and sweeter than are ordinarily to be found in England. There are also store of pumpkins, cucumbers, and other things of that nature which I know not. Also divers excellent pot-herbs grow abundantly among the grass. Strawberries in their time, and penny-royal, winter-savory, sorrel, brooklime, liverwort, carvel, and water-cresses; also leeks and onions, and divers physical herbs. There are also abundance of sweet herbs, delightful to the smell, which I know not; plenty of single damask roses, very sweet, and two kinds of herbs that bear two kinds of flowers, very sweet, which they say are as good to make cordage and cloth as hemp and flax. Excellent vines are here up and down in the woods."

The accompanying cut is designed to illustrate the beautiful may-flower, the pioneer of the sisterhood of blossoms. It answers to the primrose in Old England, starting first to life, and being regarded with a similar affection—the securing of its earliest blossoms bringing, or being supposed to bring, good fortune. We can imagine the children about Plymouth, with a sort of pious superstition, gathering in subdued merriment armfuls of these pretty and fortunate flowers—doubtless



THE ALLYN HOUSE.

they fringe the grassy covering now of many a trusting and demure maiden, who believed in their marvelous virtues. And who shall say but that faith lends to its object something of the quality with which it believes it to be already endowed.

For myself, it seems to me that we are more indebted to the Puritans for the beautiful examples of faith and trust bequeathed to us, than for their noble independence and resistance of oppression. There was no questioning about chance, and fate, and free-will—they knew no will but God's will; and under the severest afflictions still prayed—"Thy will be done!"

Speaking of a little daughter whom he had lost at sea, Mr. Higginson says:—

"So it was God's will the child died about five of the clock at night, being the first of our ship that was buried in the bowels of the great Atlantic sea."

Writing of a great storm which befell them shortly after the burial, he says, with a simplicity which begets in us confidence in all his curious narrations, "This day Mr. Goff's great dog fell overboard, and could not be recovered."

As they came near the shore, (I speak now of the emigrants of 1630,) abundance of yellow flowers, which they supposed to have come from the low meadows, floated out to meet them, which made them the more anxious to see the New-England paradise.

"Through God's blessing," he says, "our passage was short and speedy; for whereas we had a thousand leagues to sail

from Old England, we performed the same in six weeks and three days."

The governor went aboard ship to meet them, and himself and family were lodged in his house, which he describes as fair and newly built. Not one of the pilgrim houses is left standing now. The Allyn House, a cut of which we here give, is a specimen of the old style, but more spacious perhaps than that in which Higginson was lodged by the governor.

We can imagine psalms and thanksgivings going up from beneath that roof for preservation from "maledictions" and the divers perils of the sea, and for the delight which they had received in beholding the wonders of the Lord in the deep, which our author quaintly says, "those who dare not go to their town's end, shall never have the honor to see."

Of their habits during the voyage, he says: "That they constantly served God, morning and evening, by reading and expounding the Scripture—by singing and prayer—and the Sabbath was solemnly kept by adding to the former preaching twice and catechizing." And in great need they kept solemn fasts with gracious effect—and he desires all to take notice that fasting and prayer are as "prevailing" by sea as by land. The ship-master and his company, we are told, "set their watches with singing, and prayer that was not read in a book."

Higginson but exemplifies the general spirit of trust, of piety, of cheerfulness. "Experience doth manifest," he says, "that there is hardly a more healthful place to be found in the world that agreeth better with our English bodies." For himself, he says: "Whereas I did formerly require such drink as was both strong and stale, now I can, and oftentimes do, drink New-England water very well."

Throughout all the chronicles kept by the settlers of Massachusetts Bay, we find the same cheerful piety manifested as has already been exhibited in Master Higgin-



son's report. No lamentings anywhere for the blessings they had foregone, but a constant setting forth of those that were left.

William Wood, in his description of Massachusetts, says: "In an ill sheep year, I have known mutton as dear in Old England, and dearer than goat's flesh is in New-England; which is altogether as good, if fancy be set aside."

Among their other afflictions came pestilence, insomuch that there was scarcely a house where there was not one dead; "but they who survived were not discouraged, but bore God's corrections with humility," remembering always that he had power to raise them up, as well as cast them down.

Of one it is said, "She was a godly virgin, making a comfortable end;" and that the like loss of her had not been sustained; and it is added, without murmur or complaint, "she deserves to be remembered."

"There are graves in other places," writes one, "as well as with us." Of the death of Robert Welden, "a hopeful young gentleman," who had just been chosen captain of a hundred foot, the chronicle says: "he was buried as a soldier, with three volleys of shot;" and in the next sentence a thanksgiving is recorded. On every page of their records our pusillanimity is shamed by their great trust and steady perseverance—remembering always the primary object of their pilgrimage, they paused only to bury their dead, never to mourn.

But to return to the Pilgrims of 1620, for I have been led away from them by the interest attaching to the narratives of their followers.

Early in the morning of the 9th of November, after the sufferings of a crowded passage of sixty-four days, these Pilgrims obtained their first view of the coast of America. Their rejoicing and praising of God we must leave to be imagined. Wonderfully refreshing must have been the sight of the sand-hills covered with scrubby woods and sloping toward the sea, leafless and snow-covered as they were. After being driven about by contrary winds and endangered by shoals, they were anchored safely in Cape Cod harbor.

Before making land, however, they had covenanted and combined themselves together into a civil body-politic for the hon-

oring of their king and country, the advancement of the Christian faith, and the glory of God. This voluntary agreement has been defined by some American writers, "the birth of popular constitutional liberty;" and this has undoubtedly proved the fruit of the tree they planted, although they had no idea of the gigantic growth it was destined to, or of its fruit.

As soon as anchor was cast, parties went ashore to fetch wood and water, and a shallop was fitted for the exploring of the coast, and selecting a suitable place for settlement. This plan was shortly relinquished, in consequence of the shallop proving unworthy; and a party, under the leadership of Captain Miles Standish, volunteered to make an exploration on foot. This was esteemed a service of great peril, and rather permitted, we are informed, than approved. At length, however, sixteen men, armed with musket, sword, and corslet, were put ashore.

They spent the first day in tracking Indians, but were overtaken by night without having encountered any; and kindling a fire, appointed sentinels, and lay down to sleep. The following day they renewed the tracking, but became entangled in thickets, by reason of which their very armor is said to have been literally torn to pieces.

The annexed cut represents the armor of the period, though it is probable our pilgrims had only a corselet and head-piece.



SUIT OF ARMOR.

These explorers appear to have found nothing more worthy of note than some Indian traps, in one of which Captain Standish was caught accidentally, the site of a house, an old ship's kettle, and a basket of Indian corn, which they carried away, intending to reimburse the owners; also, they crossed some graves. Wearily they drew toward the seashore, and were glad to have their signal answered from the ship.

Subsequently, a larger party went out in the boat, which, owing to boisterous winds, could not keep the sea, and the men were forced to wade ashore through water above their knees, and after toilsome marching to encamp for the night in the open air, and exposed to a fall of snow, so that some who afterward died were supposed to have there "taken the original of their deaths." The following day the explorations were renewed, the snow through which they waded, and the wintry woods, making the scene doubly desolate. Their only good fortune seems to have been the finding of a supply of corn. By the third day several were too sick to proceed further, and were accordingly sent back; and shortly the whole party became worn out with the hard toil and discouragement, when ten of the staunchest volunteered to proceed alone; among these were Standish, Carver, Bradford, and Winslow. The cold was intense, and from their great suffering two of the ten were taken ill; the sleet froze over them, and, says the chronicle, they were speedily eased all over in coats of iron.

They met traces of Indians, but encountered none. One night a hideous cry surprised them, and the sentinel cried "To arms!" but having fired off a couple of muskets, nothing more was heard, and the shrieks were supposed to have been wild beasts. This supposition proved untrue, for on the morrow, having prayed, and being about to breakfast, a repetition of the yell burst upon them, followed by a storm of arrows. Standish was the first to fire, and his companions quickly followed with a general discharge of musketry. The sachem stood bravely, but was at length overcome, and wounded fled back into the woods. "The First Encounter" the place of this skirmish is called.

They now betook themselves to the boat, but the sea proved more inhospitable

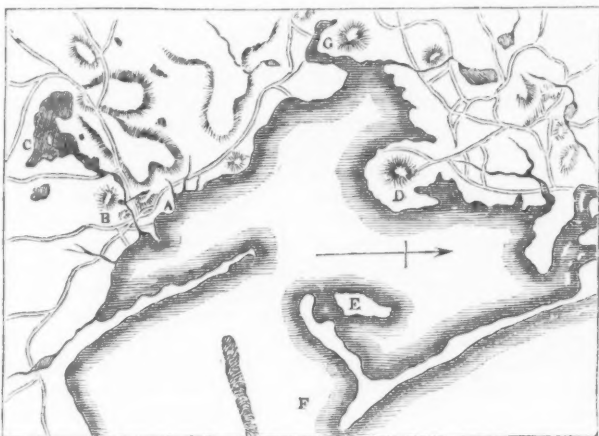
than the shore. Heavy snow and rain came on, and with the prospect all obscured, "the gale increased, the sea got up, the rudder snapped," and a poor attempt at steering was made with a couple of oars, the waves threatening to swamp them, and the light of a winter day fading from a perilous shore—surely they needed then their great trust. The pilot having called them to be of good cheer, for he beheld the harbor, all sail was strained to get in, when the mast snapped in three places, and the pilot exclaimed, "The Lord be merciful! my eyes never saw this place before." Breakers were just before them, but with wonderful presence of mind the shallop was got about and carried into the harbor with flood tide. Safe from the danger of the sea, night came down upon them, wet, hungry, almost frozen. Fear of the savages kept them for some time in the boat, but so near perishing were they with cold that a few went ashore, and having kindled a fire, were joined by the rest. The place proved to be an uninhabited island, and having looked about they resolved to pass the day there, dry their baggage, and refix their muskets. The next day was Sunday, and sore pressed as they were to join their companions, they remained and observed it with customary solemnity. Monday, sounding the harbor, they found it eligible for shipping, and determined to explore the shores further, and making land, stepped on the rock which has since acquired such celebrity. Here their researches ended, as has been already recorded, and, weighing anchor, they carried back the good news to their friends.

During their exploration, Mistress White gave birth to a son, whom she called Peregrine—the first child born in the colony—and Dorothy, the wife of Bradford, was drowned.

On the 17th of December, the *May-Flower* set sail from Cape Cod Harbor, and the next day anchored in Plymouth Bay, and having called on God for direction, went ashore.

The spot where they resolved to settle was a ridge of high ground which had been cleared and planted with corn some years before. The place, we are told, abounded with "delicate springs" of water, and under the hillside ran "a very sweet brook."

A rude shelter was erected, where the



MAP OF PLYMOUTH BAY.

party set themselves down and began to build houses, and here the town of Plymouth now stands. The Indian name was Accomack. A indicates Plymouth village, B the Town Brook, C Billington Sea, D Captain's Hill, Duxbury; E Clark's Island, F Saquish Head, G Jones' River.

"The Common House," as the first habitation was called, was but twenty feet square, and in it men, women, and children, sick and well, corn, goods and all, were huddled together, until new houses could be built, which was a hard and slow work, so often was it interrupted by alarms of the Indians, by the severity of the weather, and by sickness.

Two of their number soon had the misfortune to lose themselves in the woods, which caused the most painful apprehensions to the rest, and as may be supposed was anything but agreeable to themselves; fear of wild beasts and Indians adding terror to the bitterness of the frost and snow. But it pleased God, to quote their own words, "so to dispose that the beasts came not;" and, after great hardship and fright, they found their way back to the settlement. By the 4th of February, the Common House was as full of beds as they could lie, one beside another; and there, in that rude habitation, and in the strange country to which they had come, the labors of a great number were ended.

Doubly sad must have been the parting of those who had endured so much together—they had reached the promised

land only to learn that here there is no rest for us, and no abiding place.

When the spring came, one half the little band lay asleep on the cliff overhanging the rock where they had so lately landed—side by side they were laid, as they stood in life; and their surviving friends, so far from making tombs, or planting flowers, leveled the sacred earth, and planted corn, in order to conceal their great loss from the Indians, lest, tempted by their weakness, they might fall upon and destroy the little handful of survivors which they were become.

When the spring came round, and the flowers began to appear, a solitary Indian, of noble and fearless carriage, made his appearance one "fair warm" day, and using all the English he knew, bade the pilgrims welcome. He proved communicative, and the settlers obtained some valuable information from him. They entertained him as well as they could, that they might counteract the bad impression which the savages already had of them; and when he departed, gave him some little presents. His name was Samoset, and he often returned with his companions to the settlement, after his solitary adventure. He is described as a man of able body, grave countenance, and spare of speech, and differing in attire from his followers only in that he wore a chain of great white bone beads about his neck. "His face was painted a sad red, like murrey, and he oiled both head and

face so that he looked greasily. All of his followers painted themselves of different colors, yellow, red, and black, and some dressed in skins, and some went naked." Governor Carver is represented as pledging his wild visitors very courteously in strong drinks, which they reciprocated in more potent draughts.

With the warm weather, preparation for the departure of the *May-Flower* was made, and it is strange, in view of all the hardship and suffering, and the losses of friends, brothers, sisters, husbands and wives, that not one sought opportunity to return home, but remained, resolved at all hazards to make homes among the graves of their kindred.

Soon after the departure of the *May-Flower*, Governor Carver, while at work in the field, was taken ill, in a few hours became speechless, and after a few days died. It is said of him that his great care "for the common good shortened his days."

William Bradford, of whom we have previously spoken, was chosen his successor. The first marriage took place May 12th, 1621, and was between Edward Winslow and Susanna White, both of whom had been recently bereaved of their companions. Under ordinary circumstances, this proceeding would have been regarded as an indecency and a scandal; but under the trying circumstances it seems to have been considered exemplary.

The first offense, as recorded in the journal of the governor, is that of John Billington; and was contempt of the captain's lawful command, and opprobrious speeches, for which he was adjudged to have his neck and heels tied together;" for what length of time the journal saith not. It appears, however, that in humbling himself and craving pardon he was forgiven. Remarkable leniency for the times. The second offense was a duel fought upon challenge at single combat with sword and dagger, between Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins. What the cause of challenge was, appears not; but the parties actually fought and were both wounded, for which they were adjudged to have their head and feet tied together, and so lie for twenty-four hours without meat or drink.

The visits of the savages began to be

frequent and disorderly, insomuch that it was thought advisable to send an embassy to the nearest chief to make arrangements mutually agreeable. Winslow was appointed diplomatist; and taking with him a coat of red cotton, edged with lace, a present for the sachem, and accompanied by an interpreter, they set out. After a weary march they fell in with the chief, to whom they presented the red coat, and whom they paid for the Indian corn which they appropriated on a former expedition.

The chief was so pleased with these courtesies, that he promised to comply with all their requests, and distinguished his guests by lodging them in the same bed with himself and wife. If the Pilgrims had always acted upon this conciliatory plan, it would have saved their names from centuries of reproach.

The good ship *Fortune* came in November, bringing a reinforcement of over thirty settlers; but in consequence of extravagant reports about the fertility of the country, she brought no supplies of food; so the colony was reduced to short allowance.

It is pleasant to contemplate the friendly intercourse between the settlers and the Indians at this period. Winslow says:—

"We have found them very loving and ready to pleasure us. We often go to them, and they come to us; some of us have been fifty miles in the country with them."

They were entertained familiarly, and repaid the hospitality with skins and venison. And it was a common picture to see the Englishmen in corslet and buff sitting on the grass beside the plumed and painted chief. We pass over the details of the first bloody encounter, quoting, simply, what Robinson, the good pastor whom they had left behind them, said, on hearing of it. "Consider your ways, and the disposition of your captain, who is of warm temper," he wrote—he doubted whether there was not wanting that tenderness of the life of man which was meet, and added: "O how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some before you killed any."

He seems to have been heartily loved by his people, and deserving all their love; but he was too much in advance of them and of the age to be always appreciated. "I charge you," he said, in his last address to them, "that you follow me no

further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ." In the sentiment annexed, there is a wisdom which even in this day has been attained by few:—

"The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed Churches which have come to a period in religion, and will go, at present, no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times; yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw: and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God."

And he further charges them to be ready to receive TRUTH whenever it shall be made known to them.

In 1625, "having finished his course and performed his work," he was taken home. In a letter to Governor Bradford, in reference to his death, occurs the following passage:—

"He was taken away even as fruit falleth before it is ripe, when neither length of days nor infirmity of body did seem to call for his end. The Lord even then took him away, as it were in his anger, whom if tears could have held, he would have remained to this day."

*April, 1623*, found the settlers reduced to severer privations than they had yet known. The corn was exhausted, and faint and staggering for want of food they began to plant for the harvest. All had been hitherto held in common; but as a greater stimulus to labor, the land was now divided, and each man wrought for himself. No sooner had the corn appeared, than a drought set in, and continued for six weeks, so that starvation seemed inevitable; and the more, that a ship dispatched to their relief, after being driven back twice, was wrecked on the coast. In this fearful exigency a day of fasting and prayer was appointed, and the narrator says:—

"In the morning when we assembled together, the heavens were as clear and the drought as likely to continue as ever it was, yet (our exercises continuing some eight or nine hours) before our departure the weather was overcast, the clouds gathered together on all sides, and on the next morning distilled such soft, sweet, and moderate showers of rain, continuing some fourteen days, and mixed with such seasonable weather, as it was hard to say whether our withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived—such was the bounty and goodness of our God."

Having followed the Pilgrims thus through all their sufferings and toils to the dawn of prosperity—the day of magisterial authority—there comes a time of denunciation, of whipping, and banishment, and hanging, which we are glad to pass over. The perilous wandering of Roger Williams, which lasted for fourteen weeks, during which he had no bread nor bed—no shelter from the storm, and no guide or companion—and all for that he pleaded the rights of conscience, has left dark spots on the Puritan character that cannot be washed out.

The public flogging of Anne Burden, who came from London to deliver her message of peace, has left a picture to the world of a whipping-post adjoining the meeting-house; and the meek exclamation of poor Mary Dyer, "The will of the Lord be done," as she folded her hands and awaited on the scaffold the execution, makes us almost deaf to the long prayers of her accusers.

Doubtless they saw at stake truths of eternal moment, and the lives of a few heretics were as nothing in comparison. If it be true that the evil which men do lives after them, and the good perishes with their bones, it is best to discourage the tenacity of bad memories as much as we may by silence.

From "The Pilgrim Fathers," an excellent work to which I have already been much indebted in the compilation of this article, the subjoined particulars of Plymouth as it is now, are gathered:—

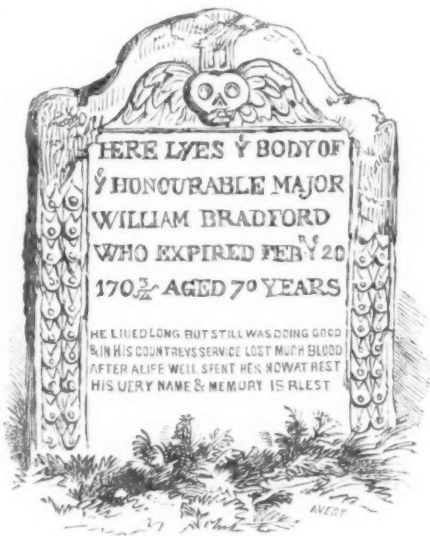
"It consists of a few principal streets and some straggling by-lanes, running off into the surrounding country—a quiet, old-fashioned place, yet having a cheerful look. It is charmingly rural, many of the gay rustic looking dwellings being detached, and standing amid gardens full of shrubs and flowers. The principal avenues are lined with wooden houses, often furnished with verandahs, neatly painted white or stone color, and with blinds and shutters of light green. Rows of tall elms with shooting branches meeting overhead give the scene an air of tranquillity and delicious repose."

The street first laid out by the Pilgrims is upon high ground, and below runs "the very sweet brook," the mouth of which afforded harbor for shallops and boats, and in their season abounded with fish. At the head of this street was the hill where the fort was erected, and which was called Fort-hill, now Burial-hill.

The shores are flat, rising with gentle acclivities from the water—with the exception of Captain's-hill, named in honor of Miles Standish, and the ridge of Manomet. From the principal street, Leyden, the descent is steep to another which runs parallel with the seashore, and leads to the Forefathers' Rock. On the left is an abrupt ridge, the top of which is covered with grass, but its sides disguised by modern edifices. This is the Cole's-hill, and was the first burial place of the Pilgrims—there are no tombstones, nor other marks to indicate their resting-places now. Formerly this eminence overhung the seabeach, and immediately below it, and projecting into the waves, was the rock on which the Pilgrims landed. The scene is greatly changed, and the original features with difficulty traced. A part of the rock was removed from its first position in the time of the revolution for purposes of political excitement, and placed in the Town-square; and thence, finally, to its present position in front of Pilgrim-hall, where it is surrounded with an iron railing which bids defiance to the patriotic lovers of memorials, who, if it were accessible, would soon break it to pieces. A picture of this fragment will be found at the head of the chapter.

The Burying-hill is the most remarkable and conspicuous spot in Plymouth—a green mound, rising above the buildings, and set thick with gray tombstones. Its summit commands a wide view of sea and land, embracing the whole field of Pilgrim adventure, from the first arrival till the settlement of Plymouth. The white sand-hills of Cape Cod in the distance, the indented shores of the bay, embracing within its wave Clark's Island, Saquish Head, and the Gurnet light, the green hill of Duxbury and the pine-clad ridge of Manomet. But the cemetery itself is the most interesting feature of all. It is covered with dark slate stones, most of them brought from England, and adorned with quaint carvings of death's head and cross bones, and bearing the names of the first comers and their descendants. The graves of the earliest pilgrims are, however, unknown. A column was erected some years ago to the memory of William

Bradford, the stout yeoman of Austerfeld, and afterward honored governor of the settlement of Plymouth. The spot was known to his descendants, many of whom are buried around him. Among these the tomb of one of his sons, Major Bradford, is selected as a good specimen of the style of the more ornamental ones.



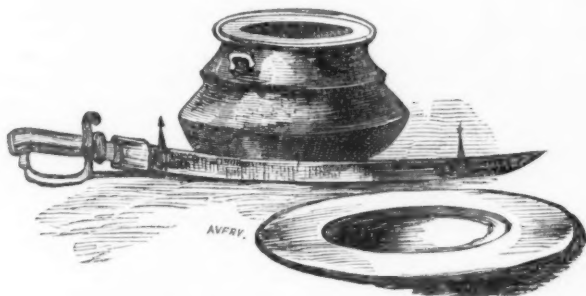
TOMB OF MAJOR BRADFORD.

Upon the southern extremity of this hill was erected a strong timber fort, upon which they planted their cannon, and where watch was kept against the approach of the Indians. The building afterward served for a long time for a meeting-house. On the opposite side of the bay, the view inland extends over an irregular ground fringed with primitive forests. Small lakes surrounded with trees lie among the hills, and, notwithstanding the occasional fields and houses, the scene retains much of its original wildness.

On the other side of the town brook rises a bold eminence crowned with a wind-mill, and called Watson's-hill. It was here that Massisot first made his appearance with his Indians; and from the hollow beneath that, Winslow and his men advanced to meet them.

Many of the tombstones bear the record of eighty, ninety, and in some cases of a





STANDISH'S SWORD, KETTLE AND DISH.

hundred years; and among the Christian names taken from the Old Testament, may be found such as "Experience," "Patience," "Fear," "Mercy," "Wrestling," and the like.

In the neighborhood of Plymouth is Captain's-hill—a long slope covered with short thick turf and gray boulders. Here the spring of Miles Standish still flows, and here his house formerly stood. From this point, the course which Standish and his companions took on their first voyage of discovery may be seen. In the distance are the hills of Cape Cod, and the long shore which the shallop explored on her way to Plymouth Bay. The dark pine-covered ridge of Manomet is seen to the south, and to the north the Gurnet Light and the projecting point of Saquish Head, between which were the breakers where the little shallop was so nearly cast away. Near the shore lies Clark's Island, where the half-frozen pilgrims found shelter from the storm; where they kindled a fire, and watched all night, and rested on the Sabbath preceding the memorable Monday when they first trod upon the Rock of Plymouth. This hill was originally occupied by Standish, together with John Alden, Jonathan Brewster, and Thomas Prentice; whence they moved to Plymouth in the winter for the greater convenience of attending worship. The hill and some adjacent lands were afterward assigned to Standish, and named Duxbury, after his ancestral estate in England. Some faint indications of the dwelling-house are said to be seen yet, and the spring trickles out freshly through moss and sedge, and among wild flowers finds its way to the sea.

There lived Miles Standish, after his  
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many conflicts; and here, in 1656, he died at the age of seventy-two, and his sepulcher no man knoweth to this day.

Many memorials of him are still in existence. His good sword, with a large kettle and dish, are preserved at Plymouth, and are here presented in a group.

The weapon, from an Arabic inscription, is supposed to have really been one of the Damascus blades so famous for temper and keenness. Among the entries of the first winter's mortality is this: "On January 29, died Rose, wife of Captain Standish."

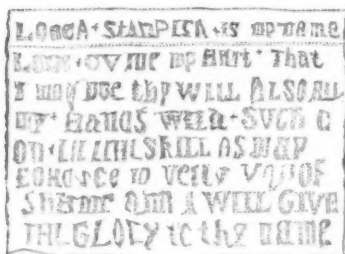
Good Miles seems to have been less successful among the ladies than as a soldier, if tradition be to be trusted. It is related of him, and the story is strikingly characteristic of the Puritan simplicity of heart, that in the course of time the gallant captain sought to fill the melancholy void occasioned by the death of the beloved Rose, and to this end fixed his heart upon one Priscilla, the daughter of William Mullens, as a help-mate for him. Unfortunately, he adopted the singular method of addressing the lady by proxy, and by some strange infatuation chose a young and comely gentleman named John Alden, as the interpreter of his wishes to the fair lady, who was too much pleased with the handsome youth to remember the sober captain at all; and so it fell that as the blushing herald stood stammering forth the proposals of his patron, the lady interrupted him with, "Prythee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" Upon which the young man did speak for himself, not unsuccessfully, as may be inferred, and the defeated Miles was taught thereafter to woo for himself. No doubt he was a good deal laughed at, but his

courage seems not to have been diminished, for it was not long until a certain Barbara became his wife.

He left several children, of whom his daughter Lora, as appears by his will, died before him:—

"My will is, that out of my whole estate my funeral charges be taken, and my body be buried in a decent manner: and if I die in Duxbury, my body be laide as neare as convenient to my two daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish, my daughter-in-law."

The annexed is a part of the sampler of this beloved Lora, which is still preserved in Plymouth Hall:—



It is a sample of fine workmanship, and the words wrought on it, which may not be easily made out, are these:—

"Lora Standish is my name. Lord, guide my heart that I may do thy will. Also fill my hands with such convenient skill as may conduce to virtue, void of shame, and I will give the glory to thy name."

The country about Plymouth is naturally hilly, rocky, and barren, and though there is much of almost primeval forest, yet in its vicinity, patches of clearing, rendered fruitful by industry, and containing comfortable and pretty houses, neighbor each other, along the sea-shore, almost continually.

Cape Cod, in the harbor of which the *May-Flower* first found shelter on her arrival on our coasts, is "an out-of-the-way nook, almost cut off from the rest of the world." Arms of the sea, with extensive salt marshes, perforate it so that it may be called half land, half water, the land sandy and covered with grass and dwarf timber, with here and there a spot brought under some degree of cultivation. And the inhabitants are in keeping with their dwellings, depending chiefly upon the sea for subsistence. Many of them, however, when the fishing season is over,

resort to shoemaking, or some other occupation, by which they eke out their subsistence.

The country above the marshes is a remarkable instance "of the triumph of skill and industry over natural obstacles, and nothing can exceed the neatness of the villages, and the comfortable look of the inhabitants."

One of the townships of the Cape bears the name of Brewster, and from Truro to Provincetown has been called the Venice of New-England. The harbor itself is one of the finest in the whole line of coast, being completely land-locked, and the entrance accessible, in all winds, to vessels of the largest class. The curve of land by which it is formed is called Longpoint, and at its extremity is a lighthouse, and here, three quarters of a mile from the shore, the *May-Flower* came to anchor.

Considerable remains of the original forest of "oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet woods," are still to be found about Provincetown. The wood for the most part is stunted, though there are some specimens of a fine growth. The pilgrims remarked the whales, and regretted that they had no means of capturing them—their descendants have made the Cape famous for its whale fisheries. Provincetown is described as a few streets of frame-houses, built on sand, overhung by sand, and approached by sand; and altogether of a wild, singular, and out-of-the-way appearance. It is thriving and enterprising, the inhabitants mostly fishers and sailors—their fishing boats perfect models. In the hills behind the town are many places as wild as when first explored by Standish and his brave companions, and imagination is here naturally borne back to the time, two centuries ago, when all the northern states were a wilderness, silent and desolate, save for the hut and the whoop of the Indian; and when the battered *May-Flower*, pregnant with the mightiest results, rounded the point, making no noise louder than the voice of prayer. From the feeble planting of Plymouth, a grand republic is sprung up, and the influence reflected back upon the old world is incalculable.

In our next number we shall invite the reader to accompany us in an examination of some of the relics and other attractions at Plymouth.

## THE RELIGIOUS SCARECROW OF THE AGE.

HAVE we reason to fear the Pope in this country? Of course we do not mean his questionable holiness, personally, but the system which he represents and names—Popery itself. Of himself personally or officially, it would be a very grave joke for us to entertain a single anxiety. He sits in the Vatican, only the shadow of what he once was—the impersonation of decrepitude, smothered under the obsolete and grotesque habiliments of a long gone age, and mumbling from a toothless mouth the language of mere imbecility. What then would he become here, where our public decorum would not allow him any public state, were he even, by the possible accidents of these odd times, to be tossed across the waters? The poor old man, considered as a poor old functionary, almost deserves our sympathy—there is such a contrast between his present and his past figure—his power, once sublime, even in its iniquitous grandeur, has become such a paltry, impotent pretension. There is a great deal of practical farce going on still in the governments of the world, not excepting our own “great country;” but assuredly there is no more thorough tragic-comedy now enacted among the powers of the earth than the Popedom.

We confess we once were terribly panic-stricken at the prospects of Popery in this country; but we were then, with most of our fellow-citizens, in the dark respecting the subject—and men see ghosts only in the dark. We ventured so far as even to publish a pamphlet expressly against his holiness—a rampant “bull,” bellowing with denunciations, as much, we fear, as any of his own. But we have since become heartily ashamed of our cowardice, and never have met with a copy of the publication without “suppressing” it. We feel a little malicious at his holiness, as we pen these lines, for having occasioned us such unnecessary trepidation.

We hardly know whether to consider it an apology for our alarm that the Christian public generally shared it—to such an extent in fact, that it became an almost universal infection. It was the mighty, invincible argument for almost every “religious enterprise” among us. Pulpit

orators—religious platform speakers—palpitating Christian assemblies, could scarcely see anything above the moral horizon of the country, especially westward, but the triple tiara expanding out, like the celestial hemisphere, into a vast nightcap over the nation under which she was to lie down in a hopeless sleep, a moral nightmare. Now all this was doubtless honest; but it was exceedingly cowardly—it was all fudge—as events in Europe and this country are daily and irresistibly demonstrating. It was very pernicious, too, for it gave undue importance to Popery. It set the politicians to overvaluing (as we shall see directly) most egregiously the numerical availability of the Roman Catholics at the ballot-box, and it gave them that dangerous influence over the politics of the nation, which has been so undeservedly held by them for years, which has disgraced the country, and which now, thanks to the return of somewhat of our national self-respect, is about to be broken forever.

Popery has lost what we may call its essential force, even in Europe. This is our first argument against its probable dangers to our own country. Its central strength is sapped—its very citadel is undermined. The Abbe de la Mennais, some few years since, proclaimed on his return to Paris from Rome, “Withdraw the arms of Austria from Italy to-day, and to-morrow there will be an uprising of the people against the pope and the priesthood, from Turin to the Calabrias.” The same could be said this moment in respect to the arms of France. Loyalty to Popery is dead this hour in Italy itself, and we should not be surprised, if at the next popular cemeute of Europe (which will inevitably come) the head of a pope falls, and thus secures, by a demonstration which cannot be forgotten, the popular claims of Italy, as the decapitation of a Stuart did the rights of Englishmen.

What now is the influence of the Roman court in the affairs of Europe? Nothing at all. It is a significant fact that in the present struggle, involving more or less almost all the European courts, we hardly hear a reference to the pope. A few generations ago his diplomacy guided all the great movements of the continent.

What is a Pope’s bull now-a-days? Nothing but a religious epistle to his ecclesiastics against heresy, Bible societies,

&c. A few generations ago it was the thunderbolt of Jove smiting a whole province, shaking a throne, or paralyzing an army.

What sovereign would now care for the pope's excommunication?—that terrific mystery at which the knees of kings a few centuries since smote together? We never hear of it any more as against rulers, and if it should be revived, it would be a joke in almost any court of the world.

Why? Because the prestige of Popery is gone—irrecoverably gone. The delusions of the Dark Ages are past; mankind have awakened from that thousand years' sleep, have risen up, rubbed their eyes, and found they had been dreaming. The people nearest to him—the Italians—would now, if they could, chase the pope—the “vicegerent of God” as they once believed—off of their peninsula. The courts of Europe recognize the popedom as an historical fact, still lingering, and therefore to be taken account of in some way or other in their conservative policy; but it is no longer a potential fact, in any respects, among them. The pope has little or nothing to do with them directly, except occasionally to act the puppet in the ceremonial of a coronation. Since the first French revolution (a great curse with a great many blessings) this has been about his significance in the affairs of Europe.

And this remark leads us to a second consideration, one which accounts for the declension of Popery, and at the same time renders it irreversible, viz., that it is founded in the modern and inevitable progress of the race. The world is outgrowing it; and that is the explanation of its late history. It may make efforts to retrieve itself—it may attempt to relate itself to the movements of states, as in the French reaction and in the politics of America—it may by Jesuitical agencies insinuate itself into the religious movements of anti-Catholic countries, as in the Tractarianism of Oxford—it may attempt to startle the remains of superstition among the multitudes by new trumpery, as the winking Madonnas or the coat of Treves; but they all ultimately fail, and, worse than that, they all react. Puseyism, as a project for Papalizing the Anglican Church, is now a determinate failure. The imposture at Treves excited the ridicule of Europe, and turned

thousands out of the ranks of Popery. The winking and nodding Madonnas have of late years become standing jokes in the newspapers of Christendom. It is too late in this working day of the world for such nonsense. Men—honest men—will either weep or laugh at it; but they will not respect it. The last of these obsolete follies is a proposed great convention at Rome, to decide the question of the “immaculate conception of the Virgin”—not the immaculate conception of Christ, as some of the papers of the day represent. It has long been a question among Papists whether the Virgin herself was born in a manner so different from the usual course of our common humanity, as to allow this preposterous ascription to her. A sort of œcumenical council is to convene for the purpose of discussing the somewhat delicate question—the “Mariolatry” of the Church depends rather seriously upon it. The newspapers are already handling the subject in their usual style; the *Paris Univers*, nevertheless, tries to affect a grave dignity in its allusion to it. What is it, however, but a preposterous attempt to maintain the superstitions of a past age—an attempt which cannot fail to incur the pity of thoughtful men, and the scorn of the profane.

This incompatibility of Popery with the progress of the age and its consequent decline, are seen by the wiser heads in Papal states. Michael Chevalier, the French journalist, and one of the ablest thinkers in France, expressed some time ago his apprehensions for Romanism in the *Journal des Debats*, in very unqualified language. “On comparing,” he says, “the respective progress made since 1814 by non-Roman Catholic Christian nations with the advancement to power attained by Roman Catholic nations, one is struck with astonishment at the disproportion. England and the United States, which are Protestant powers, and Russia, a Greek power, have assumed to an incalculable degree the dominion of immense regions, destined to be densely peopled, and already teeming with a large population. . . . They have proved their superiority over the Roman Catholic nations of the New World, and have subjected them to a dictatorship which admits of no further dispute. To the authority of these two powers, England and the United States, after an attempt made by the former on

China, the two most renowned empires of the East, empires which represent nearly the numerical half of the human race, China and Japan, seem to be on the point of yielding. Russia, again, appears to be assuming every day a position of growing importance in Europe. During all this time, what way has been made by the Roman Catholic nations? . . . . Unquestionably, since 1789, the balance of power between Roman Catholic civilization and non-Roman Catholic civilization has been reversed."

"Unquestionably," Monsieur Chevalier; and "unquestionably," because "the balance of power" between the enlightened and the barbarous tendencies of the world "has been reversed." Destiny itself has set in against Popery. It must descend into the abyss of the past, its appropriate grave. Its old follies, like the congenial ones of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, scholastic metaphysics, cenobitic and anchoritic life, must inevitably disappear amidst the increasing light of the age, as bats and owls flee before the day. It may make temporary and spasmodic efforts at self-resuscitation, but it cannot succeed. The waves may dash forward upon the strand when the tide is descending; but as sure as the invincible laws of nature will they at last go down. Popery attempts to extend itself abroad—it has many foreign missions, and they at times seem to have the energy of life in them. But where do they succeed now as they did two, three and four hundred years ago? We are all familiar, from our childhood, with a long-legged spider, which when pierced through the center, still struggles in its extremities—and the severed extremities themselves still for a time move with convulsive life; but at last die. Such is Popery.

We affirm, in the third place, that local evidence confirms these general views. Popery is rapidly declining in Ireland. The Catholic papers of that country—that beautiful country, so long and foully degraded by Romanism—admit the fact, and express fears of the speedy overthrow of the Papal sway. And this is not owing merely to emigration, but very largely to evangelical conversions. Thousands after thousands of Roman Catholics have there been added to the ranks of Protestantism within ten years. The late census of England, like that of

the United States, throws an altogether unexpected light on the question of the relative force of Popery; it is found to be scarcely one half of what it has been supposed to be.

A similar declension has taken place in the British colonies. *Mackenzie's Weekly Messenger* says, that in 1820 the population of the Canadas may have been 520,000, of whom perhaps 380,000 were Papists, and only 140,000 Protestants—exhibiting nineteen to seven of the whole country as in favor of the Popish Church. In 1853, the population may be assumed to number 2,000,000, of whom 940,000 belong to the Popish religion, and 1,060,000 to the Protestant—showing nearly eleven Protestants to every nine Papists; the latter having gained 560,000 in thirty years, the former 920,000.

It is unduly preponderating, however, in England, in one respect. According to a report of parliament published in the *Catholic Tablet*, of London, February 25, 1852, out of a population of 21,000,000 in England and Scotland, whereof the Roman Church claimed 1,000,000, she supplied the prisons with three candidates to one of all other Churches. The wretched neglect of the education of its poor is acknowledged, even by its own friends; they say, in a late number of the same paper, "In London there are 22,000 Catholic children, of whom only about 4,000 are receiving Catholic education. The greater part of the remaining number are left to pass their tender years in the novitiate of a London street. There is no proportion between the wants of our poor and our provision for them—between our wealth and the education we can give. We are put to shame by every other body; and yet we are the salt of the earth!" Salt of the earth! How ironical the phrase sounds along with such admissions.

All this reasoning bears on the question with which we started. Popery, smitten with this inherent decay everywhere, cannot become formidable here. Dying out elsewhere because of its incompatibility with the practical energies and increasing lights of the age, how can it hold up its head here, where the characteristics of the age are all most rife? It does not succeed here. Its bishops and papers complain incessantly that the children of the Church are, to a great extent, lost. Even the

first generation born in the country grow up with a faint zeal for the faith of their fathers; and the second and third generations generally turn away entirely from the confessional. Hence the desperate exertions of the priesthood to break down the common-school system of the country. They would prevent the apostasy of their children by educating them to the old darkness of their faith, rather than to the new light of the age.

We have now under our eye a statement, the authorship of which we cannot trace, but its accuracy is unquestionable, which shows the relative strength of Popery in different sections of this country, and presents some striking facts on the subject:—"Maryland, one of the oldest states in the Union, was settled by a colony of Papists who fled hither from England in 1633, on account of political disturbances which rendered their condition in their mother country uncomfortable. Florida was settled by Papists from Spain. The whole country, west of the Mississippi, now embracing Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, extending north, belonged originally to the French, and was settled by them. The Jesuits were the first Europeans that trod those extensive regions. The whole of our northern frontier, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Fond du Lac, has ever been exposed to the influence of Popery from Canada. The most of the towns and cities on that frontier were settled by Papists. The state of Texas, until its annexation to the United States, was closed against Protestant influence. The same was true of New-Mexico and California. In addition to these advantages, the wonderful tide of emigration for the last fifty years from the Papal countries of Europe is to be remembered. Several millions of Irish Papists have come in upon us. Yet the last United States Census shows that in Maryland, there are about eight hundred Protestant Churches, and only sixty-five Papal. Out of one hundred and fifty-two Churches in Florida there are only five Papal. In Louisiana there are two hundred and twenty-three Protestant Churches, and only fifty-five Papal. In Texas there are one hundred and sixty-four Churches, only thirteen of which are Papal; and at the present time, the Protestant is greatly the predominant influence in California. The Census reveals the fact that in all the

country the Papists have but one thousand one hundred and twelve Churches, accommodating six hundred and twenty-one thousand persons. The Protestant population of the United States is to the Catholic population as twelve to one."

Catholic journalism in the United States is exceedingly lame—as much so in patronage as in talent. One of its most vociferous organs, *The Shepherd of the Valley*, has at last blown its breath away, and expired. Bishop Hughes's organ, *The Freeman's Journal*, has become a weekly instead of a semi-weekly issue, for want of patronage we suppose. The *Metropolitan* for September contains an account of Roman Catholic journalism in the United States. We learn from it that *twenty-three papers have been discontinued at different periods since 1836*.

Such, then, Protestants of the United States, is Popery. Has it not been made a bugbear among us? We cannot too carefully watch it; but never again let the Protestantism of this land cower before it. With all its hordes of immigration, it stands before us thus shorn of its pretended strength.

And its growth by immigration is no longer a peculiarity—a fourth consideration in favor of our main position. The German accessions to our population from abroad (largely Protestant) are now in advance of the Irish. This fact has attracted attention for some time past, but the German preponderance has lately become so marked as to excite peculiar interest. The immigration for August, into the port of New-York, classified according to nationalities, was as follows: Germans, 23,672; Irish, 8,898; English, 3,658; Scotch, 796; Welsh, 115; French, 649; Spanish, 86; Swiss, 451; Dutch, 233; Norwegians, 482; Italians, 143. For the eight months, commencing with January and ending with August, the returns show a total of arrivals of Irish, 54,548; Germans, 116,400; natives of other countries, 38,466; making a grand total of 209,414.

We may mention in the fifth place, that while the relative strength of Popery thus declines, the ratio of the growth of Protestant evangelical sects to the growth of the population of the country advances, and has advanced, during the last half-century. In the last fifty years the number of members of the evangelical Churches



in the United States has increased from four hundred thousand to three millions and a half, being an increase of eight-fold, while our population has increased only four-fold.

True religion thus keeps pace with the progress of the country, while Popery dwindles, notwithstanding all its foreign resources.

We cannot but repeat here the hope, expressed some time since in another article on the subject, that the politicians of the country will learn at last from the national Census, as well as from these other evidences, that the political importance of the Romanists, so much emphasized, is little short of a humbug. We doubt not that it has been the policy of the priestly leaders to foster a sense of their numerical importance among the political leaders. There has been a preposterous exaggeration of their value in this respect. There are other denominations who eclipse them numerically—denominations, too, which will hereafter resent any compromise of any political party with them. It is time, indeed, that the Protestant sects of the country should distinctly assert themselves in this respect. They insist upon no coalitions of religious and political parties; but if the leaders of the latter are guilty of direct or indirect concert with Popery, the Protestant sects of the land, any one of them, or all of them, will be justified in arraying themselves against the unrighteous league.

The last Census of the United States shows the comparative strength of Popery in this country. We gave some remarks on the subject some months ago, but may again refer to it opportunely here. We inserted at that time the following table:—

	Number of Churches.	Aggregate Accommodations.	Total Value of Ch. Property.
Baptist .....	8,791	8,130,570	\$16,981,382
Christian .....	812	296,050	845,810
Congregational ..	1,674	795,177	7,973,962
Dutch Reformed ..	324	181,986	4,096,730
Episcopal .....	1,422	625,213	11,261,970
Free .....	361	108,605	252,255
Friends .....	714	282,823	1,769,867
German Reformed	327	156,932	955,880
Jewish .....	31	16,575	371,690
Lutheran .....	1,203	531,100	2,867,886
Mennonite .....	110	29,900	94,245
Methodist .....	12,467	4,209,333	14,639,671
Moravian .....	331	112,185	443,947
Presbyterian .....	4,584	2,040,316	14,369,889
Roman Catholic ..	1,112	620,950	8,973,838
Swedenborgian ..	15	5,070	108,100
Tunker .....	52	35,075	46,025
Union .....	619	213,552	690,665
Unitarian .....	243	137,367	3,208,122
Universalist .....	434	205,462	1,767,015
Minor Sects .....	325	115,347	741,980
Total .....	30,011	13,849,595	\$86,416,639

The representation of the Roman Church here is surprising, and should undeceive at once our political managers. It has but one thousand one hundred and twelve churches, which can accommodate only six hundred and twenty-one thousand hearers!—not *one-eleventh* of the number of churches belonging to the Methodists, scarcely more than *one-eighth* of the number of the Baptists, not *one-fourth* the number of the Presbyterians. It has not *one thirty-third* of the whole number reported, while the Methodists have more than *one-third*, and the Baptists nearly *one-fourth*.

The comparative feebleness of Popery among us, as shown in this table, accords with the statement of the government Report respecting immigration. We have had quite exaggerated apprehensions on this subject. Of our twenty-four millions, only about two and a quarter millions are natives of Europe. This is less than ten per cent. About one million of these are Irish, a people who have been supposed to be more numerous than the whole foreign-born population reported by the Census.

Lastly: coincident with the discovery of these real facts respecting Popery, the public mind of the nation has been roused to resist its aggressions and pretensions. By a concerted scheme it attempted, within a short time, to overthrow the common-school system of the country; but it was defeated at every point. Its attacks were made with evident confidence and courage; but it has had to retreat, utterly discomfited from the contest, in Detroit, Cincinnati, Baltimore—everywhere, in fine, except in California, where, it is said, a bill, smuggled in at the heel of the session of the legislature, provided for its iniquitous demands. No blow has stunned so thoroughly the strength of Popery among us, as its defeat on the common-school question. The conflict has determined the character of the Church as disloyal to the highest interest of the country—for what interest is higher than the education of the common people? There was moral if not legal treason in its design. The circumstances of the conflict render every evasion of the charge impossible. The infamous shame is branded upon the very brow of Popery, and it will hereafter be watched with the vigilance which its well-ascertained intentions demand.

Meanwhile the newly-awakened popular hostility to it has taken a new form in an energetic political organization, which seems destined to control the elections of the country. We "know nothing" of the "Know-Nothing" movement except by its public results as reported in the election returns. We are not prepared to indorse its measures, as we do not understand them; but we do most unhesitatingly indorse its main design—the restoration of a truly American control of the affairs and destiny of the country. It is high time that this were done. Every native citizen should insist upon it. The pretensions of Popery in our politics should especially and conclusively be ignored. Comparatively feeble as it is, it has, nevertheless, been for years a potent element in the politics of the country. It has received in this respect a tolerance, an indulgence even, which would not have been accorded to any other religious body of the land. What if the Baptists, the Presbyterians, or Methodists, native citizens though they mostly are, had interfered with politics as have the foreign Romanists among us? What would have been the outcry of all the land against the "Union of Church and State"—the degradation of religion to ambitious ends—the corruption of the clergy! Any Protestant sect which should have attempted the wretched game, would have been ruined by it. But a horde of foreigners, bound by their religion to a foreign allegiance, have done the thing openly and for years, and have been courted and complimented, and fawned over by our intriguing politicians for the very fact—the fact which would blast with public scorn any denomination of native Christians. There is an end to this iniquity now, however, let us hope.

In attempting to show the real state and prospects of Popery, we have not argued against the necessity of a continued and uncompromising conflict with it. We have only argued for the feasibility of such a conflict. Let us then wage it incessantly—not as heretofore, with servile terrors at the supposed magnitude and power of the enemy, but with an unmitigated conviction of its iniquitous designs, and yet the confidence of assured superiority and assured success. While the hordes of Popery pour in upon us from abroad, let us neutralize the corruption they bring into the country by constantly

increasing our provisions for the intellectual and religious education of the people. Let us especially extend the "common school" everywhere, and without delay, even where it must be but the log cabin. Let us maintain in it our old common Bible—the Bible which the first Congress of the United States, itself, provided for the people, by express vote and an express appropriation. Let us vest the public responsibilities in genuine Americans, who know how to value them. Let us break the power of Popery at the polls. Let us demonstrate, as we have now attempted to do, the falsehood of its numerical pretensions. Let us treat it as an egregious folly of a long-past age, which cannot, and ought not, to hold up its head with self-respect amidst the light and liberties of our country and our century. It will affect to smile at us for such opinions and attempts; and others, not of it, will smile also, reminding us of its historical vigor and chicanery; but all good men, who rely upon a divine providence, and not only they, but all sagacious men who understand the inevitable tendencies of the times, will predict our success. A half a century ago many of our Christian fathers predicted that Popery would either destroy our liberties, or be itself here destroyed; all the indications now favor the latter alternative. It has been coming in upon us as the icebergs float into the southern waters—only to melt away. We need but a confident and energetic persistence in our lawful means of defeating it, to save our children, and perhaps the world, from its intolerable evils. A hundred years from to-day will, we have a right to believe, have concluded its deplorable history as a great power in either the political or religious world.

**PEEVISHNESS.**—Peevishness gives rise frequently to discord. Peevishness we may regard as a family canker. It is not like an acute disease in plants, or like the devastations of the locust and caterpillar, that cause vegetation suddenly to disappear. It is a corroding malady; it eats in, and it eats on, till the vital sap is wasted. Whether the evil be communicated by provocation and example, or whether it be natural and hereditary, we cannot tell; but, strange to say, there are many houses in which there is not an individual free from this unfortunate disease.

[For the National Magazine.]

ENGLAND'S SHAME—THE OPIUM  
TRADE IN THE EAST.

THE nominal masters of British India are the Directors and Proprietors of the Honorable East India Company. The history of this great organization, from its earliest incorporation in the days of Elizabeth, until the recent discussions in the House of Lords of her present Majesty's Parliament of 1853, is the history of insatiable avarice leading to merciless oppressions. Its career, begun in piracy, has been led on by ambition and inordinate thirst for wealth, to the acquisition of vast territories, the possession of an unlimited monopoly, the exercise of absolute prerogatives, and the accumulation of incalculable wealth, wrung from the defenseless subjects of two of the greatest empires in the world—India and China. In the former, the treacheries, the aggressions, and the maladministrations, of nearly a century, heaped with remorseless perseverance upon a population of more than one hundred millions, have extorted from those millions frequent but unheeded cries of wrong, and have debased the people, and well-nigh drained the resources of the country. In China, the insatiable thirst for wealth, accompanied with perpetual financial embarrassments, has led to the establishment of an infamous traffic, which with alarming rapidity is exhausting the wealth of the nation, and spreading demoralization and death throughout the country.

To whom is this great corporation responsible for the wrongs it heaps on so vast a portion of the human race? Or, rather, to whom should the world look for redress for these cruel oppressions, and whom should she hold responsible for the administration of the affairs of this vast territory? From the days of Elizabeth until now, the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain have claimed and exercised an authority progressively more extensive and important over the interests of this great dominion. The successive legislation of the British government with regard to the affairs of India, the constant appointment by the Crown of the highest functionaries in the realm, the regular renewals and modifications of the charter of the East India Company, the assumption by Parliament of the acquisitions of ter-

ritory made by British arms in the East—all point to the government of Great Britain as the responsible power for the administration of the affairs of British India. And at this day, when the established government of India is confessedly, even in England itself, an irresponsible, extravagant, and inefficient government, we cannot but look upon the home government of Great Britain as the proper representative of the controlling power in India, and, as such, responsible to the world for the evils which have their origin under the administration of the East India Company. To what extent, then, is the government of Great Britain responsible for the traffic in opium? We answer, unhesitatingly, *to the full extent of the trade*; and this, too, not only on the principle of *qui non prohibet, cum prohibere possit, jubet*, but also by encouraging and fostering the production of the drug in India, and by lending the authority of her name, and the power of her arms, to enforce and defend the trade in China. But to sustain this answer we must examine the connection of the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain with the government of India.

In 1772, when the corruptions of the East India Company had reached an extent truly appalling, the Parliament of England began to interfere decisively with the affairs of India. From that time until the present, the home government has been gradually absorbing into itself the powers and privileges, and perhaps we may add, the emoluments of the Company; and it needs but little prophetic acuteness to predict that long before the same length of time shall again elapse, all the powers and rights of the Company will be absorbed by the national government, and the possessions of the Company will be held and controlled by the Crown of England—and the Honorable East India Company, with its vast possessions and its anomalous prerogatives, shall become a matter of history. This interference began with the farcical examination and dubious censure of Lord Clive, when Parliament first condemned, and then assumed the conquests he had made, by resolving:—

“That acquisitions made by the arms of the state belong to the state alone; and that it is illegal in the servants of the state to appropriate such acquisitions to themselves.”

In the following year the ministry introduced two bills into Parliament, in

which were distinctly asserted the claims of the British Crown to all the territorial acquisitions of the Company. These bills not only assumed the Company's possessions, but also regulated its internal affairs, by raising the qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors; by changing the annual election of the whole twenty-four directors, and limiting it to the annual election of six only; by inserting the government of the Presidency of Bengal, in a Governor-general and four counsellors, rendering the other Presidencies subordinate to that of Bengal; and by fixing the salaries of all the government officers.

But we cannot in a single article trace the history of the gradual assumption of authority and power over the affairs of India, on the part of the home government. We reserve this for another form, in which we design to give to the public a full and systematic investigation of the whole opium question. We need only now observe, that ten years later than the passage of the above bills,—that is, 1784,—the celebrated Pitt introduced his famous India bill, which established the Board of Control, which institution fixes the responsibility of the government of India on the Crown and Parliament of England. This body consists of six members of the Privy Council, appointed by the Crown, two of the principal Secretaries of State being always members. The President of the Board is, in fact, Secretary of State for India, and is the officer responsible for the government, and for the proceedings of the Board. This body extends its superintendence over all the civil and military affairs of India. Macaulay says:—

"It revises, cancels, or approves, all dispatches, letters, orders, or instructions, proposed to be sent out by the Court of Directors to the local government in India; it may also require the court to prepare and send out dispatches on any given subject, couched in such terms as it may deem fit; it may transmit, in certain cases, orders to India, without the inspection of the Directors; and has access to all the Company's papers and records, and to all proceedings of the Courts of Directors and Proprietors. It is clear, therefore, that from 1784, when the Board of Control was established, the real sovereignty of British India was taken out of the hands of the Company, and placed in those of ministers."

What, then, is the real government of British India? It is obvious, that while it is a government apparently in the hands of the East India Company, it is in reality

a government under the entire control of the Parliament of England, and which, though of a different form, is as essentially under the management of British sovereignty, as any colonial possession of the British empire. Nor can the responsibility of the English government be evaded by declaring the Indian empire to be a "foreign dependency, and not a colony; that it does not enjoy that exemption from taxation for the benefit of the United Kingdom, enjoyed by other colonial possessions; and that it has occasionally remitted considerable sums as tribute to England."

The English government has always been aware of the extensive growth of the poppy, and the manufacture of opium in India. The poppy is grown on soil declared to appertain to the Crown of Great Britain; opium has always been prepared and sold by the acknowledged subjects of the British empire. The magnitude of the trade, the enormity of its evils, the contraband character of the traffic from its origin to the present day, are facts known to every member of the British Parliament; yet that government, by every means which ingenuity could devise, has encouraged the trade in opium. The government has presented no objections or remonstrances against the unjust and oppressive system—has passed no acts intended to arrest, or even to limit it. On the other hand, it has repeatedly afforded facilities and assistance, and has fostered it, by its encouragement and approbation, into its present magnitude. Great Britain has given her soil to the growth of the poppy; has lent her arms to the acquisition of new territories, whose possession increased the extent and value of the traffic; has allowed and defended the trade in India; and, which brings her complicity to its acme, she has enforced the ruinous trade in China by the power of her arms. The secret of all this is, that India has been enriched by this traffic. It has been the life of English proprietors and English possessions in the East. The exchequer of China has been almost exhausted by the payment for this pernicious drug. The bullion of China has been transferred to the treasury of British India. It has paid large salaries to the incumbents of the civil, judicial, and military officers of England's possessions in the East; it has fought the battles of India, and made new acquisitions to British ter-

ritory; it has covered vast tracts of India with smiling fields, worked by a groaning population; it has conferred princely fortunes on English subjects; it has opened an extended field throughout India for the importation of British manufactures; and it has paid large remittances to the exchequer of England. The English government has not possessed the moral courage to do right, when the cost might be the loss of such golden fruit.

Nor is the British government unwilling to acknowledge this responsibility, nor does it hesitate to give its power and authority to the cultivation of the poppy, and its assent to the receipt of revenue from this source. In 1832, when about to renew and modify the Company's charter, this subject came under review, and a "Select Committee" was appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the subject of the Indian revenues. From the report of this Committee we extract the following sentences:—

"The monopoly of opium in Bengal supplies the government with a revenue amounting to 8,459,425 sicca rupees, or £981,293 in sterling money, per annum; (that is in 1832; it now reaches three millions sterling;) and the duty which is thus imposed, amounts to 301½ per cent. on the cost of the article. In the present state of the revenue of India, it does not appear advisable to abandon so important a source of revenue; a duty on opium being a tax which falls principally upon the foreign consumer, and which appears upon the whole less liable to objection than any other which could be substituted."

And again:—

"Unless it should be found practicable to substitute an increase of assessment on poppy lands, it does not appear that the present high amount of revenue could be obtained in a less objectionable manner."

And yet again:—

"The time may probably be not very far distant, when it may be desirable to substitute an export duty; and thus, by the increased production under a system of freedom, to endeavor to obtain some compensation for the loss of the monopoly profit."

We have here at once a full confession of acquaintance with the evils of opium, and a full assumption of responsibility for them. This looks like managing the affair in a business-like manner. There is no mistaking the meaning of the report of the Select Committee. The government of Great Britain, after a full investigation of the matter, thinks it advisable to con-

tinue the production and sale of the drug as a source of revenue; and if any contingency should arise to endanger and diminish this income, it is prepared to adopt other measures, calculated to increase the production of the article to compensate for any threatened loss. And this has been the obvious policy of the government ever since.

Wars have been declared for this purpose; and this very policy had a large share of influence in producing the conquest of the great territories of Scinde, by which the large products of Malwa were brought under the control of the Anglo-Indian authorities.

Is it to be wondered at, that a few years after this, when the outrages of the smuggling traffic had brought the opium merchants in China into imminent danger, and when more than twenty thousand chests of the contraband article had been seized and burned by the Chinese authorities—is it to be wondered at, that this very report of the House of Commons should be referred to, and quoted by the British merchants, when calling upon the home government to defend them, and to demand indemnity in their behalf for the opium that had been seized and destroyed? The government then felt the weight of its responsibility, and under a deep sense of its own complicity in the forbidden traffic, dared not refuse to succor its imperiled subjects in China, many of whom had been seduced into the trade, by the constant approbation given by the home government to the opium traffic. The consequence was, a war with China.

Nor in the parliamentary debates which were produced by the crisis in the affairs of China which led on to the opium war, do we find any tendency to a denial of British complicity, or any disposition to abandon the cause of their merchants, who, through the countenance lent to the traffic by the English government, became involved in it. Not a few of the noble speakers frankly avowed their personal interest in, and connection with the opium traffic; not a few sanctioned and approved the conduct of Captain Elliott, and thereby pledged the nation to fulfil his stipulations made with the merchants, to indemnify them for any losses which might be sustained by delivering into the hands of the Chinese authorities all the contraband drug that might be found in their posses-

sion; and not a few demanded war with the Chinese, as the only means of securing indemnity for the *twenty thousand two hundred and eighty chests* then seized and destroyed, and of enforcing the helpless government to submit to the British trade in such a form as the British Parliament would have it.

Such, for instance, was the language of Lord John Russell, who, in answer to the queries started with regard to the war-like preparations in the China seas, replied:—

“That they were to obtain reparation for the insults and injuries offered to Her Majesty’s Superintendent, (Captain Elliott;) and, in the second place, they were to obtain indemnification for the loss of their property, incurred by threats of violence offered by persons under the direction of the Chinese government; and in the last place, they were to obtain a certain security, that persons and property in future trading with China should be protected from injury and insult, and that their trade and commerce be maintained on a proper footing.”

That property, for which indemnification was to be sought in the blood of the Chinese, and which was paid by China, first by the lives of her slaughtered children, and secondly, by the payment of twenty millions of dollars as one of the stipulations of peace, it will be recollected, was twenty thousand chests of opium! Those “threats of violence,” by means of which these chests of opium were taken possession of, were but the repetitions of laws and edicts which had been in existence for more than thirty years, and well known to the traders who had so long, by ingenuity and force, evaded them, but which an insulted and outraged nation was now determined to enforce.

The same facts are acknowledged, and the complicity of the British government maintained in the speech and resolution offered by Sir J. Graham, and acknowledged, defended, and enforced by Mr. Macaulay; and the true secret of the war was indicated with commendable frankness by Sir John Hobhouse. Lord Melbourne was explicit, and stated at once the ground and the necessity of the war; the one being the introduction into China of Indian opium, the other being a necessity for an Indian revenue. But more bold than all these was the stern old “Iron Duke,” who never shrank from any responsibility. “Further,” said the Duke of Wellington,—

“With respect to the trade in opium, we must, as British subjects, look at it in another view. It is a trade perfectly well known to the government of India; it is perfectly well known to Parliament; it is perfectly well known to all Her Majesty’s servants—to the East India Company; and it was known to the government previous to the existing administration. I sat as a member of a committee of the House of Lords to inquire into this, among other branches of trade, and I remember that evidence was received upon this subject, and I saw that it was a great object that this very trade in opium should be continued after the monopoly by the East India Company had been done away with. Questions were put to witnesses, whether trade could not be extended, but more particularly this very branch—the trade in opium; and in the report of the Committee of the House of Commons, it will be found, that it is particularly observed, that it was desirable that it should be continued.”

These are all truisms, frankly uttered by the noble duke; but what sad paradoxes do they become when urged as an argument for the declaration of war with China!

We have not space for the introduction of any more of the selfish and far-fetched considerations which were gravely offered by these noble legislators, as arguments for the defence of the opium traffic and a declaration of war with China. We refer the reader to the debates themselves. The manner in which this momentous question, involving the plunging of a mighty, but comparatively powerless nation, into the horrors of an unequal war, was treated in the British Parliament, is a disgrace which can never be wiped from the name of England. Venerable statesmen publicly urged their own shame and guilt, and their own selfish interests, as justifiable grounds for the declaration of war. Not a word was spoken in reference to the high moral principles which were unquestionably involved in the subject; no expressions of indignation, or even of doubt or disapproval, were uttered with regard to the growth or smuggling of opium, which were acknowledged to be the occasion of the war; nothing with regard to the rights of an insulted nation; nothing with regard to those great principles of international law which are the highest expression and the bond of the enlightenment of modern times, and the discussion of which at such a crisis would have reflected honor on the representatives of “the most enlightened, moral, and benevolent people under the sun.” India and Indian interests alone were



thought of; the god of mammon, and not the God of justice and mercy, presided over the discussion. Representatives who were themselves deeply implicated in the iniquitous system; who were themselves holders of East India stock, and in the receipt of handsome remittances from this source, could only look at the grand financial results, and these results must be secured even at the expense of the impoverishment and demoralization of a vast, but helpless nation; these results must be secured though they could only flow through the blood of slaughtered hundreds, who flew to arms to defend their country from the threatening desolation. The great idea which filled the mind, and excluded every benevolent thought, was the fact that the skillful cultivation of about one hundred thousand acres of land would produce an article, which, sold at a profit of several hundred per cent., would yield to them a net revenue annually of nearly three millions sterling. They only saw that by the transportation of this drug by a few opium clippers, British mercantile houses in China could realize magnificent profits, while the Chinese themselves, the wretched consumers of the drug, would annually part with five or six millions sterling, which would save the government from embarrassment, and British subjects from taxation; and now these profits and this revenue were in danger from the determined opposition of an oppressed people. The merchants of China must be defended—the powerless Chinese must be made to succumb—twenty millions of dollars must be paid for the opium which they seized and burned—they must no longer interfere with the opium traffic—and “certain security must be obtained, that persons and property (*i. e.* opium) in future trading with China shall be protected from insult and injury.”

The war came. The coast of China was made wet with the blood of her people. As was to be expected, victory in every engagement crowned the arms of Britain. The Chinese were convinced that they could not contend with this powerful foe, and begged for a cessation of hostilities. The crisis arrived for the settlement of treaties of peace and commerce between the two nations, and now was thought to be the time to secure at once and forever the legalization of the

opium traffic. In this interesting business, Sir Henry Pottinger was the representative of “Her most gracious and religious Majesty.” What a moment! What a scene! The representative of the first Christian nation of the globe petitioning a heathen prince, an idolater, through his commissioners—to abandon the interests of his people; to yield to the demon avarice; and, forgetting the lives, the health, the morals, and the property of his people, to legalize the traffic in a deadly poison; to grant to the subjects of Christian England the right to deluge his empire with a besotting and demoralizing drug. We can fancy the blush that suffused the cheek of this Christian representative, and the sense of his own pusillanimity, as he cowered before the magnanimous answer of the heathen prince, which soon reached him. Taow-kwang said:—

“It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people!”

Pity for the interests of trade, that Sir Henry and Lord Melbourne could not have had an interview with His Majesty; they would soon have enlightened his dark and heathen mind, and shown him the egregious folly of sacrificing his own to his people's interest—an antiquated thing that is scarcely even thought of in parliaments and congresses, in these days of enlightenment.

Such acts as these, under the direction of the British Parliament, have given apparent respectability to the trade. The most eminent merchants, under such sanction as this, have engaged freely in the traffic, and no one feels any diminution in the respectability of his character, by the most intimate connection with this dreadful trade. Though contraband in China, it is acknowledged, encouraged, and defended by the government of Great Britain, and its fostering care has developed the iniquitous traffic into its present enormous dimensions. The prestige of England's name, the remembrance of the war of 1840, the colors of Great Britain flying at the mast-heads of opium clippers, still encourage and perpetuate the traffic.

And must we not say, too, that these acts and decisions of the Indian government and of Parliament have been sanc-

tioned and confirmed by at least the tacit consent of the people, among whom but a few feeble voices have been raised against the traffic. Indeed, the British public is even yet silent and immovable with reference to this great evil. It is one of the most astounding facts of the opium trade, that it has been conducted with such skill as to have eluded almost entirely the watchful eye of Christianity itself, so that Christian sensibilities have not even yet been roused in relation to its iniquities and horrors. But how could it be otherwise? Public opinion can only be formed on the basis of the information communicated to the public. The opium traffic has been studiously kept in the dark; the iniquities of the trade have been kept out of view as much as possible; distance throws its mistiness over the injustice and the outrages which attend the illicit traffic; its horrors are made the subject of ridicule; the evils which attend it are recounted with smiles of incredulity; the wretchedness and demoralization which it is producing are denied by the government, the manufacturers, and the traders, while unprincipled book-makers and pamphlet writers, who never were nearer China than half the globe's circumference, and who aim much more at making a book out of the product of other men's labors which shall please and pay, than at conveying truth to the public, misrepresent and encourage the traffic.

But the British public may now no longer plead ignorance, as an excuse for indifference and inaction with reference to this great vice of their nation. The subject has been boldly represented in its true character, and British subjects residing in China, and beholding the enormities of the trade, have known their duty, and have done it fearlessly and well. The eloquent letters and speeches of the Bishop of Victoria; the earnest and touching sentences of Dr. Medhurst; the fearless and stirring truths of R. Montgomery Martin; and the letters, remonstrances, and appeals of many others, are now before the public, and the iniquities of the opium traffic have, in recent years, been rung again and again in the ears of the British people. And yet the trade continues. Notwithstanding her bold and reckless effort to secure legalization to the business, England failed to compel the assent of the authorities of China, and yet

she continues the contraband trade, accompanied as it is with all the vices of a smuggling traffic, and under her approbation and her fostering care in India and China, it is yet growing into still more fearful magnitude. It is now carried on with boldness and impunity. No more edicts are promulgated against it. No more laws are issued to control it. Its narcotic fumes have put the British Parliament to sleep, and its uncontrollable vices have driven the authorities of China into despair.

Has the policy of the Chinese government changed? Not at all. While the eastern coast of China was yet reeking with the blood of her children, the government refused to sanction the infamous traffic, or derive a revenue from the wretchedness of its subjects. The government is powerless. The remembrance of 1840 has paralyzed both the authorities and the people. The treasury is drained. The army is corrupted and enervated. Poverty and wretchedness everywhere abound in that country, which a century ago was pronounced one of the richest on the globe. Insurrection and civil war are ravaging the entire empire, and still England's drug, British India's staple product, is pouring into it, and working uncontrolled its fearful sum of vice, poverty, and death.

HOUSES OF THE WEALTHY DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—The two chief rooms were the hall and the great chamber, or, as we now should call it, the best bed-room. Carpets were unknown; but the floor of the hall was generally strewed with rushes. The walls were covered with tapestry or other hangings. The fireplace was in a deep insertion in the masonry, leaving an open space large enough for the family to be ranged round it during the darkness of the winter evenings. One long table extended down the middle of the room with a form on each side; this constantly remained in the same position. A few stools and a couple of high-backed chairs, reserved for the master and mistress of the family, completed the "garnishing" of the hall. The bed-room was little more inviting: a large, heavy bed, a cumbrous press or chest, a few chairs, and perchance a buffet-stool or two, would sum up the furniture of this apartment.—*Wills and Inventories.*

## THE ARTIST OF DRESDEN.

AT a time when true religion seemed almost extinct in Germany, and dead form to have usurped its place, Philip Jacob Spener was raised up to arouse his countrymen from their indifference. It is generally by the "foolishness of preaching" that it pleases God "to save them that believe;" and so it was at the end of the seventeenth century. But then, as now, the faithful preacher met with great opposition from the worldly. He was not called to martyrdom nor to open persecution; but taunts, sneers, scoffs, and slanders, met him on every side.

"Pietist" was a word invented to deride those who listened to him, who tried to profit by the means he recommended for growth in grace, such as meetings for mutual edification and sacred singing, and attending catechetical lectures; and, above all, by carefully avoiding conformity with the corrupt and dissipated fashions of that day. This was a nickname, however, which did not hurt Spener's feelings, for accusing his beloved flock of piety, he felt was no reproach; but another word, used to ridicule them, pained his sensitive mind to a degree that would have gratified his enemies had they known it. This was "Spenerist." He knew and taught that "there is but one name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," and he felt that in any way calling the followers of Christ by the name of a human being, was detracting from the honor due to the Saviour. He often said, "I am not fit to wipe the shoes of such men as Luther and Calvin, yet to hear believers called by their names is painful to me. O let us cease from men, and glory in the name of Christ alone."

At one period he was named chaplain to the Elector of Saxony. This raised still further opposition to the truth, and all talked and disputed about religion, many without really caring what was truth, so that they were left to enjoy their revelings and feastings. Spener steadily pursued his course, nor did these disputes seem so sad in his eyes as insensibility and carelessness.

Things were in this state, when, in the autumn of the year 1688, a young artist returned to Saxony from Italy, where he had spent three years studying the works of the great painters. Partly from choice

and partly from economy, he made the latter part of his journey on foot. When he was within an hour or two's journey of Dresden, however, he got so foot-sore, that he sat down on the side of the road to wait for some carriage passing in which he could take a seat. After a while he heard one approaching, and looking through the trees he saw that it was drawn by two horses, and came on at a slower pace than pleased the lively young artist, who was very impatient to reach his father's house. "I suppose it is some invalid," he thought, "for such fresh-looking, well-fed horses would otherwise be urged to a swifter pace." As it was a private carriage, he hoped the traveler would observe how tired he was, and would offer him a seat; but as the carriage drew nearer, he perceived that the gentleman within was so deeply engaged with a book, that there was little hope of his taking any notice of him. Our artist, not being of a shy disposition, called out, "May I ask, sir, whether you are going to Dresden?"

"Yes, my friend," was the answer; "if you wish to come with me, open the door, and get into the carriage."

"You are very kind," answered the young man; "and as I have hurt my foot, and my shoe presses it, I will gladly accept your offer, for your horses are too strong to suffer from the additional weight. If my presence disturbs you"—

"Not at all," said the gentleman, interrupting him; "you see I take my book as a companion, which proves I like company."

"O, but," said the painter, politely, "your book may be far better company than I am."

"Were I to answer you with strict truth," said the gentleman, "I should say it is so, for the man does not exist whose company would compensate for the loss of this book."

Our friend George felt this a reproof for having intruded into the carriage, but, on looking at his companion, he saw plainly no reproof or unkindness was meant. His open countenance and his pleasing smile forbade his thinking so. The gentleman was dressed in a style of simplicity different from the fashion of the day, but in accordance with the want of ceremony with which he had invited George to share his carriage, and had answered what George, on entering, had said as words of course.

As a portrait painter, George was of course an observer of countenance, and in that of his companion he discerned quietness, equanimity, and a degree of decision and command almost inconsistent with its humility and softness. It was no common countenance, and one that raised a curiosity in his mind to know the character of him to whom it belonged. He was somewhat at a loss how to answer what had been last said, and not liking to remain silent, remarked, "There is nothing more uncomfortable in a long walk than tight shoes. The shoemakers in Prague make them terribly narrow."

"Have you come so far on foot?" asked the elderly gentleman.

"I have come from a much greater distance, though not always on foot. I am just returning to Dresden from Italy, that land which may well be styled the painters' home. Have you ever been there? Have you ever breathed its ambrosial air?"

"Not unless you call the road from Lyons to Geneva, Italy," replied the other with a smile.

"Then you cannot judge of that lovely country," said George, with enthusiasm excited by the very recollection of Italy. "I would rather live in a hut there, than with all that riches can procure in this cold, bleak country. There they know what it is to live."

"And what do you call life?"

"Life!" cried the young man, his eyes sparkling with joy. "I call it life to see mountain and valley, forest and meadow, stream and lake, such as Italy offers, and to hear the poetic language spoken by its people under their sunny skies. I call it life to suck in health and joy with every breath of its warm air. I call it life to enjoy its natural earth and heaven, and the pictures of them by the first-rate masters; to live where the first dawn of morning tells of joy, and the last rays of evening sun tell of pleasure; to live as if in the Hesperides or in Arcadia, whose sons may well be called the sons of the morning. But in this cold, bleak Saxony we scarcely know what joy and light is—all seems so chilled."

"My young friend, you disparage your native land. Do you not think that the wisdom of God has appropriated to every country its own peculiar happiness, and given to every land the climate suited to

it? Do you not know that it is through true religion that man becomes the son of light, and that true faith is the morning dawn of heaven?"

"I can easily perceive that Saxony is your native land," answered the artist, evading a direct answer.

"You are mistaken; my native land is in a milder climate than Saxony, but, like Saxony, it is under the sky which God has spread over the earth, and is lighted by the same sun which warms and lights the Hesperides and Arcadia; and, my young friend, if the expression I use is not an improper one, every man's Arcadia ought to be where God has placed him, and said to him, 'Here live and work, and walk toward heaven,' for every part of the earth belongs to the Lord, and every part is well fitted to be a place of preparation for heaven."

The young painter looked at his companion with timidity and embarrassment; but seeing nothing but mildness and kindness in his countenance, he felt again attracted toward him, and asked, "But do you live in Dresden, sir?"

"I have done so for the last two years and a half," was the answer.

"Then probably you know my father," said the young man with his usual openness, "the goldsmith Guldenmeyer in Pirna-street, and my sister Elizabeth. When I went to Italy she was sixteen: she must be nineteen now, and greatly grown. You cannot conceive how delighted I feel at the thoughts of seeing her again. She does not know I am coming to-day, for I wish to surprise her; and I will ask you to let me out of the carriage before we reach the house, and I will get in by a private door. Elizabeth," he continued, without allowing his companion time to speak, "was one of the liveliest girls possible; there was life and animation in all she did and said. Her first letters to me were full of joy and pleasure. I carry all her letters in the breast of my coat. They were delightful to read, but gradually they have changed. I don't know how it is, but by degrees they have become calmer and quieter; not but they are still very loving. But my sister writes about religion so much, and about pious life, and about true Christianity; and she even sent me a book written by a man called Spenser—the most tiresome book you ever saw. I found it impossible to read it. This

Spener is, I fancy, chaplain to the court of Dresden. Do you know him?"

"Very little," answered the elderly man, with an almost sorrowful smile; "I take the greatest pains to get intimately acquainted with him, but there is something in him that I cannot pierce through and completely understand."

"What do you think of him?" asked George, who seemed glad to hear something about him.

"I am certain of this much," said the other, "that he means to act honorably with himself and others; but the daily increasing knowledge of his shortcoming in the fulfillment of his duties gives him so much sorrow, that nothing but his certainty of the grace of God, and of the strength that he vouchsafes to man to do what is required of him, and the hope that God will answer his prayer, and give him that strength, keeps him from retreating from his post."

"That sounds very strange," said George, "and seems to me exaggerated. What is the use of all this self-torturing? Man can do no more than he is able. But," he continued, after a pause, "the name of Spener is very well known; I hear it everywhere—everybody talks of him; some speak good of him, others ill; they say he is the head of a new sect called the Pietists. I am particularly curious to know something about him, and to get acquainted with him, for my sister Elizabeth writes about him so continually, and praises him so highly."

"But what is the evil they say of him?" asked the elder.

"The evil! If you are a friend of the man, surely you would ask the good they say of him."

"I am not sure of that, my young friend; the good one man says of another is almost always somewhat mistaken. It is generally said with the blind partiality of friendship, or it proceeds from the not thoroughly knowing the man, or from some selfish reason for preference. There is a something in our human nature that makes us see in truer light the evil than the good that is in others. It is one of the wise arrangements of Providence, that man is made better rather by blame than by praise; he becomes more humble, more pious, in short more Christian, when he is not puffed up by praise. Therefore I should like to hear the evil

said of Spener, just because I am his friend."

"But I have scarcely courage to repeat it, because, though I am but young, I have gained some experience in my three years' travel, and found it wiser to repeat good than evil. There is a proverb that says, 'Slander is a poisoned arrow that returns to wound the speaker;' and suppose the evil were slander?"

"But you do not know it to be slander; and as you have been absent so long, and may very fairly think it the truth, which it probably is, you need not fear to repeat it. And," he added, smiling, "I promise you it shall not return to wound you. So pray speak openly, and tell what they say of the new court chaplain."

"Well, since you must know, they say that he is a schoolmaster, not a preacher; that he has no theological learning; that he cannot converse in Latin. Some say that he is a hypocrite; that he appears pious outwardly, but that in reality he is full of hypocrisy and vice; that he is inwardly—it was some words from Scripture about Pharisees."

"Inwardly," calmly interposed the other, "full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

"Yes, that was it. Some say he has not one true friend in Dresden. The nobility and gentry dislike him, because they say he preaches against their luxury and dissipation; and even among the clergy he is disliked, because it is reported that he said Christ was not preached in the pulpits of Dresden, and that he would preach nothing else; that he pretends to be better than his brethren, which is trying to cast blame on them. They cannot conceive why the elector should send to Frankfort to choose a chaplain, when there are so many more learned and more deserving men in his own dominions. Some of the clergy are angry because they have been ordered by the higher authorities to hold catechetical examinations of the young. Such childish doings were not heard of till Spener set the example, and now all the clergy must turn themselves into schoolmasters. They say, however, that the elector has already discovered his mistake, and seldom goes to hear Spener preach, and never attends his week-day lectures. Others say the elector is so pleased with his proceedings that he has given him his own private chapel for his

lectures and for the instruction of the children, and has given orders that his letters shall go everywhere free of postage, in hopes of his instruction thus spreading through the land. I heard this, and a great deal more than I have time to tell you. I have passed through Switzerland, Suabia, Franconia, and Bohemia, and in every inn where I stopped, people were talking of Spener—sometimes praising, sometimes blaming him; but certainly the clergy seem everywhere to oppose him."

"It is very melancholy," said the elderly gentleman, and bowed his head with an air of sadness.

"I am sorry," said the painter, "that my talk has made you sad. You are a friend of the preacher, and if I thought you would not repeat to him"—

"You need not care whether I do or no, for he knows it all already. But it is your remark about opposition from brothers in the ministry that I think so sad, because I know it is really the case."

"But I wonder why it is. We might naturally think that those who from the pulpit preach, 'Love one another,' 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' would be the very men to know better."

"Ah," said the other more sadly still, "it is caused by the envy and hatred that is natural to the heart of man; it is caused by the pride of learning and of worldly wisdom, that drives men to hate what is lowering and humbling; it is caused by the love of ease, which makes us dislike any new plan if we must be troubled to follow it, though we secretly feel it to be right. But sometimes also strife is caused by true zeal for the Lord. Zeal, however, is sometimes mistaken; the apostle speaks of a zeal that is not according to knowledge. Zeal must be accompanied by love, and those who preach reconciliation to God should practice it with their fellow-men. Yet we see this message of reconciliation raise strife everywhere."

"I saw a specimen of it this day," said the young painter. "It was at the little inn at Lorkwitz, not long before I met you. Spener had been lecturing there in the morning, and as I ate my dinner in the public room, I heard a warm disputation between two men, which I suppose the lecture had given rise to. One of these men seemed very learned, but he was pedantic, and used very fine words, which, however, I thought rather embarrassed his

argument, and made it more difficult to understand than the simpler mode of speaking of his opponent. They became warm, and at last angry, and the pedantic gentleman said, as putting an end to further discussion, 'There is no use in my wasting my time trying to convince you of the error of your opinions, for I plainly perceive you are a confirmed Pietist.' I now ventured to ask what was a Pietist, for having lately arrived in this country, I was unacquainted with the word, though I have frequently heard it used within the last few days, as I pursued my journey. 'The Pietists,' answered the pedantic gentleman, 'are a sect lately risen among us, who set themselves up as better than other men. Their piety consists in condemning, as sinful, the wearing of embroidered neckcloths, brilliants in their shoe-buckles, curled or powdered perukes, gold chains or rings. They fast daily, and make long prayers, and look gloomy, and wear shabby clothes, and attend Dr. Spener's lectures on Sabbaths and Wednesdays.' 'You may, perhaps, understand Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, and Chaldee,' said the plain-spoken gentleman, in a tone of contempt; 'but I can tell you, you do not understand Dr. Spener, nor do you know what true piety is.' They both left the room, and I do not think I understand the term even now."

"A Pietist," replied the other, "is simply one who tries to follow Christ, and who tries to prove his devotion to his heavenly Master more by following his precepts, than by learned disputations and arguments,—one who humbly submits to the will of God, even when he cannot understand it, and who takes the revealed Word of God as his only rule of life and morals."

"O, but it must be something else, for there is no harm in all that, and I have always heard it used as a term of reproach."

"It is so used, and was invented by those who do not love the people of God. The Pietists themselves do not like the designation, and wish only to be called Christians."

"Thank you for your explanation. I hope you are right, for Elizabeth so constantly mentions this Spener in her letters, and I hear him so constantly spoken of as the head of these Pietists, that I feared she was one, and that they were hypo-



rites. If they are what you say, I hope she is one, and that her newly-found religion is not one merely of words. But here we are at the gates; I must get out here, and walk quietly to my father's house."

"Whatever you wish," said his companion, and called to the coachman to stop.

As George got out, the gentleman offered him his hand in token of good-will, and the young man, heartily returning the friendly grasp, said, "Sir, will you permit me to continue an acquaintance, the commencement of which has given me so much pleasure? May I ask your name, and where I may have the pleasure of meeting you again?"

The elderly gentleman put his head out of the window, and answered with a smile of the greatest good-humor, "I hope, young friend, my name may not frighten you. It is Spener. I am the new court chaplain. Give my best regards to your sister Elizabeth. I hope to meet you with her at those lectures which you are inclined to think too childish for grown persons. Come and judge of their simplicity for yourself." And then in a graver tone he added, "The Lord be with you and bless you."

The carriage was some way off before George stirred from the spot. He felt embarrassed, and thought, "I might have guessed from his conversation that it was Spener himself. What a fool I was! The carriage, too, is no private one, but the one the elector appropriates to the use of his household. Doubtless it was lent to the chaplain for the journey."

George Guldenmeyer did not find Elizabeth a less loving sister from being a pious Christian, and he was easily persuaded to accompany her to hear gospel truth set forth in simple exposition of Scripture, and he received the seed into good ground prepared by the Holy Spirit. On further acquaintance with Spener, however, George's love and admiration of the preacher became so great, from the natural liveliness and ardor of his disposition, that there was danger of his becoming a Spenerist, for his reverence for the man who led him to a knowledge of salvation became almost idolatry. The word of Spener had little less weight with him than the words of Scripture. Spener found it often necessary to remind George and other friends, that though he did not preach

"with enticing words of men's wisdom," yet if the very simplicity of his words and manners led them to lean upon him for teaching, instead of applying to Christ for that Holy Spirit that he has promised to give to those who ask, "that Spirit which will guide us into all truth," they were certainly going astray, and following man rather than God.

[For the National Magazine.]

## ACTION.

No beauteous thing was made for rest—  
A mission, fond and free,  
Is on each little life impress'd,  
A charge of destiny.

The universe is but the march  
Of atoms in their course—  
Each change of beauty in life's scene  
The secret might of force.

The little particle moves on;  
It sports with wind and storm;  
Or lodgment takes deep in the earth,  
To wake in fairer form.

In matter's mystic cavalcade,  
Through crystal leaf and flower,  
Through rain and dew, through rock and  
pearl,  
It moves with secret power.

For higher life, for purer form,  
The atom struggles on,  
To gleam within the rainbow's arch,  
Or sit on beauty's throne.

How shall not man whose nature stands  
Bound up with forces vast,  
Innate with strength, reveal his life  
In mold of holiest cast.

His law is action—gates of power  
Stand open in his view;  
A restless soul, a holy zeal,  
Shall give him entrance through.

Potential is the good of life,  
Action the secret key  
That opens the garner'd wealth of Him  
Who gives with this decree,

That man shall gather from the realm  
Of beauty and of love,  
Bright gems for his own coronal,  
Within the bliss above,

'Tis action gains the higher life  
That bursts the life of sense,  
And spirit greeting gives the soul  
In holy utterance.

And holier faith leads on the life,  
Its evolutions through,  
Till, crown'd within God's temple high,  
All life is ever new.

D. WILLIAMS.

[For the National Magazine.]

## MOSES AND GEOLOGY.

MR. CROFTON'S THEORY.

**G**EOLICAL disclosures are viewed as variously by different minds as those minds differ from each other, especially in their moral character. By one class the supposed discordance between geology and revelation is regarded with a feeling of triumph, as if the great question is now decided, and the Bible must yield to infidelity. Another class look upon the vaunted discrepancy between Scripture and geology with serious apprehension or positive alarm. They are ready to ask: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" *Psa. xi, 3.* While a third class console themselves with the assurance that God is always consistent with himself—that he never contradicts in his *word* what he has *done* in his works. Hence they cheerfully abide their time. They would much sooner believe that the true hypothesis of interpretation remains to be adopted by commentators and divines, than that there is the least actual contradiction, or insuperable incongruity between the account of creation in *Gen. i.*, and the veritable facts of geology.

This is doubtless the only true and safe position; and while it is calmly maintained, one is prepared to canvass, without prejudice on one hand or over eager fancy or solicitude on the other, any reasonable and enlightened hypothesis which proposes to relieve the difficulty.

The several hypotheses advocated for the purpose of harmonizing Scripture and geology are reducible to the following:—

1. That all those fossils which are claimed to denote the vast age of the world were deposited during the Noachian deluge.

2. That the fossiliferous strata were deposited during the interval between man's creation and the deluge; or that the primary and secondary were formed during this period, and the tertiary and diluvial by the flood.

3. That the "days" of creation were not twenty-four hours long; but may have been indefinitely long periods.

4. That taking the days as natural ones, periods indefinitely long elapsed between them.

5. That the first verse of Genesis is

an epitome of what follows in detail in the first chapter.

6. That the first verse of Genesis declares the original creation of the entire universe, including earth and heaven; and that a period of unknown length intervened before the creation of man and the present order of animals and vegetables; and that the inspired historian resumes his narrative in the second verse in so far as concerns the human race.

This last hypothesis assumes that a vast interval of duration came in between the period alluded to in the first and second verses of Genesis—ages during which the earth was peopled by numerous and successive tribes of animal and vegetable creations, differing widely from any now existing. And also that in the transition of the surface of the earth from its original to its present condition, it passed through to one of "igneous fluidity," by the gradual process of cooling, and by the elevating and lowering agencies of fire and water—agencies which are still at work forming and reducing continents and islands: that it was by the joint action of these forces that the crust of the earth was remodeled till it became the fit abode of man, fitted up thus for his occupancy previous to his creation.

This last hypothesis, thus explained, is, if we comprehend him, the one indorsed by Mr. Crofton. In its support he sets forth *ten* propositions. These he has elaborated and defined with as much fullness and force as the narrow limits which he prescribed to himself in his small work allowed. We shall now state his several propositions, together with a synopsis of his principal arguments in their support:—

*Proposition 1.*—"That the absolute age of our earth is not defined in the sacred volume."

The proof lies in the indefiniteness of the term "beginning," in *Gen. i. 1.* It is employed in a great variety of senses in the Scriptures. By Solomon, to express the eternity of wisdom, (*Prov. viii, 22, 23.*) "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning." Our Saviour uses the term with reference to the origin of the human species, (*Matt. xix, 4.*) and to the commencement of his own ministry, *John xv, 27.* Its use in *John i, 1.*, expressive of the eternity of the incarnate Word, will also be remembered. From

these examples it is clear that its import in any given case must be determined by the nature of the subject to which it has reference. So in this case, the age of the world cannot be determined by the term "beginning." The date of the creation may have been cycles of ages before the present state of things commenced. When the beginning was, Moses does not inform us.

*Prop. 2.*—That there may have been a long interval in duration between the creation of the heaven and the earth, mentioned in the first verse of Genesis, and the continuance of the earth's history in the second.

In the several examples adduced in proof that the supposition that a long period intervened between the 1st and 2d verses of Genesis, is not in violation of the usage of the sacred writers, it is not of course pretended that a perfect parallel can be shown. The following deserve attention:—

In Exod. ii, between the 1st and 2d verses, an interval of some seven or eight years must have elapsed. The first speaks of the marriage of the parents of Moses; the second of his birth. But it is undeniable that Aaron and Miriam were born before him; the latter being at the time of his birth some eight or ten years of age.

In Deut. x, there is a chasm of thirty-eight years between verses 5th and 6th; the latter referring to Aaron's death, which occurred thirty-eight years after the tables of the law were deposited in the ark by Moses, mentioned in verse 5th.

1 Chron. supplies another example between the last verse of the tenth chapter and the 1st verse of the eleventh, of the omission of seven years and a half; during which David reigned over Judah before he was crowned king over Israel at Hebron.

A like chasm of fifty-seven years occurs in Ezra, between the 6th and 7th chapters.

And in the one hundred and fourth Psalm, between the 5th and 6th verses, an interval of 1656 years, namely, from the creation to the flood, is passed over in silence: or according to the Septuagint 2262 years, according to Josephus 2256.

In Daniel xi, between verses 2 and 3, an interval of some one hundred and fifty years, comprising the reigns of six Persian kings, is passed over in silence. And in Acts xxii, between verses 16 and 17,

three years are passed over in a similar manner.

Now, when all these examples are taken together, it is clear that the interval assumed in the hypothesis under consideration, between the 1st and 2d verses of Genesis i, is not without considerable plausibility. The simple fact of such interval is not without a parallel.

*Prop. 3.*—"That the term 'the earth,' does not apply, necessarily, in every instance, to the whole of our planet; but sometimes to only a part of it."

The reference here seems to be to the question as to the universality of the deluge of Noah. And that the term "earth" is sometimes employed with limitation may be admitted—as indeed the ten instances cited by this writer when the term undeniably must be taken in this qualified sense clearly prove, without yielding the point that the flood extended over the whole earth. Nor do we see how this question, decided either way, affects the hypothesis of our author. As far as we can discern, his theory of interpretation is not affected by adhering to the common opinion that the whole earth was submerged in the deluge. Indeed, this fact is too well established, being too explicitly stated by Moses, to be set aside by anything yet adduced.

*Prop. 4.*—"That the state of the earth, described in the 2d verse as 'without form and void,' does not necessarily mean matter never reduced to form and order, but may signify matter reduced to disorder, after previous organization and arrangement."

The Hebrew terms rendered, "without form and void," occur in only two other places in the Old Testament. Isa. xxxiv, 11, "The Lord shall stretch upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness." The prophet is describing the desolations of Edom or Idumea. In Jer. iv, 23, we meet with these terms again. The prophet is foretelling the invasion of the Holy Land by the Chaldean army, and exclaims: "I beheld the earth, and lo, it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light." That the imagery was borrowed from Gen. i, 2 there can be no question.

And what is there incredible in the supposition that these terms describe a state of the earth at a certain point in its transition from its previous to its present condition? Assuming that in its former

state it was peopled by those enormous animals, known to us only by their rude and massy fossil remains, when it produced that luxuriant vegetation which supplied them with sustenance, and which now constitute those vast anthracite and bituminous coal deposits which supply the world with such immense quantities of fuel, why is not this hypothesis, in itself considered, as reasonable as any other? And when we become familiar with the idea that "without form and void" denotes a *transition* state of the earth, and not its first known condition after it was spoken into being by Omnipotence, why will not one hypothesis be as plausible as the other?

*Prop. 5.*—"That the 'darkness' upon the face of the deep, mentioned in verse 2, is not negative of a *previous* existence of light, but may have been only a temporary one."

In this view it was a temporary darkness occasioned by the transformation the earth was then undergoing, and which was succeeded by the breaking in of light mentioned in the next verse. Hence the 2d verse is a connecting link between the broad and sublime declaration in verse 1, ascribing the creation of the universe to the only true God, in opposition to all idolatrous myths and fancies, with those several transforming acts of the Creator in remodeling the earth and making it the fit abode for that new order of intelligent beings about to be created, called man, who should fill up a niche midway between angels and irrational animals, partaking as we know him to do of the nature of both. All this in theory is, at least, plausible; and for aught that can be shown to the contrary, may have been verified in fact. And is there not something striking in the conception, giving vastly more than mere plausibility to the hypothesis? But let us hasten to the next proposition.

*Prop. 6.*—"That the commencement of the account of the first six days of the creation dates from the beginning of the 3d verse: 'And God said, Let there be light.'"

Of course creation is here to be understood, not in the strict and proper sense of the term; but in that of *transformation, remodeling*, required by the hypothesis. The actual creation of the world took place, on this principle, in the "beginning," previous to any of the six days, and to

that transition state of things described in verse 2. His interpretation receives no slender support from the form of speech which designates those six days; which is for their commencement, "And God said," and for their close, "The evening and the morning were the first, second, third," &c., "days." But on the old hypothesis, assuming that there is no chasm between the 1st and 2d verses in the narrative—filled by an unknown pre-Adamite period, at the close of which the historic period commenced—a state of things only glanced at in verse 2, as being "without form and void"—we might look for the notation of the *first* day at the end of the 2d verse; but it falls in at the end of the 5th verse! And while this is quite inexplicable on the common or old interpretation, it is most natural and consistent on the hypothesis here advocated.

*Prop. 7.*—"That the act of 'the first day' does not necessarily signify the *creation* of light, but may have been only the calling it into operation upon the scene of 'darkness,' described in the 2d verse."

There is one consideration which militates strongly in favor of this interpretation; it entirely relieves the almost insuperable difficulty of conceiving how light should have been created on the *first* day, while the *sun*, its great natural source from which it emanates to our system, was not created, according to the common interpretation, till the *fourth* day! But let it be assumed that the sun had from "the beginning" held his present central position, enthroned as monarch of the solar system, and had for cycles of ages shed his intense beams upon this young, prolific earth, warming into life and then nourishing the enormous growth of fossil animals and plants; and that in the breaking up of the earth's crust and in its transformation requisite for it to become the fit abode of man, by the joint action of fire and water, it became mantled in one vast "swaddling cloth" of clouds and darkness; and then in connection, the "moving of the Spirit of God upon the face of the waters,"—that is, the fluid, igneous, heterogeneous mass, was no sooner made to feel than it yielded to the omnipotent touch; clearing up the shrouded horizon, rarifying the murky and suffocating atmosphere, and condensing the dense and loaded vapors into water, rolling the separating mass into those vast excava-

tions, or ocean beds already prepared to receive it; thus permitting the islands, plains, and mountains, to lift up their heads; when the long-intercepted rays of the sun might again greet the new-modeled earth. This, we conceive, would be a practical exemplification of the theory assumed in this hypothesis. And to what more rational hypothesis can we yield our suffrage?

*Prop. 8.* "That the calling 'the light day,' and the 'darkness night,' with the declaration, that 'the evening and the morning were the first day,' does not necessarily imply that this was the first day, *absolutely speaking.*"

Because it may only have been the first day under the new order of things; the first day to the earth in its remodeled state. This interpretation is borne out by a marked peculiarity in the Hebrew numeral denoting the first day, not otherwise easily accounted for. The *cardinal* number is used instead of the *ordinal*; whereas the latter is used with respect to all the other days of the six. Hence literally it would be, "and the evening was, and the morning was, *one day.*" This peculiarity consists as well with the reference of this *one day* to the new order of things under the remodeled state of the earth, as with its reference to a similar period of duration under the original state and order of things.

*Prop. 9.* "That the work of the 'second day,' mentioned in the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses, may have been only an operation performed on the atmosphere of our earth."

Our limited space will not allow us to dilate upon this point. Several scriptures are collated by the writer in support of his position; but we cannot recount them. The truth of the proposition turns mostly, we imagine, upon the main position which distinguishes this interpretation; that the first verse states a great original fact, between the occurrence of which and the account of what followed, an indefinitely long interval elapsed. Hence "the heavens and the earth," which were created "in the beginning," must include the *sideral* as well as the *aërial* heavens. As a further consequence, the making of the "firmament" consisted in the elevation of the clouds to their present ordinary height or level; the waters above the firmament, signifying the humid vapors suspended in the clouds compared with, or in distinc-

tion from, the waters of the seas; and thus the rising and sweeping away of the clouds, so as to disclose the *expanse* or *first heaven*, as understood by the Hebrew people, namely, the *aërial* or *atmospheric*; and when the clouds thus disappeared to open up the vision to the measureless depths above in the stellar regions, by the Hebrews called the *second heavens*, must be the import of these verses according to the hypothesis of this proposition,—an essential part of this theory of interpretation.

*Prop. 10.* "That the work of the 'fourth day,' described from the 14th to the 18th verse, does not necessarily imply that the sun, moon, and stars, were then first created, or formed for the first, from preëxistent matter, but may only have been that they were then for the first time, in the detail of the history of the present earth, made visible to it, and ordained to their offices with respect to the coming human creation."

That the sun, moon, and stars, are collectively the great dial-plate of this world's chronometer, is a fact well understood. Their various revolutions, conjunctions, cycles, &c., are the data by which we estimate the current progress of duration. In the sense of this proposition, they now commenced to serve their present important purposes to the earth in its present remodeled state. And what is there impossible or absurd in the supposition? Indeed, it is a necessary consequence, from the hypothesis on which it is proposed to interpret these verses. And we might almost venture to add, that the hypothesis itself is necessary to harmonize the word and works of the Creator: at least this or some other, differing from the common or vulgar theory, seems to be a desideratum.

As it was not the object of the inspired writer to present a scientific view of those facts and events of which he treats, we have reason to suppose that it was his intention to describe things as they would have appeared to the reader had he been a spectator of the scene described. Indeed, who can deny that the inspired writer may have been in a sense himself a spectator, *in vision*—that is, had a mental survey of the scenes contained in his narrative? For they were of such a character, that they could not have come to him authentically like those, for example, which

pertain to the sin and fall of man, by transmission from hand to hand. And if a long train of facts, constituting the materials of the future history of nations as well as individuals, were made to pass in a sort of panoramic exhibition before the mental eye of the inspired seer, with all the nice delineations of the perfect landscape, why may not those things which transpired long before the historic period of the world commenced—before there was a man to be the subject of that history, or to record its current events—have been disclosed in the same way to the mind of Moses? The only difference would be this—to the latter, facts and events are revealed long after they occurred; to the former, future events are thus disclosed. But how far this view is entitled to toleration, and how far it will lend support to the above hypothesis if tolerated, are questions to be decided by evidence.

The claims of geology are based upon assumed facts. The evidence of these facts seems to be indisputable: for example, that the surface of the earth has undergone, at some time and by some agency, great convulsions, disruptions, upheavings, and displacements. These facts admit of no dispute; the evidence amounts to demonstration. It is ocular and conclusive. And that some fossil remains belong to extinct species of animals, is equally certain. But when those upheavings and displacements transpired is the grand question to be decided. One of four things may be true: 1. That the breaking up of the earth's surface was the work of the Noachian deluge. 2. That it must have taken place between the flood and the creation, as ordinarily understood. 3. That it must have occurred in connection with the assumed transformation and remodeling of the earth, agreeably to the hypothesis under consideration. Or, 4. That the present state of the earth resulted partly from this supposed transformation, and partly from the deluge. For all that appears to the contrary, one of these hypotheses is, at least, probable. And admitting, for the sake of the argument, that probability is all that can be pleaded, then the evidence in favor of one or the other of these conclusions is, in amount, the mere balancing of probabilities. And that the probability makes us strongly in favor of that hypothesis which assigns to the world an unmeasured duration previous to the

commencement of the present order of things, scarcely admits of denial or doubt; unless, indeed, the fourth and last hypothesis above named preponderates. The flood is a recorded event, coming down to us with all the attestations of revelation itself. And that no inconsiderable changes may have passed upon the surface of the earth at the time, cannot be disproved.

Nor is it in the least strange that the inspired writers have shed no more light on any of these questions. It was not their object. They do not profess to do it. They maintain the same silence with respect to other subjects, purely scientific. It was their object to teach religious and moral truths—not the sciences as such. This they have done. They have done it clearly, adequately, fully. That they ever *contradict* well-established scientific truths it were inconsistent to believe. The supposition cannot be admitted. But it should not be forgotten, that in what they do utter, their statements are only *allusive* to those things which are strictly scientific—never *expository* or *descriptive* of them. And in all their allusions two things are obvious: they refer to things as they appeared to the common beholder; and they are contemplated as they were held at the time. Had the sciences, including the arts, stood in their present advanced condition, corresponding allusions would doubtless have been made to them; and they would doubtless have been drawn upon by the inspired writers for imagery, differing as much from that which now adorns their writings, as do modern attainments in the arts and sciences from ancient.

It follows from the foregoing theory, that *death* in the animal kingdom was prior to the fall of man. This is contrary to the common opinion on that subject. This opinion refers death and suffering in every case, and in all their forms, to *man's* offense. We cannot help regarding it as a misapprehension of facts. Such a conclusion is reached by a misinterpretation of those passages of Scripture which clearly refer to the subject. The great apostle of the Gentiles affirms the contrary. He limits his own meaning when he says: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Rom. v, 12. The extent to which sin obtained, thus introduced, could not be more defi-



nately expressed. It "passed upon all men." Hence, animals are excluded.

On the contrary, the current theory involves an absolute impossibility. It was not possible for either man or animals to have lived and moved before the fall without destroying myriads of insects and animalculæ. To exonerate the Creator from the imputation of partiality in thus subjecting *some* of his creatures to inevitable death, while others were not so exposed, should it be replied that life is relatively more important to some species than to others, we reply, that this is the same as to say there *may* be reasons why death is allowable to some creatures. And why not to others? Hence this is to give up the argument. For who shall draw the line between those which may be thus subjected and those which should be exempted?

#### VELASQUES AND THE MAGICIAN— BRILLIANT PROSPECTS.

PEDRO VELASQUES was the most renowned singer that the cathedral of Valladolid could boast. He was the great attraction at all the high solemnities, and his merit and musical organization rang throughout all Spain. Pedro Velasques possessed a magnificent tenor voice; of course his natural vanity, and the praises bestowed upon him, caused him to find his empire too confined, and his soul panted for a more extended arena than the organ-loft of the cathedral of Valladolid.

It happened there came to Valladolid a celebrated magician named Mendozus, who it was reported worked the most astounding prodigies. Pedro Velasques immediately saddled his mule, and sought the dwelling of the magician Mendozus. He tied his mule to the door-post, and entered his dwelling.

"Illustrious Don," said Pedro Velasques, "there can be little doubt that my name has already reached you. I am Pedro Velasques, the magnificent tenor singer of the cathedral of Valladolid. Weary of vegetating in a position so obscure, and so unworthy of my talent, I have recourse to your skill, that it may enable me to achieve the most lofty pinnacles of art. Should I reach the apex, my gratitude toward you, illustrious Don, shall be boundless."

"Your gratitude!" replied Mendozus, with an air of incredulity. "The human

race is ungrateful—it is an old saying, which nobody can deny."

"Ah! illustrious Don, rely upon my word, my faith, and my honor."

"It is well," replied Mendozus; "upon your promise, I will call into action all the resources of my art." Then opening a small door, which communicated with the kitchen, "Jacinta," he cried, with a stentorian voice, "put two partridges on the spit; Pedro Velasques, the magnificent tenor singer of the cathedral of Valladolid, dines with us to day."

He then conducted his guest into an obscure chamber, which he called his laboratory, and which was filled with books of magic, and variously shaped alchemical instruments. There were seen at the various angles of the chamber myriads of tiny demons, with crimson and purple complexions, and hairy skins, and yellow mustaches, and shut up in cages like squirrels. When these beheld Pedro Velasques enter, they saluted him with grotesque attitudes, and cut the most quaint capers.

"Be seated," said Mendozus; "the science which I profess is peculiarly dry; we will moisten it with a flask of Xeres."

He then opened a trap, descended some steps, and returned with a long sea-green bottle in his hand; then murmuring some unintelligible words, he filled the two glasses, and emptied into one of them twelve drops of a blood-red liquor, and presented it to Pedro Velasques, who swallowed it with a wry face.

It is not known what mystery followed in the laboratory of the alchemist.

Soon after the organist of the cathedral of Valladolid died, and some hidden influence seconded so well the movements of Pedro Velasques, that he was nominated to fill the situation of the deceased.

Mendozus, the principal instrument of this rapid elevation, came in person to felicitate the newly-elected organist, and at the same time to solicit a slight service in return. Pedro Velasques received his friend in an hospitable and amiable manner, but he begged to be excused, as he could not immediately show his gratitude—"pressing demands had impoverished him, and he must establish himself in his new post, but for all that, my friend, do not abandon me; exert yourself more than ever for my advancement, and I will pay my debt with good interest."

Mendozus bowed, and left the new organist without reply. He continued in the meanwhile, to labor so well in his favor, that Pedro Velasques soon saw his fame extend throughout all Spain, and he was some time subsequently nominated master of the chapel to the cathedral of Seville.

Mendozus continued to serve him in his new residence, and after his installation came humbly to implore his good will. "I ask not money," he said, "I only desire the small employment of chorister for my son, whom I wish to see terminate his musical studies under your enlightened direction."

"I will give him better than that," replied the new maestro; "but wait a little longer. I have now to find places for a number of youths recommended by people of the highest distinction; as soon as I can rid myself of these importunities your son shall find in me a most zealous patron. In the meantime he shall lose nothing by the delay, for without doubt I shall make during the time a favorable step in the arts, and the higher I mount the more my friends may rely upon me."

Without allowing himself to be discouraged by this answer, the magician continued to exercise all the resources of his art to elevate Pedro Velasques, and his zeal was soon recompensed. The King of Spain heard such eulogiums of the maestro of Seville, that he desired to hear him. Pedro Velasques was summoned to court, and played and sung in the royal presence. The monarch evinced so lively a satisfaction, that he constituted Pedro Velasques director of the fêtes and spectacles of the palace. In this brilliant post the fortunate Pedro Velasques succeeded in conciliating the affection of the prince, who soon awarded to him his boundless confidence, and made him his first minister. From that time, Pedro Velasques had it in his power to recompense him to whom he owed his rapid elevation. But in vain!

Mendozus supported for some time this iniquity without a murmur; but finding that he was soon entirely forgotten, and that he was no longer regarded in the palace of his excellency, Don Pedro de Velasques, but with contempt, he took courage to remind Don Pedro de Velasques of the magnificent promises that the singer and organist of Valladolid, and the master of

the chapel of the cathedral of Seville, had made him.

"How dare you, rascal!" replied Don Pedro de Velasques, regarding him with inflamed features, "how dare you attribute to yourself the advantages which I have acquired by my knowledge and genius? You deserve to suffer the *auto da fê* for being devoted to magic and the occult sciences. But I am generous—begone—I banish you! If within three days you do not quit the kingdom of Spain, you shall be burned to death for your insolence!"

Without change of countenance, Mendozus heard himself banished.

"Jacinta," said Mendozus, the magician, "take the two partridges from the spit; Pedro Velasques, the tenor singer of the cathedral, does not dine here to-day."

At these words, Pedro Velasques awoke, rubbed his eyes with affright, saw himself far from his magnificent palace, in the humble dwelling of the magician. It was there, in the old arm chair, he had had the finest dream of his life: he had become by turns organist, master of the chapel, director of the spectacles and fêtes at court, and first minister and favorite of the king. He fell at once from his exalted sphere, and awoke the simple tenor singer of the cathedral of Valladolid.

Mendozus smiled grimly. The tiny demons in their cages tittered and clapped their hands gleesomely.

Pedro Velasques took no leave of Mendozus, but precipitately mounted his mule, and rode home mournfully.

#### ARTISTIC GRATITUDE!!

**BURIAL-PLACE OF THE TURKS.**—The principal place of sepulture for the Moslem population of Constantinople and its environs is at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where there is a city of tombs that may almost contest the palm with the catacombs of Rome. The Turks, it appears, never forget that they but "camped in Europe;" so that what was merely a *bon mot* for the Frank author of the saying, is to them a serious and every-day truth. Accordingly, almost all the more serious and patriotic Moslems who can afford it order in their wills that their remains should find burial in Asia, where, when the race of Othman again gives place in Europe to the Ghiaour, the hoof of no infidel's charger will spurn their resting-place.

## THE CIRCASSIAN TRIBES AND SCHAMYL.

SO great is the number of books which have lately appeared on the subject of those mountain tribes of the Caucasus who have so long withstood the assaults of successive Russian generals and armies, and so perplexing the variety of opinions and commentaries propounded in these works, that while few persons possess patience and opportunity to peruse them, fewer still, unless habituated to deal with scattered and discordant literary materials, would be enabled to arrive at any definite impressions, amid the "great obscure" of conflicting and inconsistent description. We have, therefore, considered that we should perform no unacceptable service by condensing the essence of some of the most accredited works which have come under our notice, and placing the result before our readers, accompanied by such comments of our own as may appear calculated to render the narrative intelligible, and to dispel illusion and misconception respecting a people and a leader, whose deeds of daring and valor have secured an imperishable renown.

A narrow strip of mountain land, running obliquely and irregularly across the country which intervenes between the Euxine and Caspian, affords shelter, in its inaccessible retreats, to several hardy tribes of warriors and freebooters, who have for ages been the terror of each other and of the neighboring districts. Between tribes, families, and individuals, the doctrine of blood for blood was formerly carried out in its most sanguinary meaning; so that the death of a member of one tribe by the hand of a member of an adjoining one placed all the surviving members in a state of war; murder retaliated by murder was not only the theory but the practice; and while maintaining a running flight of rapine and plunder with their neighbors to the north and south, the Circassian tribes were further engaged in perennial warfare among themselves.

It is no wonder if, under these circumstances, combined with the general sterility of the mountain districts, (only partially compensated by the exuberant fertility of isolated spots,) population did not augment rapidly. The hideous slave-trade, so long carried on between the Turks and the Circassians—a traffic in which the fairest

of the Circassian damsels were regularly sold and shipped to Constantinople for purposes which modesty shrinks from describing—further contributed so much to thin the number of the Circassians, that it seems rather matter of surprise that the population nearly approaches 1,000,000, than that it does not far exceed that estimate.

Though exhibiting more or less of the same general traits—valiant but treacherous, hospitable but greedy, patriotic but still more factious—the characteristics of the western and eastern tribes have been so much modified by position and circumstances, that very great differences exist between the two; and these differences were much wider until the overruling genius of Schamyl suppressed, if it did not destroy, many of the ancient local distinctions. The eastern tribes, toward the Caspian, are probably descendants of the Arabs, who eight hundred years ago converted the country to Mohammedanism by fire and sword, almost extirpating the original inhabitants. The descendants of the conquerors have, through the long vista of subsequent ages, been remarkable for the intensity of their attachment to the doctrines of Islamism. That attachment has been, in fact, a fanaticism of the most fierce and sanguinary kind; and most travelers concur in thinking that among the followers of Mohammed there are no people who would more willingly carry out the motto of "Death to the infidel." Within the last half-century, the ancient Mohammedanism has, under successive "prophets," become modified into a species of mysticism, on which the dreams and superstitions of many oriental nations are ingrafted. The company of Murids, who form a species of body-guard to the prophet, and claim the title of his privileged and special disciples, have on divers occasions proved, by the eagerness with which they have courted death in his service, that their faith in his mission and inspiration is sincere; but some few writers have maintained (in opposition to the majority) that the great mass of the mountaineers, including the priests of the old school, would willingly see an end of the new system of asceticism and mystery.

The western Caucasians are a very different people. For almost as many generations as their brethren toward the Caspian have been rigid Mohammedans,

those of the western mountains were regarded as "fast and loose" in their notions of religion. At one time they were half-Christianized, in the sense that they had lost all they had ever possessed of Mohammedanism, and afterward became Mohammedanized to the extent of forgetting all that they had heard about Christianity. The close of the last century found them nominal Mohammedans, with no particular regard for any creed or religion whatever.

They differed, moreover, from the eastern tribes in the kind of feudalism which prevailed among them, and which has been compared to that of western Europe in the middle ages, though it more nearly resembled that which, until 1745, flourished among the Highland clans of Scotland. The western Circassians were in fact divided into clans; and the clansman was devotedly attached to his chief, sacrificing life, property, and family, at his bidding. The clans were incessantly engaged in wars of pillage, retaliation, and revenge. The villages or aouls were (as they are still) perched on the tops of the steepest and highest hills where existence was possible, and from these Alpine heights the stream of war rushed down, leaving devastation in its track over the plains. There is no record of a period when Circassia enjoyed peace externally and internally. Capital horsemen, (a rare accomplishment among mountaineers,) and possessing a strong and hardy breed of horses, they were forever engaged in expeditions against each other, or, in combination, against the Lowland Cossacks, by whom they were dreaded more than ever was Highland riever by cozy Scottish grazing farmer.

The sultan was, as our readers no doubt know, long the nominal sovereign of Circassia; but his actual authority was little greater than that which he may be supposed to have wielded in Egypt during Mohammed Ali's life. It was, in fact, *nil*. The Circassians carried on their wars among themselves and against their neighbors, without awaiting or receiving any opinions from Constantinople. When the Russians pushed their conquests as far as the banks of the Kuban, they found themselves in the neighborhood of the Circassians. Between the designs and ambition of one side and the habits and predilections of the other, collision was inevitable, and

it soon occurred. For upward of seventy years a war has been going on, sometimes languishing, sometimes active, but always marked by the cruelty and intrepidity with which both parties conducted their operations.

It would form a very dull chapter, filled with uncouth names, and narratives of barbarous scenes of massacre, plunder, and perfidy, to enter into a detail of the hostilities which have been waged between the Russians and the Circassian tribes for a period of nearly three quarters of a century. The preachings of a celebrated dervish in the first instance aroused to decided action the piety and patriotism of the mountaineers. To him succeeded other holy men, all pretending to inspiration, and all, no doubt, inspired more or less by an earnest fanaticism.

Under the Russian general, Yermoloff, great advantages were gained against the Circassians; his government lasted twenty-three years, and he had brought the mountaineers so low that, but for his recall in 1826, it is highly probable that they would have been compelled to succumb. After this, Khasi Mollah, the Circassian leader and prophet, gained many victories; but at length, in 1832, was destroyed by Van Rosen, the Russian general. Khasi Mollah and all his immediate followers were killed, with a single exception. But that exception was a momentous one. It was SCHAMYL, whose body was found pierced by two bullet wounds, and by one wound from a saber. When the victors retired, they left behind what they imagined to be the mutilated corpse of some obscure Circassian. Schamyl, however, recovered;—how, the world has never known, for secrecy and mystery are part of this remarkable man's character, and are perhaps necessary to the maintenance of his position.

The Turkish empire was, at this period, at its lowest stage of debasement, debility, and humiliation. The sultan had, some time before, resigned to Russia his nominal sovereignty over the Caucasus. The Circassians objected to being thus made over to an enemy whom they detested, and against whom they had fought gallantly for so many years. They determined to have a sultan of their own. The celebrated Mollah Mohammed consecrated Hameed Beg, as sultan and imaum.

But many disorders ensued. Dissensions broke out among the chiefs, a faction of whom set fire to the castle in which Hameed Beg and his followers had taken up their quarters, and the only one who escaped was again Schamyl, and again, too, by some extraordinary chance which has never been explained.

Schamyl had before this been distinguished among his fellow-warriors for daring, extraordinary even among the Circassians—for austerity of devotion, gravity, and abstiniousness, wisdom in council, and skill, not less than courage, in the field. He was precisely the man to become marked and influential; to “rule the whirlwind and direct the storm,” at a period when less robust spirits craved some strong head and bold heart to lean on. Toward him most men looked, as the one on whom the mantle of inspiration had fallen, and he succeeded to the titles of Hameed Beg. But he had to struggle before he could confirm his power. The Russians, with subtle policy, attempted to create a diversion against the man whom they regarded as their most formidable enemy, by pretending to support a more “legitimate” competitor. Affairs were looking threatening; but Schamyl proved himself equal to them. He confided certain commands to some of his most trustworthy Murids, who solved the difficulty in true Oriental fashion; and Schamyl’s enemy was soon removed by assassination. This trouble over, the open struggle recommenced; Schamyl fought bravely, skillfully, desperately, but he was driven to straits, and a convention was agreed on, at which he swore fealty to the Czar on condition that the Russians should retire to a certain distance. Neither party observed, or intended to observe, the promises. The moment Schamyl found himself safe, he issued a fierce proclamation against the Muscovites and their Czar, while the imperial army pushed forward strenuously in its ever-foiled attempt to subdue the country. In one of the expeditions headed by the Russian general, Grabbe, the latter had very nearly accomplished a practical illustration of the vulgar meaning attached to the pronunciation of his name in our English vernacular. The Circassian hero was all but caught, but escaped through the devotion of some of his followers. Schamyl, and a few others, were hiding in a cave by a river

side—a party of Russians were approaching—detection was inevitable—when his disciples rushed out of the cave, and seizing a boat, rowed away in ostentatious haste, calculating rightly that the Russians, supposing that Schamyl was on board, would pursue and direct their fire upon them. So it turned out. The pursuers set out in chase after the boat; every one of the devoted Murids was killed, as they had expected; while the prize swam quietly off and regained the mountains.

He was now reduced to such extremities as to be forced to treat seriously for terms of submission. But the conditions offered by General Grabbe included the surrender of Schamyl’s two sons as hostages; and they were of course refused, the probable object of the Circassian chief being merely to gain time until he could recruit his exhausted forces. Hostilities having recommenced, Grabbe penetrated to the Circassian head-quarters, but had to beat a hasty retreat after sustaining a heavy loss. Prince Woronzow, the present governor, succeeded Grabbe in 1845, and in the following year Schamyl effected his memorable invasion of the Russian territory—when, after doing the enemy infinite damage in loss of life, property, and arms—ravaging the country in every direction, and obtaining a rich booty—he retired with a meteoric rapidity which left the imperial generals in a state of extreme bewilderment as to how to deal with an enemy who was nowhere but everywhere; scarcely to be seen, but most unmistakably and unpleasantly to be felt. From this time, however, the fortunes of Schamyl have not been in the ascendant. He has sometimes been reduced so low as to have appeared on the brink of ruin. But his genius and recuperative energy seem inexhaustible; and now that he is likely to receive, directly and extensively, the aid which hitherto could only be conveyed to him surreptitiously and in insignificant fragments, he will—the past furnishes every reason to hope—be able to deal heavy and effectual blows against the arrogant power which has set itself up as the common enemy of his country and of the peace of the world. At the age of fifty-seven, with mental and physical energies undiminished, he has still, probably, many years of active exertion before him, and an ample field for such exertion seems to be opening.

He has, so far, displayed great powers of governmental organization; and one single instance of the influence of a master mind is the success of his efforts in suppressing the old local feuds and distinctions among the mountain tribes, and in inspiring even the somewhat skeptical inhabitants of the western districts with much of the religious enthusiasm of the eastern tribes. Would his government be a theocracy? Possibly, to some extent. To his dreams and visions—to his periodical annual "retreats" for consultation with his celestial inspirers—he owes much of his predominant sway over the minds of his followers. In some of these particulars, he seems to have closely imitated the example of Mohammed. No doubt, when left to organize his system peaceably in his own way, and to mature his plans for the future, he would see the expediency of laying aside some of the more transcendental portions of his pretensions; for though by no means possessed of so fine an order of mind as the Emir Abd-el-Kader, he is a man of keen intelligence, and of unquestionable patriotism. The ancient system of raids and forays would also, beyond all doubt, be discontinued; while, with respect to the "export trade" in women, it may be hoped and believed that in "Young Turkey" regenerated, and in Circassia under the rule of a man of wisdom and experience, that infamy would be at an end forever. Although part of his proclaimed creed has been to hold no faith with infidels, it is evident that this applies only to his dealings with his enemies the Muscovites; and the government of Circassia, organized wisely, and recognized in its sovereign independence, would probably be as faithful and respectable as any other Oriental monarchy.

It is well that the Circassians and their able and prudent chief should receive a full meed of admiration for their long and gallant resistance to a gigantic assailant. Russian blood has flowed in torrents in those wild and remote regions; and though a rigid calculation of probabilities leaves it scarcely possible to doubt that, but for the total change which recent events have created in the position of Russia, the mountaineers would, in the course of a few years more, be conquered by sheer process of exhaustion, the wars in the Caucasus would, under any circumstances, occupy a conspicuous page in the annals

of resolute struggles against superior force. Of the policy of the Russians it may in truth be said, setting aside the ruthless barbarity with which the war has been conducted, that their principal crime consists in the *antecedent* crimes which rendered the invasion necessary. It is impossible for them to hold or consolidate their unjustly-acquired territory in the neighborhood, without obtaining possession of the mountain country. The wrong done to the latter is inextricably interwoven with the fraud and violence committed against the former; and the Circassian war is only one link in a prolonged concatenation of injustice.

[For the National Magazine.]

## THE DEAD BABY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Ah, beautiful one!

Thou hast pass'd away like the morning flower,  
Like the rainbow's blush in the summer shower,  
And thy smile of love and thy glance of light  
Have paled like the stars on the brow of night  
When their course is run.

When the sunset glows,

Thou wilt steal no more to thy gentle rest,  
Or, nestling, cling to thy mother's breast,  
While the angels come in thy dreams to bless  
With heavenly music or light caress,  
Thy sweet repose.

With the roseate day

Thou wilt spring no more, in thy blameless glee,  
For a frolic wild, to thy grandsire's knee,  
Or with merry laugh, or with prattling word,  
Rejoice when thy father's step is heard  
On his homeward way.

Yet thou, evermore,

A beautiful presence, art lingering near!  
They will hear thy voice in the zephyr clear;  
They will see thy smile in the sunlight fair,  
They will feel thy kiss in the ambient air  
For aye, as of yore.

In the still, still night,

When the ether-arch wears its softest hue,  
And the stars shine out from their haunts of blue,  
Will the mourners turn in their yearning love  
From thy little grave to thy home above  
In the Eden bright.

O friends, can ye weep?

Where the blight and the mildew may not come,  
Is the fair young rose in its delicate bloom;  
O'er the little form that is sleeping near,  
Doth the guardian love that was round it here,  
Its vigils keep.

Ah, cherub immortal!

There is not a shade on thy sinless brow!  
There is not an ill that can harm thee now!  
So early thou'rt call'd to the kind Father's side,  
So safely thou'rt housed where the blessed  
abide,

Beyond the grave's portal!



## STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

AN ANTI-HOOD VIEW OF THE MATTER.

WHO has not wept over the *Song of the Shirt*? Who has not sympathized with the tenant of the garret—

In poverty, hunger, and dirt  
Sewing at once with a double thread  
A shroud as well as a shirt!—

until the very names, "needle-work" and "needle-women," become associated with poor half-starved creatures, doomed by their employers to sit in foul atmospheres, chained to their seam by the constantly-plied needle and thread, like galley-slaves to the oar? And yet this continual ringing the changes on

Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,

is not such a scarecrow to all—is not always so fatal in its consequences; and, though it may be the exception which proves the rule, in an instance we are about to mention, this stitch! stitch! stitch! was preferred—nay, as enthusiastically followed as any branch of high art—as absorbingly as a passion for music, or a love of painting.

Annie Linton was the best sewer in Mrs. Roy's school; and the mistress declared, on inspecting the first shirt she made for her father, "that the Duke of Buccleuch himself might wear it!" This was high praise for little Annie, who was only eleven years of age; and she never forgot it. Her work was the neatest and the cleanest ever seen. Then she did it so quickly, her mother could not keep pace with her daily demand for "something to sew."

"I wish Annie would take to her book," said Mrs. Linton to her husband. But it was quite clear that Annie never would take to her book; she had little reading and less spelling; and yet she could "mark" (with cotton) all the letters of the alphabet, as if she was a very miracle of learning.

"Something to sew!" eagerly demanded Annie.

"Will any mowing come of this sewing?" asked her father, with a very natural attempt at a pun.

"Those who do not sew shall not reap," said little Annie, cleverly taking up her father's meaning and her work-bag at the same time, as she whisked past him in fear of being too late for school.

Three weeks after: "Annie's learning to be a scholar," said Mrs. Linton; "no more demands for sewing." That afternoon Annie came bounding into the house from school, sat upon her father's knee, opened her work-bag, which hung over her arm, and putting a screwed-up paper into his hand, said; "There's the mowing."

Her father undid the paper, and found four half-crowns. "Annie," questioned her father, "where did this come from?"

"From the sewing," answered Annie, laughing delightedly at his surprise, as she escaped from his knee, and ran out of the room, to delay a little longer the solution of the riddle.

"Wife," said John Linton, "it is impossible that Annie could earn all this by the sort of child's play girls call work; and whom did she earn it from? I'm afraid there's something wrong." And, to tell the truth, Annie Linton was practicing a little disguise; nor had she given her father all the money she had earned. The sum originally was twelve shillings. This was all designed for her father alone; but a prior claim had come in the way. It was cold winter weather, and the children of the school brought the forms, in a sort of square, round Mrs. Roy's fire. Annie, who was a favorite of the mistress, always occupied a warm corner close to her own big chair. On the day in question, Mrs. Roy happening to be out of the room—

"I'll change seats with you, Jessie Wilson, if you're cold," said Annie, addressing a little girl, a very book-worm, who, clad in a threadbare printed cotton-gown, sat shivering over her lesson.

Jessie, thus invited, came a little nearer.

"You should put on a woolen frock, like mine, and warm yourself well at your mother's fire before you come to school these winter-days," said Annie, scrutinizing the poverty-struck appearance of the girl.

"Mother says," replied Jessie, "that she'd rather do without a fire than my schooling, and she can't pay for both."

"Has your mother no fire at home this cold weather?" asked Annie in amazement.

"No," said Jessie; "I wish I dared bring her with me here—it's warmer than at home. And I know mother is ill, though she won't tell me."

"Sit there," said Annie, placing Jessie

in her warm corner ; and don't go out of school without me."

That afternoon the two girls went hand in hand to Jessie's door.

"Have you plenty to eat, if you've no fire?" asked Annie.

"This is the first day mother has been forced to send me to school without any breakfast," said Jessie, hanging down her head, as if ashamed of the confession.

"Here," said Annie, after a slight pause, untwisting the paper in which were deposited her first earnings ; "I won't go in with you, for your mother might not like to take it from a little girl like me ; but"—and she put two shillings into Jessie's hand—"that is to buy you something to eat, and a fire ; and if your mother can sew as well as I can," said Annie, with pardonable vanity, "I can tell her how to get plenty of money to pay for both."

No wonder Annie's riches increased : the first investment was a good one. Nevertheless, the concealing it from her parents she knew to be wrong ; she feared they would disapprove ; and she added to her little prayer at night, after the usual ending of "God bless father and mother—and forgive me for keeping secret that I helped Jessie Wilson." Could the recording angel carry up a purer prayer to heaven?

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Linton very soon discovered that Mr. Seamwell, of the "Ready-made Linen Warehouse," was the grand source of Annie's wealth. He said there was no one who could work like her, and that he would give her eighteenpence each for the finest description of shirt-making. This was no great payment for Annie's exquisite stitching—and, thirty years ago, it would have brought her three-and-sixpence a shirt. But Annie is of the present, not of the past ; and as she could complete a shirt a day, her fingers flying swifter than a weaver's shuttle, she earned nine shillings a week.

"Good wife," said Mr. Linton, "we are not so poor but that we can maintain our daughter till she's twenty, and by that time, at the present rate of her earnings, she will have a little fortune in the bank." But this little fortune amassed but slowly, for Annie seldom had nine shillings to put by at the end of the week—there were other "Jessie Wilsons" who required food and fire.

Had Annie been a poet, she would as-

surely have written, not *the* song, but *a* song of the shirt ; for once when she was questioned as to the dull monotony of her work : "Dull ? Delightful !" said Annie, in advocacy of her calling. "Why, with this rare linen and fine thread, my stitches seem like stringing little pearls along the wristbands and collar !" What an anti-song of the shirt might not Annie have written !

Annie's eighteenth birthday was celebrated by a tea-party to all the seamstresses of Mr. Seamwell's establishment, where she was now forewoman ; besides being a cheerful, kind-hearted little creature, beloved by everybody, it was a compliment, Mr. Seamwell said, she well deserved—her admirable superintendence of the department allotted her having increased his business tenfold.

Some time after, there was a greater day of rejoicing in the firm of Seamwell and Co. The father had taken his son as a partner, and the son took a partner for life—the indefatigable little seamstress, Annie Linton. There never was a blither bridal. Annie—herself having risen from the ranks—had a present for every workwoman. Indeed it was a day of presents, for on that very morning, and in time to be worn at the wedding, a shawl arrived for Annie all the way from India—an Indian shawl that a duchess would have envied ! Upon it was pinned a paper, on which was written : "Wear this for the sake of one who is now rich and happy, but who never can forget the service you rendered to the poor school-girl—JESSIE WILSON."

"Annie," said young Seamwell after the marriage, "I fell in love with you when you were a child, and came to our shop for your first sewing. I also happened to be passing when you gave part of your first earnings to Jessie Wilson. I was a boy then, but I said to myself : 'If I were a man, I'd marry Annie Linton ; not because she's so pretty'—here Annie blushed most becomingly—'not because she's so industrious, but because she's so kind-hearted.'"

Nothing can be very ill with us when all is well within : we are not hurt till our souls are hurt. If the soul itself be out of tune, outward things will do us no more good than a fair shoe to a gouty foot.—*Sibs.*



## WINTER AND CHRISTMAS, BY THE ELDER POETS.

## WINTER, BY SACKVILLE.

THE wrathful winter, 'proaching on a-pace  
With blust'ring blast, had all ybared the tree; n;  
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,  
With chilling cold had pierced the tender  
green;

The mantle rent wherein enwrapped been  
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrow n.  
The tapers torn, and many a tree down blown;  
The soil, that erst so seemly used to seem,  
Was all despoiled of her beauties' hue,  
And stole fresh flowers, (wherewith the Sum-  
mer's qucen

Had clad the earth,) now Boreas' blast down blew;  
And small fowls flocking, in their songs did rue  
The Winter's wrath, wherewith each thing,  
defaced,

In woeful wise bewail'd the Summer past:  
Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,  
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,  
And, dropping down the tears abundantly,  
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me  
told

The cruel season, bidding me withhold  
Myself within.

## WINTER, BY SPENSER.

NEXT came the chill December:

Yet he, through merry feasting which he made  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad:  
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode—  
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,  
They say, was nourish'd by the Ican maid;  
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,  
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his  
peers.

Lastly, came Winter cloth'd all in frieze,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;  
While on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill,  
As from a limbeck, did adown distill:  
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stay'd still;  
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,  
That scarce his loos'd limbs he able was to wield.

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## CHRISTMAS TIDE, BY SHAKSPEARE.

SOME say that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir  
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets  
strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to  
charm,  
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

## THE SHEPHERDS' SONG.

BY EDMUND BOLTON.

SWEET Music, sweeter far

Than any song is sweet—

Sweet Music, heavenly rare,

Mine ears, O peers, doth greet.

You gentle flocks—whose fleeces, pearl'd with \*  
dew,

Resemble Heaven, whom golden drops  
make bright—

Listen, O listen, now; O not to you

Our pipes make sport to shorten weary  
night;

But voices most divine

Make blissful harmony—

Voices that seem to shine;

For what else clears the sky?

Tunes can we hear, but not the singers see:

The tune's divine, and so the singers be.

Lo, how the firmament

Within an azure fold,

The flock of stars hath pent,

That we might them behold.

Yet from their beams proceedeth not this light,

Nor can their crystals such reflection give;

What then doth make the element so bright?

The heavens are come down upon earth to live.

But hearken to the song:

Glory to glory's King,

And peace all men among,

These choristers do sing.

Angels they are, as also shepherds, he

Whom in our fear we do admire to see.



"Our pipes make sport to shorten weary night."

Let not amazement blind  
Your souls, said he, annoy;  
To you and all mankind  
My message bringeth joy.  
For lo, the world's great Shepherd now is born,  
A blessed Babe, an Infant full of power;  
After long night, up-risen is the  
morn,  
Renowning Bethlehem in the Sa-  
viour.  
Sprung is the perfect day,  
By prophets seen afar;  
Sprung is the mirthful May,  
Which Winter cannot mar.  
In David's city doth this Sun ap-  
pear,  
Clouded in flesh, yet shepherds sit  
we here.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY GEORGE WITHERS.

As on the night before this happy  
morn,  
A blessed angel unto shepherds  
told,  
Where (in a stable) He was poorly  
born,  
Whom nor the earth, nor heaven  
of heavens can hold:  
Through Bethlehem rung  
This news at their re-  
turn;  
Yea, angels sung  
That God with us was  
born;  
And they made mirth because we  
should not mourn.

Their angel-carol sing we then,  
To God on high all glory be,  
For peace on earth bestoweth  
he,  
And showeth favor unto men.

This favor Christ vouchsafed for our  
sake;  
To buy us thrones, he in a manger  
lay;  
Our weakness took, that we his  
strength might take;  
And was disrobed that he might  
us array:  
Our flesh he wore,  
Our sin to wear away;  
Our curse he bore,  
That we escape it may;  
And wept for us, that we might sing  
for aye.

With angels, therefore, sing again,  
To God on high all glory be;  
For peace on earth bestoweth he,  
And showeth favor unto men.

#### GOD REST YOU, MERRY GEN- TLEMEN.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day;  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on  
Christmas day.



"Now to the Lord sing praises."



"Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head."

From God, our heavenly Father,  
A blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same;  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by name.

O tidings, &c.

Fear not, then said the angel,  
Let nothing you affright;  
This day is born a Saviour,  
Of virtue, power, and might,  
So frequently to vanquish all  
The friends of Satan quite.

O tidings, &c.

The shepherds at those tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm, and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway,  
This blessed Babe to find.

O tidings, &c.

But when to Bethlehem they came,  
Where as this infant lay,  
They found him in a manger  
Where oxen feed on hay,  
His mother Mary kneeling  
Unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace,  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.

O tidings, &c.

#### THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN GAY.

WHEN rosemary, and bays, the poets' crown,  
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the town;  
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,—  
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.  
Now with bright holly all your temples strew,  
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.  
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;  
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;  
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings  
shed;  
Lo! meager Want uprears her sickly head;  
Clothed are the naked, and the needy glad,  
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

#### SUMMER TOIL, AND WINTER CHEER.

(From *Poor Robin's Almanack*.)

Now after all our slaving, toiling,  
In harvest or hot weather broiling,  
The scorching weather's gone and past,  
And shivering winter's come at last.  
Good fires will now do very well,  
For Christmas cheer begins to smell.  
Those that in summer labored hard,  
Are for a Christmas storm prepared;  
And from their store are able now  
To feast themselves and neighbors too,  
With pork and mutton, veal and beef—  
Of country feasting, these are chief;  
But those that yet would farther go,  
May have a hollow bit or so,  
Pig, capon, turkey, goose and coney,  
Whatever may be had for money;  
Such plenteous living's their enjoyment,  
Who truly follow their employment,  
While slothful, lurking, idle drones  
Do scarce deserve to pick the bones.



BETHLEHEM.

## BIRTH-PLACE OF CHRIST.

WE give in our present number several illustrated Christmas poems from the elder poets; and add the above moonlight view of Bethlehem, the birth-place of Christ, as a suitable counterpart to them.

We may not be able to determine the exact spot where Christ was crucified, or point to the cave in which, for part of three days, his body lay; nor is the locality from which he ascended to heaven ascertainable. The Scriptures are silent, and no other authority can supply the information. But we know that in the Holy Land

are the scenes which he looked upon—the Holy Mount, which once bore the Temple—that Mount Olivet which once overlooked Jerusalem—we know that Mount Gerizim still overhangs the Valley of Shechem—that there is the hill where once stood Samaria—that there is Nazareth, within whose secluded vale our Lord so long awaited the time appointed for his public ministry—the plain of Gennesareth, and the Sea of Galilee—the mountains to which he retired—the plains in which he wrought his miracles—the waters which he trod, and the Jordan, still rolling its



consecrated waters to the bituminous lake where the wicked cities stood; and, knowing all this, we can look upon Palestine as something more than mere masses of ruins, invested with countless traditions—as something, in fact, inseparably associated with a literature which excels in sublimity all the ethics, and philosophy, and poetry, and eloquence of the remainder of the ancient world.

As the scene of the solemn events which marked the dawn of Christianity, every foot of Palestine is hallowed ground; and when we come to reflect on the divine character of the religious system thus inaugurated—on its mission and immortal tendencies—all our surprise at the enthusiasm—at some periods the absolute delirium—which prompted the pilgrimages of the middle ages, vanishes. Christianity had taken a firm hold of the public mind—it had reached the heart, and in the first bursts of gladness, a loftier, purer feeling than curiosity induced the *furor* which led to those extraordinary invasions now known as the Crusades. They were natural and incidental to an age of mental deprivation. We who live in an age of intellect and books, do not need such a stimulus—we can bring distant places before our mind's eye without traveling to them in person; and we will undertake to say, that those who read diligently know more of the world without their own sphere, than those who travel leisurely, merely to write learnedly. The facilities afforded by modern literature have brought a knowledge of the most remote places to almost every fireside; therefore this is not an age of pilgrimages. If we want to be introduced to the principal features of the Holy Land, our wish can be gratified without taking a passage in a Levantine steamer: the artist and the writer can bring them before us with almost magical celerity; and as Bethlehem—next to Jerusalem—is the most interesting place in the Holy Land, we thought our readers would gladly accept an illustration, accompanied by some description, of that scene of the Saviour's nativity.

Bethlehem is a village situated on a rising ground, about six miles from Jerusalem. The first view is imposing. The village appears covering the ridge of a hill on the southern side of a deep and extensive valley, and reaching from east to west. The most conspicuous object is

the monastery erected over the supposed "cave of the Nativity;" its walls and battlements have the air of a large fortress. From this point the Dead Sea is seen below, on the left. The road winds round the top of a valley, which tradition has fixed upon as the scene of the angelic vision which announced the birth of our Lord to the shepherds; but different spots have been selected, the Romish authorities not being agreed on the subject. The number of inhabitants in Bethlehem is about three hundred, the majority of whom gain their livelihood by making beads, carving mother-of-pearl shells with sacred subjects, and manufacturing small tables and crucifixes. The monks claim the exclusive privilege of marking the limbs and bodies of the devotees with crosses, stars, and monograms, by means of gunpowder—a practice borrowed from the customs of heathenism; for Virgil expressly mentions it in the fourth book of the "*Æneid*." But at Bethlehem, as well as Jerusalem, the puerilities and mummeries of the priests sadly interfere with the harmony of the associations that are clustered in and about this interesting locality. The monastery being built on a rock, the legend has been concocted, that the *stable* in which Christ was born was a *grotto* cut in the rock.

The ancient tombs and excavations are occasionally used by the Arabs as places of shelter; but the gospel narrative affords no countenance to the notion that the Virgin took refuge in any cave of this description. On the contrary, it was evidently a manger belonging to the inn, or khan; in other words, the upper rooms being wholly occupied, the holy family were compelled to take up their abode in the court allotted to the mules and horses, or other animals. To suppose that the inn, or the stable, whether attached to the inn or not, was a grotto, is to outrage common sense. But the New Testament was not the guide which was followed by the mother of Constantine, to whom the original Church owed its foundation. The present edifice is represented by Chateaubriand as of undoubtedly high antiquity; yet Doubdan, an old traveler, says that the monastery was destroyed in the year 1263 by the Moslems; and in its present state, at all events, it cannot lay claim to a higher date. The convent is divided among the Greek, Roman, and Armenian

Christians, to each of whom separate parts are assigned, as places of worship and habitations for the monks; but, on certain days, all may perform their devotions at the altars erected over the consecrated spots. The church is built in the form of a cross—the nave being adorned with forty-eight Corinthian columns in four rows, each column being two feet six inches in diameter, and eighteen feet high, including the base and the capital. As the roof of the nave is wanting, the columns support nothing but a frieze of wood, which occupies the place of the architrave and the whole entablature. Open timber-work rests on the walls, and rises into the form of a dome, to support a roof that no longer exists, or that perhaps was never finished. The remains of some paintings on wood and in mosaic are here and there to be seen, exhibiting figures in full face, upright and stiff, but having a majestic effect. The nave, which is in possession of the Armenians, is separated from the three other branches of the cross by a wall—so that the unity of the edifice is destroyed. The top of the cross is occupied by the choir, which belongs to the Greeks. Here is “an altar dedicated to the Wise Men of the East,” at the foot of which is a marble star, corresponding, as the monks say, to the point of the heavens where the miraculous meteor became stationary, and directly over the spot where the Saviour was born, in the subterranean church below! A flight of fifteen steps, and a long, narrow passage, conduct to the sacred crypt or grotto of the nativity—which is thirty-seven feet six inches long, by eleven feet three inches in breadth, and nine feet high. It is lined and floored with marble, and provided on each side with five oratories, “answering precisely to the ten cribs or stalls for horses, that the stable in which our Saviour was born contained.” The precise spot of the birth is marked by a glory in the floor, composed of marble and jasper, encircled with silver, around which are inscribed the words, “*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*” Over it is a marble table or altar, which rests against the side of the rock, here cut into an arcade. The manger is at the distance of seven paces from the altar: it is in a low recess, hewn out of the rock, to which you descend by two steps, and consists of a block of marble, raised about a foot and a half above the

floor, and hollowed out in the form of a manger. Before it is the altar of the Magi. The chapel is illuminated by thirty-two lamps, presented by different princes of Christendom. Chateaubriand has described the scene in his usual florid and imaginative style.

“Nothing can be more pleasing or better calculated to excite devotional sentiments, than this subterranean church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools, which represent the mysteries of the place. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin, embroidered with silver. Incense is continually burning before the cradle of our Saviour. I have heard there an organ, touched by no ordinary hand, play, during mass, the sweetest and most tender tunes of the best Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arab, who, leaving his camels to feed, repairs, like the shepherds of old, to Bethlehem, to adore the King of kings in the manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert communicate at the altar of the Magi, with a fervor, a piety, a devotion, unknown among the Christians of the West. The continual arrival of caravans from all the nations of Christendom—the public prayers—the prostrations—nay, even the richness of the presents sent here by the Christian princes—altogether produce feelings in the soul, which it is much easier to conceive than to describe.”

Such is Bethlehem, the humble village rendered illustrious by the grandest circumstance in the whole range of human experiences—a circumstance which brought the despised and savagely-neglected poor nearer to their Maker, and, in the course of the development of its purposes, changed the aspect of the whole world, by imparting to it that spirituality of sentiment of which before it had been wholly destitute. It was a revelation of which we have yet but the glimpses; but which, nevertheless, we can distinctly perceive, is gradually producing conditions which will not only ultimately make the inhabitants of the whole earth one family, but which now, in their cumulative action, are rendering mankind more industrious, more virtuous, more confident, more intellectual, and more happy.

If the tree do not bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit in the spring, it is commonly dead all the year after; if in the spring and morning of your days, you do not bring forth fruit to God, it is a hundred to one that ever you bring forth fruit to him, when the evil days of old age shall overtake you, wherein you shall say, you have no pleasure.—*Brooks.*

## THE YOUNG MARTYR.

A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S REIGN.

ON a bright summer's evening, about three hundred years ago, two young men—scarcely to be called men; the one sixteen, the other a year or two older—walked down Cheapside, London, together.

Business was over—people kept early hours then—the clumsy shutters were for the most part closed. Tradesmen lounged at their doors, pretty faces looked out of lattice windows, and apprentices played at clubs, quarter-staff, or single-stick in the road, and woke up quiet people with their clatter. While things were thus, the two young men I named before—Mark Lorimer the younger, and Edward Dawmer the elder—walked down Cheapside together. They were talking very earnestly, and did not seem to heed the boys at play, or the loud laughter that rang through the Chepe, and made the rooks upon St. Mary Arcubus come out of their homes to see what was the matter.

"I am sorry that it should be so," the elder had observed; "and sorry that our lot should be cast in such troublous times."

"Would God," returned Mark, "we knew when they would end!"

"I understand," went on the other, "that there is to be another burning in Smithfield to-morrow, and that Queen Mary and her husband will be present."

"God pity them!" said Mark; "may they find more mercy in the last judgment than they have meted out upon the earth."

"Amen!"

"Why," said Mark, and his face flushed crimson, "I heard, and knew it for a truth, that they burned a child not many days old in the flames with its mother; they drove another frantic, and then slew it for its mad words. They are crowding the streets with orphans, and offering up, in the fires that are daily kindled, the best and bravest of the land!"

"Hush, hush!" said Dawmer; "there are ears everywhere—be careful."

"I am not afraid," Mark answered, with all a boy's heroism. "I say again that these things ought not to be."

"Yes, yes, that is all very well," Dawmer returned; "but it is not a pleasant thing to be tied to a whipping-post, as more than a score of lads were, not many days ago, and lashed almost to death."

"I would not deny the truth," said Mark, "if the whips were scorpions, and the whipping-post the stake."

"But supposing now," Dawmer asked—O, so slyly and so softly!—"they were to come to you and say, 'What do you think about the bread and wine in the Lord's supper?'"

"What do I think of it?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Bread and wine."

"But after the prayers of the priest?"

"Bread and wine."

"Why, don't you know," said Dawmer, "that it would be flat heresy to say so?"

"Why?"

"After the priest, it is bread and wine no longer."

The young man laughed. "What is it, then?" he asked.

"The body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"That I deny," said the young man, "and always will deny."

"Well, you know it is better to be cautious," said Dawmer. "Nobody can tell what may happen in these troublous times; better, I should think, try some cunning way of getting out of it."

"What," said Mark, smiling again, "frame some pet verse, like poor Princess Elizabeth—God save her!"—

'Christ was the Word that spake it;  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what the Word did make it,  
That I believe and take it.'

Thus talking, the young men passed on, crossed the Stocks market, and shaped their course for London Bridge, where they parted.

o o o o o o o o

Mark Lorimer lived with his father on this famous old bridge, for in those days it was covered with houses, and had the appearance of a regular street. It was evening, and the sun was setting when Mark reached home. In a small room, which overhung the river, sat his old father; he was watching the stream as it flowed rapidly onward, gurgling and struggling against the piles of the bridge, as it dashed wildly under the narrow arches. The old man turned his head as Mark entered, and clasped his hands. They sat and talked together about the troubles of the period, about the cruelty of Queen Mary, and the dread that was on all those

who held the reformed faith. They talked of those whom they had known, with whom they had often worshiped, but who had suffered death by fire or sword for the faith they held so dear. They sat and talked together till the last rays of the sun had glided away, and the pale moon had arisen in the heavens, and cast its flood of mellow light on the picturesque old city. Then the old man summoned his servant—a godly woman, stricken in years; the cloth was spread, a frugal meal spread out, and they sat down to supper. The old man asked God's blessing on their food, and as he ended there was a loud knock at the outer door. Margery withdrew to open it. A few moments more, and a tall, well-made man strode into the room. He lifted his cap as he did so with a courtly air, then, pointing to a paper which he held in his hand, said, "*In Queen Mary's name.*"

They saw it all. The old man arose, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; Margery wept aloud; but the young man was gone. The few moments which had elapsed between the knock and the entrance had been sufficient to apprise the old man of his son's danger. The other knew and felt it, and at his sire's command had concealed himself in one of those secret closets with which old houses then abounded.

"Sir," said the officer, "I have come here, commanded to arrest your son. Let him come forth."

"Sir," returned the old man, "my son is but a child; yet do your errand if you list."

"Your son was seen to enter here—he is here now—surrender him at once!"

The old man refused. The officer called aloud to his men, who waited outside, and five or six stout fellows, in leathern jerkins and half armor, came at his command. They searched, but searched in vain; and when every effort proved fruitless, they turned fiercely on the old man, who watched their every movement.

"Old blood shall pay for young blood, if you conceal him longer," said the officer. "As I live, you shall taste the rack for this!"

"Spare the green and take the ripe," the old man answered; "and God be judge between us!"

What needs it to repeat all that was said—how oaths were mingled with the

holy name of Jesus, and how they roughly used the venerable man, and were about to test him, as they said, by holding his hand over a burning lamp. Just at that moment the secret door was opened, and the young man came forth.

He was thrown into prison that night, and the old man, with a heavy heart, was left in his home. The next day and the next he sought to see his son, but sought in vain; on the third he was told that he was condemned—that he who had betrayed him had borne witness against him—conclusive evidence, they said, of guilt. This fellow was but a lad himself; no other than Edward Dawmer—Judas that he was!—he had sold his friend for the blood-money, and had left him now to die.

So there was another high holiday. Crowds thronged the way again from Newgate to Smithfield; thousands gathered in that open space; and city officers and soldiers kept guard about the stakes, which were ready for the victims. Six or seven were to die that day, and huge bundles of fagots were being brought together for the burning. At the hour fixed, the prisoners were brought through the street—four men, two women; and the lad Mark Lorimer. They were exhorted by the priests to repent, but remained true to the gospel; were fastened by strong chains and iron rings to the stakes, the fagots piled about them, and at a given signal fired. So the black smoke curled up, and the fire leaped and danced, and some of the people wept. It was more than an hour before it was all over, and then the people went their way. So perished young Mark Lorimer—a victim to the persecution of Queen Mary's reign.

If you had entered the old house on the bridge, and gone with Margery to the little room that overlooked the Thames, you would have seen the old man kneeling down. If you had touched him, you would have found him dead!

GOOD HUMOR.—Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self-denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, so many interests of his own to support and defend, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others. It is impossible that he should be happy himself, or make others around him so.

## The National Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1854.

### EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE RELIGIOUS SCARECROW OF THE AGE.—Since our article, bearing this title, was written, the *North American Quarterly* has appeared with a masterly review of De Maistre, the French Catholic writer, in which views quite coincident with our own are boldly stated. Of Romanism in general the *North American* says:—

"To us, every prognostic indicates decay, notwithstanding some apparent counter-tendencies on the surface, such as we mentioned at the beginning of this article. The Romish Church has no sympathy with the predominating activities of the modern era, and can never be the soul of such a body. If she does not directly oppose them she is felt to be unfavorable to the natural sciences, as withdrawing man from the sphere of the priest; to commerce, as the corrupter of morals and the worship of gold; to political economy, as an earthward-pointing knowledge, withdrawing man from the things of the soul; to popular sovereignty, as the violation of all hierarchical order; to the inner light, as a fatal will-o'-the-wisp of fancy; to self-government, as mere anarchy; to progress, as an unsatisfied substitute for a future heaven; and to education, as food for pride, the nurse of disobedience, and as sowing the seeds of discontent and presumption. As these great phenomena of modern life have appeared, the Church has stood aloof. To these rising influences she has succumbed for the last three centuries. And can the theology and the ideal which have fallen back, wilted, sapless, before the rising sun, abide its mid-day splendor? The honest pulsations of the common human heart do not thrill through her any more. She is the organ of no world-wide thought and aspiration."

Of its attempts to perpetuate popular superstition by preternatural marvels—a point discussed in our article—the reviewer says:—

"What more manifest evidence of decline could be given, than the attempt to revive the worst features of miraculous displays, under forms which not only science, but common sense and the deepest instincts of a religious fitness, must class with the lowest types of Fetishism and the most impotent deceptions of an expiring Polytheism? Winking eyes, bleeding hearts, charmed beads, consecrated images of the Blessed Virgin, and exorcising formulae, are poor appeals to the earnest soul of the nineteenth century. It is by an irresistible law, that, in the declining period of a religion, its defenders are compelled to fall back upon what is peculiar to it, and thus most offensive to the rising opposite tendency. A profound thinker reckons it as one of the testimonies to the noble efforts of Catholicism, 'that, in its contest with Polytheism, it enlarged the field of human reason, as yet narrow, at the expense of the theologic spirit.' In its decline, it seeks to narrow the circle of reason, uniformly cast slurs upon it, and would extend as far as possible the bounds of credulous ignorance. And by the same judicial necessity, excending itself from the wants and work of the times, it must exert its powers in some chosen sphere, conjuring up phantoms while not discerning the real foes."

These are strong, but, we think, logical views of the subject. Popery has outlived its day; it must hereafter be an example merely of ecclesiastical decrepitude.

A personal friend calls our attention to some sentiments deemed exceptionable in the article on George Fox, in our October number. Their appearance, without better qualification, was an inadvertence on our part, at a time of engrossing cares and absence. Ours is not a sectarian publication, and therefore we willingly forego our sectarian predilections; in politics also,

we do not feel ourselves justified in obtruding upon our readers our favorite ideas. In other respects, too, we deem ourselves reasonably restricted as a journal which is designed for common family use, and not especially for the collisions and contentions of the times. Meanwhile, we believe there is a wise and just way of treating even such matters—a way which may not provoke harm, but may do real good. In our editorial articles we have thus attempted to discuss several important public questions—and shall continue to do so hereafter. We must ask our readers, and especially our correspondents, to bear in mind our real position in this respect, and to accord to us and to each other all suitable liberty. It will be our editorial care that it shall not be abused.

The newspapers report that *Bulwer*, the novelist, has recently written to a friend in Boston this noticeable declaration:—"I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found." Some few years ago Bulwer startled the literary world by an eloquent but extravagant letter on the "water cure." Extreme as its views of that remedy were, it was, nevertheless, interesting for the glimpses of the man which it afforded. It showed a previous state of mental, if not moral ill-health, which bordered on insanity. For a long while had he lived in such a condition that, except when absorbed in the labor of writing, he felt as if he were in "hell"—that is about the language he uses. His daily effort was to forget himself in his books and manuscripts. Such suffering is perhaps most usually the effect of moral causes, but not always—it sometimes results from cerebral exhaustion, and is well known to medical men as a common—and we fear growingly common—affliction of men of genius and literary habits. A distinguished medical writer warns all students to fly for their lives away from their books, whenever they begin to feel that the intermission of their studies renders them restless and miserable. Madness is then at hand, and he that would escape must do so promptly and with a resolution which no temporary uneasiness can break. Recreation, and especially social enjoyment, will, sooner or later, restore the wasted nervous vitality. One curious symptom of this morbid condition, as described by medical authors who have especially studied it, is the inclination of the sufferer to self-accusations, especially on moral points. He imputes to himself imaginary crimes—crimes that he perhaps never thought of before. He exaggerates faults into extreme vices. He misconstrues facts of his life, innocent if not even noble in their design, into matters of self-suspicion or downright guilt; and the worst of all is, that these morbid self-accusations are not penitential, like the humility of true repentance, but morose and hardening.

Bulwer, if we may judge from his own intimations, considered his former morbid state to be the result of his literary labors, and pronounced himself cured at last. But here he is again dissatisfied with life, and the later portraits of him represent him as the very picture of exhaustion and discontent.

There is something more, we trust, in his case, than a merely morbid mental state. A better moral view of the significance of life we hope has dawned upon him. His last two works have surprised the world by their improved moral tone, and their undiminished intellectual vigor and brilliancy. In one of them he repeatedly refers to a religious biography as the great book of the times for the support of a suffering soul—the *Life of Robert Hall*—a work with which he is himself evidently too familiar not to have received from it a profound impression. The remark imputed to him by the papers as above, would seem to indicate, in connection with these facts, that that corrected view of life, which often, though it may be through deep anguish, raises it to its true significance, has dawned upon the conscience of this greatest but most perverted of our popular writers.

There is, probably, in every man's history, a period when the soul—divinely illuminated for however brief a time—looks out with a right and therefore a startling vision upon life—when it sees things as they are probably seen by a man dying in the full possession of his faculties—when the past shows itself in its true relation to the eternal future. A man thus aroused wakes up as from a dream, and perceives that his life has been without moral import—has been a *failure*, so far as all its ultimate designs are concerned. Such is the case in respect to life as ordinarily pursued; but how much more remorseful must the retrospect of a life like that of Bulwer be?—a life in which the splendid gifts of intellect have been perverted to the terrific work of corrupting the soul—of murdering the moral life of men—a crime that transcends all mere physical violence, as it can multiply itself through nations, and extend its desolating effects through ages!

There is no responsibility so appalling as that of the man of genius who sends out into the world a bad book. A man may live on through centuries in a book, and live thus a more energetic life than ever he could have lived in person on the earth. The frightful fact of such a case is that there is no remedy for the mischief—it is beyond the control of the guilty intellect, however it may relent. Like those higher spirits which, as theology teaches us, are not only damned, but irrecoverably damned, because they have forfeited their probation and the power of self-recovery, the man of genius who has cursed the world with a pernicious book, cannot stop the mischief. There are such men, who have been hundreds of years in their graves, and whose moral responsibility is still going on in this world perhaps as extensively as the most prominent living man's. They may see, with unutterable anguish, from their position in the spiritual world, the moral havoc their writings are producing, but they cannot arrest it, and every day adds to the account which they must at last render unto Him who is not only "the Judge of the quick"—the *living*—but also of "the dead." Fortunate the man, though unutterably miserable, who sees his guilt before the light of another world shows it, and who spends his remaining days in mitigating and deploring, though he cannot wholly

correct the disaster he has committed. His repentance may, at least, deter others from the great crime. Such, if this report about Bulwer is correct, will be, we hope, the effect of his example.

THE QUESTION IN EUROPE.—Our own country has almost alone the unenviable credit of disputing the Scriptural hypothesis of the unity of the human race. At the thirty-first meeting of the Society of German Naturalists, held lately at Gottingen, Professor Wagner (Holforth) of Gottingen read an address in which he treated, with much severity, the new speculations on the subject, giving no quarter to the few Germans who have adopted it. The subject he had chosen was "On certain Portions and Modes of Considerations of Anthropology." A better title, he observed, would perhaps have been, "On the Creation of Man and the Substance of the Soul." The main objects of his address were, 1st, the praise of Blumenbach; and 2d, a polemical attack on the anthropological views of a modern author whom he did not name, but who is supposed to be Carl Vogt, whose doctrines he denounced as immoral and derogatory to human nature. After explaining Blumenbach's doctrine of the five races which showed no greater differences than the local and geographical varieties of the same species in many of our domestic animals, and which had been confirmed by modern science, he stated that these views were still further strengthened by the recent linguistic investigations. Then comes the question—are all men of one race, and are all descended from one pair? Notwithstanding partial assertions to the contrary, the result of his scientific investigations had convinced him that no argument could be drawn from the study of the natural history part of the question against the existence of only one species; and, moreover, although it was difficult to adduce any direct scientific proof for or against the descent from one single pair, he was equally convinced that there was no argument against such a view. He then proceeded to discuss the other portion of his theme, and to consider whether modern science, either as natural history or physiology, had made any progress respecting the future life, or with regard to the state and nature of the soul. Materialism in this respect had made great progress in latter times; and he vehemently attacked the views of a modern author, who, among other things, asserted that to assume a spiritual soul dwelling in the brain, and thence directing the motions and actions of the body, was the greatest absurdity, and who had also denied the truth of such a thing as individual immortality. Were the views of this author, who also denied the existence of free will, founded in truth, or even recognized as such, where would be the use of all the exertions of those great and good and learned men who for centuries have labored and worked for the improvement and instruction of the human race? There would be nothing great or noble in man's nature; there would be no reality in history—no truth in faith. Where would be the result of all our scientific investigations? He concluded by observing, that however difficult or even impossible it might be to explain the nature of



the soul, we must be satisfied that the answer could not be one which was opposed to all morality and all virtue. Sound logic this. Professor Owen, who is now at the head of English naturalists, delivered an address before the last session of the British Association on the same subject, in which he vindicated the Mosaic doctrine of the unity of the race.

**BEAUTY AND GENIUS.**—It is not often (so at least say certain squeamish satirists) that "the strong-minded" of the sex are its most beautiful angels. Mr. Clapp, the well-known clergyman of New-Orleans, thinks however that he has found an exception, in the authoress of the *Lamp-lighter*—a work which the *New-London Quarterly* places above "Uncle Tom." Mr. Clapp, on a late visit to Dorchester, saw Miss Maria Cummins, its writer, and says in a letter to the *Picayune*:—"I wish that my words could convey to your readers some adequate ideas of her personal appearance. But I have no talents for this kind of description. Miss Cummins, to my taste, is very beautiful. She is of middling stature, fair complexion, soft, delicate auburn hair; cheeks with the red and white delicately blended; eyes clear, blue, and beaming with intelligence. The form of her person is symmetrical, elegant, and dignified; her conversation is easy, natural, and unaffected. Indeed, simplicity is the crowning ornament of her manners as well as writings. Though possessed of superior genius, a lively fancy and brilliant imagination, she is perfectly free from pedantry, and all those arts of display which are dictated by the love of distinction and flattery. No lady of my acquaintance is more richly endowed with those mild, social, refined, and gentle qualities which, in the view of our sex generally, constitute the principal beauty of the female character. Is it not surprising that one brought up in the seclusion of rural life—so young—hardly out of her teens, should write the best novel that has been published in our day?"

**ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD.**—Taking the cube yard of gold at \$10,000,000, which it is in round numbers, all the gold in the world at this estimate might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a collar twenty-four feet square, and sixteen feet high. All our boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into an iron safe ten feet square, and ten feet high; so small is the cube of yellow metals that has set population on the march, and roused the world to wonder!

**MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.**—The last census of Great Britain has afforded matter of exhaustless interest to critics, politicians, and moralists. Volumes and almost countless articles in periodicals have appeared respecting it. The *London Literary Gazette* continues a series of curious notices of its principal features. In a late number it discusses the *conjugal condition* of the British people as illustrated by the Registrar General's statements, and shows some new and surprising facts respecting the liberal facilities provided by nature for replenishing the work of the destroyer. The population has increased within the last half-century a hundred-fold, and we find that in the year of the last census the

excess of births over deaths was nearly one-third—615,000 births to 390,000 deaths—and yet the peopling force of the nation, if we may so call it, is only exerted in a comparatively moderate degree. A large number of men and women, in every part of Great Britain, who live to advanced ages, never marry. The Registrar General's editor announces, somewhat triumphantly, that the British population contains "a reserve of more than a million unmarried men, and of more than a million unmarried women, in the prime of life, with as many more of younger ages;" and that if these celibate millions were married, it would result that the births per annum, instead of being 700,000, would be 1,600,000. The *Gazette* contends that the world should no longer sneer at bachelors and old maids, but rather honor them for their single blessedness. It admonishes those who are married to beware lest the unmarried millions marry, and so double and quadruple the annual compound increase of births to an extent which might in that case be really alarming. "The perpetuity of the British nation is thus secured," continues the registrar's report, "against all contingencies:"—

"The proportion of children to a marriage, and consequently the population, are regulated, not so much or so immediately by the numbers of the people who marry as by the age at which marriage is contracted. The mothers and fathers of nearly half of the children now born are under thirty years of age; and if all the women who attain the age of thirty should marry, and none should marry before that age is attained, the births would decline to about two-thirds; and the marriage age were postponed to thirty-five, the births would fall to one-third part of their present number; so the population would rapidly decline—firstly, because the number of births to each generation would grow less; and secondly, because, as the interval between the births of successive generations would increase, and the duration of life by hypothesis remain the same, the numbers living contemporaneously—in other words, the population—would be further diminished. The age at which first marriages take place necessarily varies according to circumstances in different populations and in different classes of the same population: in the eldest and youngest sons of noble families; in the various rising or declining professions; among skilled artisans and laborers. The *twenty-sixth year* is the mean age at which *men* marry, and the *twenty-fifth year* the mean age at which *women* marry in England and Wales. About this period of life the growth of man is completed. *Half* of the husbands and of the wives are married at the age of twenty-one and under twenty-five; the higher average age is the result of later marriages, which occur in great numbers at the age of twenty-five and thirty."

The results of the census are decidedly in favor of Christian morals. The licentiousness of the century from 1651 to 1751—the reaction of the Puritan strictness—was terribly fatal to the popular increase. The Registrar General, or rather his editor, discusses the subject in detail. He shows that the population of Great Britain increased only sixteen per cent. during that century—"the increase was but one million and fourteen thousand for the hundred years." The restoration of morals was the restoration of the people.

**CLERICAL ODDITIES.**—The recently issued memoirs of Jay, of Bath, present some striking portraits and anecdotes. The famous Rev. John Ryland is drawn to the life. He was one of those whimsical, overbearing, eccentric divines—Johnsons and Parrs of the Tabernacle churches—who belonged to old times, and whose say-

ings and things there is small chance of any modern chapel-gower seeing reproduced. His apprehension, imagination, and memory, to use an expression of his own, rendered his "brains like fish-hooks, which seized and retained everything within their reach." His preaching was probably unique, occasionally overstepping the proprieties of the pulpit, but grappling much with conscience, and dealing out the most tremendous blows at error, sin, and the mere forms of godliness.

"The first time I ever met Mr. Ryland," says Jay, "was at the house of a wholesale linendraper in Cheapside. The owner, Mr. B——, told him one day, as he called upon him, that I was in the parlor, and desired him to go in, and he would soon follow. At this moment I did not personally know him. He was singular in his appearance: his shoes were square-toed; his wig was five-storied behind; the sleeves of his coat were profusely large and open; and the flaps of his waistcoat encroaching upon his knees. I was struck and awed with his figure; but what could I think when, walking toward me, he laid hold of me by the collar, and, shaking his fist in my face, he roared out, 'Young man, if you let the people of Surrey Chapel make you proud, I'll smite you to the ground!' But then, instantly dropping his voice, and taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by his side, and said, 'Sir, nothing can equal the folly of some hearers; they are like apes that hug their young ones to death.' He then mentioned two promising young ministers who had come to town, and been injured and spoiled by popular caressings; adding other reasonable and useful remarks. From this strange commencement a peculiar intimacy ensued. We were seldom a day apart during my eight weeks' continuance in town, and the intercourse was renewed the following year, when we were both in town again at the same time. As the chapel was very near, and spacious, he obtained leave from the managers to deliver in it a course of philosophical lectures, Mr. Adams, the celebrated optician, aiding him in the experimental parts. The lectures were on Friday mornings, at the end of which there was always a short sermon at the reading-desk; and the lecturer would say to his attendants, 'You have been seeing the works of the God of nature; now go yonder, and hear a *Jay* talk of the works of the God of grace.'"

The following anecdotes are in harmony with the opening scene:—

"The young could never leave his company unaffected and uninstructed. I once passed a day at his house. It was the fifth of November. He took advantage of the season with his pupils. There was an effigy of Guy Fawkes. A court of justice was established for his trial. The indictment was read; witnesses were examined; counsel was heard. But he was clearly and fully convicted; when Mr. R., himself being the judge, summed up the case; and, putting on his black cap, pronounced the awful sentence—that he should be carried forth and burned at the stake; which sentence was executed amid shouts of joy from his pupils. Of this, I confess, my feelings did not entirely approve. Speaking of him one day to Mr. Hall, he related the following occurrence:—"When I was quite a lad, my father took me to Mr. Ryland's school at Northampton. That afternoon I drank tea along with him in the parlor. Mr. Ryland was then violently against the American war; and, the subject happening to be mentioned, he rose, and said, with a fierce countenance and loud voice,—"If I was a General Wash-

ington, I would summon all my officers around me, and make them bleed from their arms into a basin, and dip their swords into its contents, and swear they would not sheath them till America had gained her independence." I was perfectly terrified. "What a master," thought I, "am I to be left under!" and when I went to bed, I could not for some time go to sleep. Once a young minister was spending the evening with him, and when the family were called together for worship, he said, 'Mr. —, you must pray.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot.' He urged him again, but in vain. 'Then, sir,' said he, 'I declare, if you will not, I'll call in the watchman.' At this time a watchman on his round was going by, whom he knew to be a very pious man, (I knew him too;) he opened the door, and calling him, said 'Duke, Duke, come in; you are wanted here. Here,' said he, 'is a young pastor that can't pray; so you must pray for him.'"

It was Mr. Ryland, moreover, who, in the Surrey-Chapel pulpit, called Belshazzar a "—— rascal," not worthy of wasting a sermon upon. "So meet extremes." The divine's outburst is a worthy companion to the fine lady's comment upon the proceedings of *Adam* in Paradise, conveyed in her explanation, "*Shabby fellow!*"

Here are a few traits of Rowland Hill:—

"Mr. Hill was not, as many think, who have only heard of him by report, that lying tale-bearer, a mere boisterous bawler. He was sometimes loud, and occasionally even vehement; but in common his voice only rose with his subject; and it was easy to perceive that it was commonly influenced and regulated by his thoughts and feelings. He was not like those who strain and roar *always*, and *equally*, having no more energy or emphasis for one thing than another. As the parts of a subject must vary, some being more tender, some more awful, some more plain, and some more abstruse, a uniformity of vehemence must be unnatural; it is obviously mechanical; and will, after a while, have only a kind of automaton-effect. Mr. Hill had an assistant that erred this way, and I remember how he one day reproved him. 'D——,' said he, 'you yell like a puppy as soon as you get into the field; but I am an older hound, and do not wish to cry till I have started something.' \* \* Not very long before his death, meeting an acquaintance who was nearly as aged as himself, he said, 'If you and I don't march off soon, our friends yonder, (looking upward,) will think we have lost our way.' Reading in my pulpit the words of the woman of Samaria at the well, 'the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans,'—looking off, as if he saw the parties themselves, he exclaimed, 'But the devil has had dealings enough with both of you.' Mr. Hill sometimes rendered a word *rebuke* equally strong and witty. Thus, when a preacher of no very good reputation was in the vestry of a place where he was going to preach, and seemed uneasy lest his servant should not arrive in time with his cassock, Mr. Hill said, 'Sir, you need not be uneasy; for I can preach without my cassock, though I cannot preach without my character.' As he was coming out of a gentleman's house in Piccadilly, he met in the passage a minister with a begging case, who, though popular with some, had, it was suspected, been imposing for a good while on the religious public; who offered him his hand, but Mr. Hill drew back, and looking him in the face, said, 'Ah, I thought you had been hanged long ago.' \* \* I *know* that once at Wotton he was preaching in the afternoon, (the only time when it seemed possible to be drowsy under him,) he saw some sleeping, and paused, saying, 'I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method,' and so sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience."

Here is a specimen or two of the well-known caustic and sometimes almost cruel wit of Robert Hall:—

"He was at the Tabernacle the first time I ever preached in Bristol, and when I was little more than seventeen. When I came down from the pulpit, as I passed him, he said, 'Sir, I liked your sermon much better than your quotations.' I never knew him severe upon a preacher, however moderate his abilities, if free from affectation, he spoke with simplicity, nor tried to rise above his level. But, as to others,

nothing could be occasionally more witty and crushing than his remarks. One evening, in a rather crowded place, (I was sitting by him,) a minister was preaching very *finely* and *flourishingly* to little purpose, from the 'white horse,' and the 'red horse,' and the 'black horse,' and the 'pale horse,' in the Revelation. He sat very impatiently, and when the sermon closed he pushed out toward the door, saying, 'Let me out of this horse-fair!' I was once in the library at the academy, conversing with one of the students, who was speaking of his experience, and lamented the hardness of his heart. Mr. Hall, as he was near, taking down a book from the shelf, hearing this, turned toward him, and said, 'Well, thy head is soft enough; that's a comfort.' I could not laugh at this; it grieved me; for the young man was modest, and humble, and diffident. \* \* A minister, popular too, one day said to me, 'I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him into Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him.' I concluded how the truth was; and, some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. 'I lately traveled with him,' said he, 'and it was wonderful, sir, how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He disgusted and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep.'

**REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.**—A correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express*, writing from Charlestown in that state, relates the following series of incidents, which, if true, are certainly very singular:—

Washington was accustomed to wear two seals on his watch, one of gold and the other of silver. Upon both of them the letters "G. W." were engraved, or rather cut. The seals he wore as early as 1754, and they were about his person on the terrible day of Braddock's defeat. On that day he lost the silver seal. The gold one remained with the general until the day of his death, and was then given by him to his nephew, a gentleman of Virginia, who carefully preserved it until about seventeen years ago, when in riding over his farm, he dropped it and could never recover it. The other day, the gold seal, lost seventeen years ago, was plowed up, recognized from the letters "G. W." on it, and restored to the son of the gentleman to whom Washington had presented it. At almost the same moment, the silver seal, lost in 1754, just one hundred years ago, was plowed up on the site of the battle in which Braddock was defeated, and in like manner recognized from the letters "G. W." so that in a very short time the two companions will be again united. I have this whole statement from the most reliable source possible, namely, from the gentleman himself, who has thus restored to him these precious mementoes of his great ancestor. The affair is but one more proof of an oft stated maxim, that truth begets fiction in strangeness. I repeat, there is not the slightest exaggeration or misstatement in the matter, and no room for mistake. In legal phraseology, the proof excludes every other hypothesis.

As a proof of the extensive adulteration of liquors in this country, the New-York *Sun* says, that more port wine is drank in the United States in one year than passes through the custom-house in ten; that more champagne is consumed in America alone than the whole champagne district produces; that cogniac brandy costs four times as much in France, where it is made, as it is retailed for in our grog-shops; and that the failure of the whole grape crop in Madeira produced no apparent diminution in quantity or increase in the price of wine. The fact is, there is no more thorough practical farce going on in society than that of wine-drinking. The poor soakers guzzle down daily their potations of diluted drugs, and smack their lips under the illusion that they are refreshed by the real bacchanalian nectar. Very seldom does a drop of the "real juice" go down their excoriated throats; they become living drug

casks, and imagine themselves jolly followers of the jolly god. Bacchus would not own them.

The very large and splendid edifice in this city which is in course of construction on Astor Place, through the munificence of Peter Cooper, to be called "The Union," is expected to be completed next year, at a cost of \$300,000. The work was partially suspended on account of difficulty in procuring iron beams as fast as wanted; but it is now going forward again. The building will be literally fire-proof, and its proximity to the Bible-house, the Mercantile Library, and the Astor Library will make that neighborhood a sort of literary centre.

**MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITY.**—The properties of the figure nine are peculiarly curious and capable of being used in a variety of tricks. Not to mention the fact that the fundamental rules of arithmetic are proved by the nine, there are, among others, the following curiosities connected with the figure:—

Add together as many nines as you please, and the figures indicating the amount, when added together, will be 9 or 9 repeated. The same is true in multiplying any number of times—the sums of the figures in the product will be 9 or a number of nines. For instance—

Twice 9 are 18—8 and 1 are 9.

Three times 9 are 27—7 and 2 are 9.

Four times 9 are 36—6 and 3 are 9.

And so on till we come to 11 times 9 are 99; here we have two nines, or 18, but 1 and 8 are 9.

Twelve times 9 are 108—1 and 9 and 8 are 9.

The curious student may carry this on still further for amusement.

Another curiosity is exhibited in these different products of the 9, when multiplied by the digits, as follows, the products being 18, 27, 36, 45, &c.; reverse these, and we have the remaining products 54, 63, 72, &c.

The 9 digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, when added, amount to 45 times 9; or instead of adding, multiply the middle figure by the last, and the amount will be the mysterious nines, or 45, and 4 and 5 are 9.

Once more. Let the digits as written be

123456789

987654321

111111110

and we have 9 ones, and of course 9 once more.

Or let the upper series of numbers be abstracted, from the under:—

987654321

123456789

864197532

And in the figures of the difference, once more we have the 5 nines or 45, or 9.

We will now multiply the same figures by 9:—

123456789

9

111111101

and we have 9 ones again, or 9.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, remarking upon these singularities, says:—

"One of these properties is of importance to all book-keepers and accountants to know, and which I have never seen published. I accidentally found it out, and the discovery to me (though it may have been well known to others before) has often been of essential service in settling complicated accounts. It is this:—The difference between any transposed number is always a multiple of 9; for instance, suppose an accountant or book-keeper cannot prove or balance his accounts—there is a difference between his debits and credits, which he cannot account for after careful and repeated additions. Let him then see if this difference can be divided by 9 without any remainder. If it can, he may be assured that his error most probably

lies in his having somewhere transposed figures; that is to say, he has put down 92 for 29, 83 for 38, &c., with any other transposition. The difference of any such transposition is always a multiple of 9. The knowledge of this will at once direct attention to the true source of error, and save the labour of adding up often long columns of figures. The difference between 92 and 29 is 63, or 7 times 9; between 83 and 38 is 45, or 5 times 9; and so on between any transposed numbers."

**STARTLING FACT.**—The late census shows that the number of Irishmen in the United States is less than one million; and our federal, state, and municipal "Blue Books" show that a majority of the public officers and places in the United States are filled by Irishmen. So say the newspapers, but we cannot believe the latter assertion. The statement cannot be correct unless among the "Municipal Blue Book" appointments are included the posts of scavengers, police, watchmen, &c.

Sheridan Knowles has been lecturing in Manchester, England, against Popery, and his son has been joining the Catholic Church; a brace of facts which, says one of our exchanges, may show either a want of logical power in the father, or unfilial perversity in his boy.

**GREAT EVENTS FROM SLENDER CAUSES.**—Dr. Paris observes, that "the history of great effects from small causes would form an interesting work."

"How momentous," says Campbell, "are the results of apparently trivial circumstances! When Mohammed was flying from his enemies, he took refuge in a cave; which his pursuers would have entered, if they had not seen a spider's web at the entrance. Not knowing that it was freshly woven, they passed by the cave; and thus a spider's web changed the history of the world."

When Louis VII., to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterward Henry II., of England. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All this probably had never occurred, had Louis not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of Queen Eleanor.

Warton mentions, in his Notes on Pope, that the treaty of Utrecht was occasioned by a quarrel between the Duchess of Marlborough and Queen Anne about a pair of gloves.

The coquetry of the daughter of Count Julian introduced the Saracens into Spain.

"What can be imagined more trivial," remarks Hume, in one of his essays, "than the difference between one color of livery and another in horse rides?" Yet this difference begat two most inveterate factions in the Greek empire, the Præsini and Veneti; who never suspended their animosities till they ruined that unhappy government.

The murder of Cæsar in the capitol was chiefly owing to his not rising from his seat when the senate tendered him some particular honors.

The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry Eighth's marriage (which brought on the Reformation) are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his holiness's toe, when he put it out to be kissed by that ambassador; and the Duchess of Marlborough's spilling a basin of water on Mrs. Masham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the Tory ministry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe.

"If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter," said Pascal, in his epigrammatic manner, "the condition of the world would have been different."

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder-storm; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle; and if Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging certain stamp duties on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre.

Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not, by the merest accident, attracted the notice of Cimabue.

**PHYSICAL BEAUTY AND MORAL EVIL.**—"It is almost awful," said Dr. Arnold, when sitting above the beautiful Lake of Como, in Switzerland,—"it is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of the moral evil. It seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty; for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God! It is not so much to admire moral good; that we may do, and yet be not ourselves conformed to it. But if we do really abhor that which is evil—not the persons in whom evil resides, but the evil which resides in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge, in our own hearts—this is to have the feeling of God and Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the Spirit of God."

**FAITHFUL JACK.**—An English writer remarks that sailors preserve their technical terms more steadily than any other class of men. Those of sailors remain the same, though numberless terms of other trades and professions have become obsolete within the last two centuries. Scarcely the half of the technical terms of various trades and professions that may be found in that most curious *omnium gatherum*, Randle Holme's *Academy of Armory*, would be understood by their respective craftsmen at the present day; whereas every nautical term in the much earlier production, *A Ship of Fools*, would be understood by the modern seaman.

## OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The lecture season has fairly opened upon us, and the supply of speakers seems to be fully equal to the extraordinary demand. Modest men, through the kind offices of their friends, are announcing themselves as the proprietors of instructive and entertaining discourses, and ready to serve the eager public for a suitable consideration. No course of lectures excites more attention in its announcement than the Anti-Slavery series, to be opened by Honorable Charles Sumner, and to include within its number eminent speakers. The tickets to the course were nearly exhausted long before the first lecture. Dr. Felton's course before the Lowell Institute, upon the "Downfall and Resurrection of Greece," is fully attended by a large and appreciating audience; containing, as these lectures do, so much new and valuable matter, and illustrated as they are by so many interesting personal incidents, derived from a late tour through this storied land, they will, undoubtedly, be published, and obtain a still wider hearing from the public. Overflowing congregations attend upon the public services held on Sabbath evenings in the Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The sermons are delivered by the pastors of the vicinity, and are eminently practical. Such seed as is sown on these occasions, falling upon soil so promising, can but produce an abundant harvest of good.

The two courses of the Mercantile Library Lectures are to be opened, the first by Honorable Charles Sumner, and the second by Honorable George P. Marsh, to be followed by Colonel Fremont, Cassius M. Clay, E. H. Chapin, H. W. Beecher, and other names of note in the literary and political world. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, proposes to remain some considerable time at the north, and to address our Lyceums as he may secure opportunities.

The executors of the late Honorable Samuel Appleton, who have in trust the munificent sum of two hundred thousand dollars, to be distributed, as directed by the will, for "scientific, literary, religious, or charitable purposes," have transferred stocks to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars to the Boston Athenæum. The interest is to be applied to the annual increase of the library.

It was supposed, and generally announced through the public prints, that the well-known and honored name of Charlestown had been effaced from the list of municipalities—it being merged into Boston, swelling its population and bringing renown to its history. But the regret felt by many and the rejoicing of others was premature. The Supreme Court has declared the act of annexation unconstitutional, and, for the present at least, Bunker Hill will remain in Charlestown. Honorable George W. Warren, ex-mayor of Charlestown, was employed as one of the counsel by the annexationists, and after the unfavorable decision was announced, a legal writ, present on the occasion, remarked, that "the British and the Bostonians had both attempted to take Charlestown, and in each case a *Warren* had fallen."

The movement in favor of a Reform School for girls has resulted successfully. The state offered twenty thousand dollars, provided the same amount should be subscribed by individuals. The latter amount has been obtained, principally in Boston, and the governor of the state has appointed a judicious commission to obtain a site and arrange the details of the institution.

In the literary world our publishers are keeping their presses active upon new editions of established works, and not a few forthcoming volumes of general interest are announced. Honorable Lorenzo Sabine, of Framingham, whose articles in the public prints and speeches in Congress upon the Newfoundland fishery question have accomplished more than any other means to bring about the present happy adjustment of this matter, has in the press of Crosby, Nichols & Co., a volume upon dueling. It will be an encyclopedia of duels, comprising sketches of all the principal personal combats, with full accounts of the most important, especially those of historical interest in our country. It is stated in the English Athenæum that a literary man in the heart of Russia is engaged upon the translation of "The House of Seven Gables" into Russian. "This," well remarks the editor, "is something like fame."

The executors of Mr. Webster are now engaged in the preparation of several volumes of his correspondence, to be published uniform with the edition of his works. Little, Brown & Co., who issued the latter from their press, will publish the new volumes. As

Mr. Webster's correspondents were the most distinguished public men of the last half-century, both in this country and in Europe, the correspondence must possess extraordinary interest. From the same house has already appeared the sixth volume of Bancroft's great work. It treats upon the immediate causes of the Revolution, covering in its records the pregnant period of eight years between the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, and the forcible efforts to subdue the obstinacy of Boston in 1774. Interesting in its subject, it is invested with a magical charm by the splendid rhetoric of its author.

Crocker & Brewster, the publishers of Neander's noble Church History, have issued the fifth and final volume of this work. The amiable and learned author went quietly to his rest—working upon it till the last, and dying with the harness on—before the manuscript of this volume was even corrected. But the devoted and pains-taking labors of an accomplished pupil had secured the completion of the work. Professor Terrey has accomplished an invaluable service for the Church in his excellent translation of this great history. The present volume is one of peculiar interest, recording, as it does, the history of Papacy to the Council of Basle, the Life and Times of Wiclif, and the Persecutions and Martyrdom of Huss in Bohemia. The five volumes will form a perpetual monument of the diligence, eloquence, and piety of this devoted Jewish Christian.

The second edition of Dr. Wayland's Mental Philosophy has been published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. This work is enjoying an unprecedented popularity for a philosophical treatise, and is securing a rapid introduction into the higher grades of instruction. This firm have fortified themselves against the expected demand of the approaching holidays, by preparing a large and beautiful variety of annuals. They have published four splendid quarto volumes, illustrated with fine steel engravings, and bound in the highest styles of the art, and nearly a score of juvenile volumes by our best writers, adorned with illustrations, and every way calculated to please and instruct the young recipients of these handsome annual benefactions.

It rarely occurs that an old periodical renews its age, and resumes a forfeited place in the estimation of the community; but this is the fortune of the North American. Under the administration of Dr. Peabody, it has recovered all its pristine vigor and popularity. It is sufficiently progressive, full of wholesome truth and just criticism; and altogether is a worthy representation of American literature. It deserves all the credit it has won, and even a larger circulation than it has obtained. Its publishers, Crosby, Nichols & Co., announce a new and revised edition of Miss Chandler's "Elements of Character"—a little volume which has already been favorably noticed and received high praise from the press in general. The first edition of the work was exhausted in a few weeks. A second series of "Thoughts to Help and to Cheer," furnishing, with the first series, a text of Scripture, a meditation and appropriate verse of poetry for each day in the year.

The Edinburgh and London publishers are beginning to compete a little with our booksellers in the sale of their own works. Blackie & Son, in addition to their well-known depot in Fulton-street, New-York, offer their valuable catalogue of standard and illustrated works to our reading community through Russell & Brothers of our city. While the Harpers are busily republishing the noble "Imperial Gazetteer" of this firm, they offer the original edition, with its fine engravings, beautiful print and heavy paper, in numbers, or parts, at a greatly reduced price. It is an invaluable encyclopedia of geography—physical, political, statistical, and descriptive.

Wordsworth's Works, complete, with prefaces and annotations, on fine paper, in generous type, have been issued from the active press of Little, Brown & Co., in seven volumes. Captain Sleeper, the late excellent and accomplished editor of the Boston Journal, having retired from active editorial service, is devoting himself to the publication of the Sea Incidents and Tales, which from time to time he has written for his own paper, and which were well received in this form. The first volume, handsomely illustrated and printed, has been published by Reynolds & Co., entitled "Sea Bubbles," and will be followed by others. The same publishers propose to issue, from the pen of a popular writer, a series of juvenile volumes upon the noted men, civil and military, of our own country, especially of revolutionary times; something after the style of Abbott's series of Ancient Kings and Warriors.

B. K. P.



## Book Notices.

Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons—Hester Ann Rogers—Simms's Works—Memories of a Grandmother—The World as it is—Abbott's Juvenile Works—Stories from the History of Italy and France—Loring's Hundred Boston Orators—The City-Side—Elements of Character—The Bible Reading Book—Children's Trials—Popular Tales—Gratitude: An Exposition of the Hundred and Third Psalm—Forrester's Magazine—Synonyms of the New Testament—The Seven Wonders of the World—The Inebriate's Hut—Kansas and Nebraska—May Dundas—Spirit-Rapping—The Tables Turned.

DUNCAN'S *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons* has been reissued by *Carter & Brothers, New-York*, in two substantial duodecimos. It is the best work of the kind in our language, and supersedes the translation of Sturm by embodying the later discoveries of natural science.

*Hester Ann Rogers*.—This famous Methodist biography lies on our table in the Swedish language—a really beautiful book, got out by *Carlton & Phillips*, under the auspices of the new Methodist Tract Society. It has had great influence on the Methodist world, and will now go forth, on its message of usefulness, in Sweden and among our Scandinavian immigrants. There are many small defects in it, but it has the power of a genuine spiritual life.

*Redfield* continues the issue of Simms's works, in very elegant style. The last of the series received by us is *Woodcraft; or, Hawks about the Dove-cot*. It is founded upon southern life at the close of the Revolution. Simms has done more than any other American fictitious writer to bring into literary use the early history of the country. He maintains the historical integrity of his subjects with unusual scrupulosity. His characters are bold and sharply delineated, and his incidents abundant. We regret, however, that he deems it necessary to the accuracy of his characters, that they should be allowed to utter so freely their usual profanity.

The *Memories of a Grandmother* is the forbidding title of a really interesting little volume from the press of *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*. It consists of sketches of New-England life, evidently "from life."—one of the best New-England domestic portraiture that we remember. *Moyce, Boston*.

*Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia*, have published, under the general title of *The World as it is*, two elegant little volumes from the pen of F. C. Woodworth, the author of several popular juvenile works. The first volume relates to *England and Wales*, the second to *Scotland and Ireland*. They are well-prepared descriptions of localities and life, and are attractively illustrated.

Among the juvenile works of the season, we must also enumerate a batch of volumes from the pen of Jacob Abbott, and got out in fine style by *Reynolds & Co., Boston*. They are the tireless and ever interesting *Rollo's Tour in Europe*—"Rollo on the Atlantic," "Rollo in Paris," and "Rollo in Switzerland." Rollo dogs Abbott everywhere, and there is no

youngster that likes good reading who is not happy to follow in his footsteps. The illustrations are well done—a *sine qua non* with us, as our readers know, in juvenile publications.

We must not omit from our record of the juvenile literature of the season two fine little volumes from the press of *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. The first is entitled *Stories from the History of Italy*; the second, *Stories from the History of France*. They are reprints from the editions of the London Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge—a good guarantee of their excellence. The selection of incidents and the style of execution are judicious and attractive, and the illustrative engravings are among the very best wood cuts we have yet seen from the American press. This house is unequalled in its artistic work.

*Jacott & Co., Boston*, have published the third edition of Mr. Loring's *Hundred Boston Orators*. This work is already known to the public; but we may refer again to two of its capital excellences: first, it presents some of the finest specimens of American eloquence; Quincy, Otis, Austin, Ames, Everett, Webster, Sumner, Cushing, Story, Choate, Horace Mann, Winthrop, Whipple, Star King, &c., are among its orators. Secondly, it comprises historical comments, gleanings, &c., illustrative of the progress of our republican principles. This last edition has an improved index of names.

We are indebted to *Moyce, Boston*, for a copy of *The City-Side*. These "side" books have become very numerous lately, and threaten to surfeit us, like the "Bible Mountains," "Bible Lakes," and "Bible Birds;" which, we suppose, are yet to be followed by Bible Giants, Bible Babies, and Bible Frogs—until the good old simple and beautiful Bible narratives are buried under the excess of such rhetorical rubbish. The present is, however, a decidedly clever production—the incidents from clerical life are striking, and they are related with vivacity and tact. We would, nevertheless, suggest to our young authors that it is time to leave these "side" walks, and turn boldly out into the open road.

*Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston*, have sent us a copy of the second edition of Mary G. Chandler's *Elements of Character*—a book of grave character and style, but solid in its instructions and excellent in its moral tone. We except to particular views of the author, but can commend the general character of her book as of unusual merit.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the well-known authoress, has prepared a volume of Scriptural lessons, entitled *The Bible Reading Book*. If it be desirable at all to present literal Scriptural instruction in any other form than the common Bible itself, Mrs. Hale has unquestionably hit upon the best method. Her volume contains such portions of the Old and New Testaments as form a connected narrative, in the real words of the text and in the order of the sacred books,



of God's dealing with men and men's duties to God. The most essential portions of divine truth are happily woven into the plan—the promises, precepts, miracles are carefully retained, God's attributes are fully exhibited, all the prophecies respecting Christ are related. The volume cannot fail to give such systematic instruction in the scope of the whole Bible as will secure the interest of children especially, for the entire Scriptures, much more effectually than the way of consulting them to which the young are generally trained. It has special adaptations as a reading book in schools. *Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.*

*Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston*, have issued an exceedingly beautiful little volume for children, entitled *Children's Trials*, &c. It is a translation from the German of Linden. The illustrations are colored, and cannot fail to be attractive to the little folks.

The same publishers have sent out a new version of Madame Guizot's *Popular Tales*. Those of our readers who recollect the articles we gave some months ago, on the character and writings of this excellent lady, will be gratified at this announcement. The book is beautifully embellished with engravings.

*Gratitude: an Exposition of the Hundred and Third Psalm.* By Rev. John Stevenson. 12mo., pp. 324. *New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers.* This volume consists of a continuous series of pious meditations, founded on the expressions of the Psalm, of which it professes to be an exposition. It is a work better suited for occasional reading, with the design to excite pious sentiments in the heart, than for study, to give clearer views of the meaning of the text. For this purpose it may doubtless be used with profit; for though its theology is the superorthodoxy of the Scotch Kirk, yet it is confessedly full of the marrow of the gospel. Our friends, the Carters, are doing a good work by their republications of this kind; and we are happy to be assured that there are yet readers of sober Christian literature, in sufficient numbers, to justify, commercially, their enterprise.

*Forrester's Magazine*, published by *Rand, Boston*, we have repeatedly recommended as one of the very best juvenile periodicals of the day. It is characterized by the good sense as well as the attractiveness of its articles; its moral tone is unexceptionable, and its illustrations abundant and "taking." It is the magazine to excite a love of reading where that taste does not exist, and to guide it aright where it does. We commend it to all families, not only unreservedly but most warmly.

*Synonyms of the New Testament*; being the substance of a course of lectures addressed to the theological students of King's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D. *Redfield, 110 and 112 Nassau-street, New-York.* 12mo., pp. 250. The publication in this country of a number of valuable works by the author of this volume has introduced him to the favorable notice of our reading public, and prepared for this new comer a ready access to our libraries and firesides. Trench is a writer of real nerve and of clear powers of discrimina-

tion. These properties, so forcibly exhibited in the "Study of Words," are brought fully into use in this work; and though only a small portion of the field contemplated in the title is occupied by him, yet the portion traversed is well chosen, and ably discussed. We commend this little volume to the favor of all real Biblical students—those who wish to be aided to think for themselves, rather than to have their thinking done to their hand by "notes" and "comments," as venerable for their antiquity, though often rejuvenated, as they are destitute of all other claims to our reverence.

*The Seven Wonders of the World* is the title of an excellent though small volume from the press of *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. Its design is to present what interesting traditions remain of "the seven wonders," which have made so much of the entertainment of almost every man's childhood. The sketches are well prepared, and the engravings exceedingly fine.

*The Inebriate's Hut* is the title of a new volume from the pen of Mrs. Southworth. It is a very interesting illustration of the effects of the Maine Law, and its circulation would do much to promote the success of that great legislative reform. *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*

A very valuable work on *Kansas and Nebraska* has been prepared by E. C. Hale, Esq., and published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston*—a good manual for all who wish to immigrate thither. It sketches the history, geography, physical characteristics, political position, &c., of the country, and gives directions to emigrants, accounts of emigrant societies, &c.

*Carter & Brothers* have issued an edition of *May Dundas, or Passages in Young Life*, by Mrs. Thomas Geldart, illustrated. It is a domestic story, well narrated, and suggestive of the best lessons—the principal one being the inadequacy of the best education and associations to sustain the young soul in "the battle-fields of life."

*Spirit Rapping—Necromancy—a Discourse by Rev. Mr. Butler*, has been published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*, for the Methodist Tract Society. It treats this new phenomenon theologically—showing that whatever may be its alleged solution, the intermeddling with it now, so extensive and so mischievous, is unscriptural and criminal. It is the very thing to put into the hands of considerate people, and especially of Christians, who may have been beguiled into the new mania. Mr. Butler reasons most impressively and conclusively, and few who read him with candor will be disposed to plunge into the evil.

*The Tables Turned* is the title of a rejoinder to Mr. Butler's discourse, written by S. P. Britton, Esq., and published by *Partridge & Britton, New-York*. Mr. Britton shows no little logical skill and rhetorical tact in this critique. We are taken somewhat by surprise by it, for we know not how to admit that a man of such evident shrewdness and ability can be duped by such manifest nonsense as the preternatural pretensions of the Spirit Rappers. He fails in the issue, but we give him credit for having written the best work we have yet met in favor of the Rappers.

## Literary Record.

Arago's Manuscripts—The Warnerville Union Seminary—Schools in England—Notable Deaths—New-York Conference Seminary—Postage on Books—Religious Papers—The British Census returns—Dickinson Seminary—Death of Bartlett—Committee of French History—Newark Wesleyan Institute—New Works—Education in Poland—Fort Edward Institute—Education in the United States—Carlyle—Wesleyan Female College.

SOME of the MSS. of Arago, containing 2,956 pages of writing, of which 2,599 are by his own hand, have lately been presented to the French Academy of Sciences. They contain observations upon magnetism, and the results of 73,000 experiments in that science. A committee has been appointed to examine these papers, with a view to their publication in the *Memoires* of the Academy.

The Warnerville (N. Y.) Union Seminary, under the superintendence of Rev. A. J. Jutkins, offers gratuitous instruction to twenty young men contemplating the ministry. This institution reports one hundred and twenty-six students during its last term—its faculty is able, and its prospects bright.

Respecting schools in England, a correspondent of *The Church* gives the following summary of the census returns. It appears that of 1,413,170 scholars receiving education in public day schools, 1,188,786 are in schools receiving support from religious bodies; and that of this number the Church of England educates 929,474 children; while all other religious bodies (comprising all the dissenting sects, Scotch Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Jews, German and French Protestants) educate, by their united efforts, only 194,673. For every 1,000 educated by the Church of England, the Independents educate 54, the Roman Catholics and Methodists each 44, and all the others combined only 66.

Among the notable deaths in Europe, lately, is recorded that of the once famous *Lafcoat*, the bookseller and publisher—a man who was at the head of the publishing trade in France from 1815 to 1830—who was a veritable Mæcenas to authors—who had the honor of presenting to the world, or publishing for, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Dumas, and other of the great literary celebrities of modern France—who was the friend of ministers and ambassadors—who at one time counted his wealth by millions, (francs,) and who rioted in more than princely luxury—who finally, by imprudent speculations, lost all he had, and after living for years in profound obscurity, died in a hospital, leaving his widow penniless and friendless, and compelled to make an appeal to the public for charity!—In Germany, death has carried off Canon Schmidt, who is so widely known by his writings for children; and at Rome, *Cardinal Angelo Mai*, distinguished by his discovery in the library of the Vatican of some palimpsests, containing the lost portions of Cicero's famous 'Treatise on the Commonwealth,' a loss which had always been deplored by classical scholars, and of which Scipio's

'Dream,' and the other fragments that remained, showed the immense importance. But what, for the renown of the cardinal, was equal to the discovery, or rather recovery, of this magnificent work, was the skill with which he deciphered it—a task of exceeding difficulty, and one which, in other manuscripts of equal antiquity, had baffled the scientific means and appliances of Sir Humphrey Davy.

The New-York Conference Seminary at Charlotteville, N. Y., under the Rev. A. Flack and a numerous faculty, is prospering remarkably. Its last catalogue reports more than twelve hundred students for the year.

Books not weighing over four pounds may be sent by mail, prepaid, at one cent an ounce any distance in the United States not exceeding three thousand miles; and at two cents an ounce over three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at the ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wrapper. If not prepaid, the postage under three thousand miles is one cent and a half; and over three thousand miles in the United States, three cents an ounce.

The number and circulation of English religious papers, says a foreign correspondent of the *Pittsburg Advocate*, will bear no comparison with those of the United States. The Church of England has two papers—the *Record*, published twice a week, with a circulation of 3,639 each number; and the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, weekly, with a circulation of 2,750. The Baptists have no paper, but they patronize the papers of the Independent denomination. These are—the *Patriot*, edited by Joseph Conder and J. M. Hare, Esqs., issued twice a week, with 1,268 subscribers; *The British Banner*, with a weekly circulation of 3,888; and the *Non-Conformist*, with a weekly circulation of 3,211, edited by E. Miall, Esq., M. P. The Wesleyan Conference has only one paper, the *Watchman*, edited most ably by J. C. Rigg, Esq., with a subscription list of between 3,000 and 4,000. *The Wesleyan Times*, the organ of the agitators, is rapidly declining, its circulation having diminished one half since the year 1851.

From the population tables of the recent British census we glean the following items:—The return of authors, writers, and literary men, comprises 2,866 persons, to whom are added 8,600 artists, architects, &c., (doubtless including many drawing-masters and builders;) 496 professors of science, 34,378 male teachers, and 71,966 school-mistresses and governesses—the latter returned as 21,373.

Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa., under the care of Rev. Dr. Bowman, is represented by its last catalogue as in a flourishing condition. It has an effective faculty and a thorough classification of studies. The aggregate of its students, for the last academic year, was two hundred and fifty-five.

The papers announce the death, in his passage to Marseilles on board the French steamer *Egyptus*, of Mr. W. H. Bartlett, author of "Walks about Jerusalem," "Forty Days in the Desert," and other works, instructive and interesting in themselves, and valuable to many readers as illustrative of Scriptural scenes and history.

The Committee of French History, Arts, and Language, first appointed in 1834 by M. Guizot, has just made its report for 1852-3. This document exhibits the labors of the Committee for the past year, which labors, it may be remembered, included Augustin Thierry's second volume, entitled "Recueil des Documents inédits de l'Histoire du Tiers-Etat," and the sixth volume of the "Lettres Missives de Henri IV." The same document also makes certain promises which are not unimportant. It appears that twelve new works are in course of publication. Some of them will be voluminous: the Memoirs of Cardinal Granville alone occupying thirteen quarto volumes. But even thirteen quarto volumes are but a moderate instalment of Charles Quint's Chancellor,—since this eminent Churchman left no less than eighty quarto volumes of manuscripts, which T. B. Boissot, an abbot of Saint Vincent de Besançon, spent ten years in deciphering and arranging. The philological section of the Committee has resolved to publish the works of Chrestien de Troyes. MM. T. Desnoyers and Chabaille are appointed editors of the "Trésor de Toutes Choses," written in Paris in the thirteenth century, by the Italian refugee Brunetto Latino.

The sixth annual catalogue of the Newark Wesleyan Institute shows the seminary to be in a highly prosperous condition, under the principalship of Mr. Starr. The total number of students for the last academic year was nearly three hundred.

Among books about to appear, or recently out in England, besides the always-expected volumes from Mr. Macaulay, we learn through the London press of the completing volume of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece"—of the third volume of the "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," edited by Lord John Russell—of Mr. Kaye's "Governors-General of India"—of a new work, "Romany Rye," by Mr. George Borrow—of a work on "Polynesian Mythology," by Sir George Grey, of which we hear curious accounts—of Mr. Leslie's "Handbook for Young Painters"—of a large edition of the works of Arago, and the concluding volume of Colonel Sabine's translation of Humboldt's "Cosmos"—of Mrs. Jameson's "Common-place Book"—"Thirty Years of Foreign Policy," by the author of "B. Disraeli; a Biography," and Lord Carlisle's "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters"—of new poems by the Earl of Ellesmere, Sydney Yendys and Mr. Alexander Smith—of two volumes of translations by Mr. George Borrow, "Songs of Europe," being metrical translations from all the European languages, and "Kampe Viser: Songs about Giants and Heroes," from the Danish—of new tales by Mr. Charles Lever, Miss G. E. Jewsbury, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Moodie—of new biographies by Mr. Bayle St. John, Mr. John Forster, Mr. Dennistoun, the Rev. C. J. F. Clin-

ton—with a life of the poet Montgomery, from the pen of Messrs. Holland and Everett—and among more miscellaneous works, of Dr. Doran's "Habits and Men"—Mr. J. A. St. John's "Philosophy at the Foot of the Cross"—Mr. Bell's "Town Life of the Restoration"—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Domestic Life during the Civil War"—Mr. Howitt's "Note-Book of a Young Adventurer in the Wilds of Australia," and "Traditions and Superstitions of the New-Zealanders," by Mr. E. Shortland.

Poland was the first country in Europe that had a regular public education. It had in the Fifteenth Century, and before, departmental schools, free to all ranks, which were affiliated to the universities; each of which furnished and appointed the teachers of the department in which it was situated. Always, a complete education, including the university education, introduced a Pole into the ranks of nobility; for there was no difference of race between peasant and noble in Poland to interfere with a natural progress, as in the Western feudal nations. A university education, or an important service in the army, (to each of which the peasantry were free,) always made a Polish noble.

The Fort Edward Institute, under the principalship of Rev. J. E. King, has become one of the most successful literary undertakings of the day. The academic edifice is on a scale of great amplitude and convenience, and has been projected and built since June last. There is genuine American energy in the enterprise, and the well-known qualifications of its literary head guarantee its future success.

There are in the United States about 60,000 common schools, which are supported at an annual expense of nearly six million dollars; more than half of which is expended by the states of New-York and Massachusetts. In the state of New-York in 1853 were 11,684 school districts, and 622,268 scholars in attendance during some part of the year. The total amount expended for school purposes was \$2,469,248. Massachusetts, for the same year, numbers 4,113 schools, with 187,022 scholars during the summer, 202,081 in winter. Aggregate expended on schools, \$1,972,310. This state has a School Fund of \$1,220,238. The amount raised by direct taxation for schools was \$963,631. Boston appropriates \$330,000 annually to public schools of various grades.

The first money ever received by Thomas Carlyle for any book of his was remitted to him from Boston, he always having published on the "half-profit" principle, and the English publisher's balance-sheet never showing any profits to halve. This money was for the reprint of his *Miscellanies*; and this was after he had achieved an illustrious reputation as author of *The French Revolution*, which, together with his earlier works, was out of print; yet Carlyle despises our country.

The Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, is one of the best institutions of the kind in the country. Its faculty comprises eighteen or twenty instructors, headed by Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M. It reports nearly five hundred students for the last year.

## Arts and Sciences.

The London Smoke Nuisance—Furnace Cinders—The Dahlia—Adamant—State of the Natural Sciences among the Japanese—Electricity.

We stated lately that by act of Parliament the *smoke of London* is "suppressed." A scientific writer in the *London Times* thinks the reform begins at the wrong end: that the sewers, &c., should be first so arranged as not to infect the atmosphere—the smoke is necessary to counteract them. Smoke, he argues, is nothing more than minute flakes of carbon or charcoal. Carbon in this state is like so many atoms of sponge, ready to absorb any of the life-destroying gases with which it may come in contact. In all the busy haunts of men, or wherever men congregate together, the surrounding air is to a certain extent rendered pernicious by their excretions, from which invisible gaseous matter arises, such as phosphuretted and sulphuretted hydrogen, cyanogen, and ammoniacal compounds, well known by their intolerable odor. Now, the blacks of smoke (that is the carbon) absorb and retain these matters to a wonderful extent. Every hundred weight of smoke probably absorbs twenty hundred weight of the poisonous gases emanating from the sewers, and from the various works where animal substances are under manipulation—by fell-mongers, for instance, and on the premises of fat-melters, bone-crushers, glue-makers, Prussian blue-makers, &c. This accounts for the undeniable fact that London, although the most smoky, is yet the healthiest metropolis in the world. As London is at present constituted, smoke is the very safeguard of the health of the population; it is unquestionably the mechanical purifier of a chemically deteriorated atmosphere.

The *London Athenæum* reports very favorably the result of experiments in England, testing our countryman, Dr. Smith's, invention for the use of *Furnace Cinders*. Dr. Smith professes to produce from the scorie cast aside from the blast furnaces a variety of articles in daily use, such as square tiles, paving flags, and bottles, the last of which are much stronger, and the annealing more complete than in the common glass bottles, from which in appearance they are scarcely to be distinguished. The scorie are thrown into a mold before they have time to cool. If it should turn out to be possible to put the furnace cinders to such uses, the invention will be of great importance to all proprietors of blast furnaces.

The dahlia is a native of the marshes of Peru, and was named after Dahl, the famous Swedish botanist. It is not more than thirty years since its introduction into Europe.

Adamant is a substance so extremely hard as to be able to polish the diamond. It is considered to bear the same relation to diamond which emery does to corundum. A few years ago, M. Dufrénoy exhibited before the Paris Academy of Sciences, a few pieces of adamant which were met with in the same alluvial formation whence Brazilian diamonds are usually

procured. The largest piece obtained weighed about 66 grains. Its edges were rounded by long continued friction; and it presented a slightly brownish, dull black color. When viewed with a microscope, it appeared riddled with small cavities, which separated very small irregular laminae, slightly transparent and iridescent. It cut glass readily, and scratched quartz and topaz. On analysis it was found that this adamant contains 96.8 to 99.8 per cent. of pure carbon; the small remainder consisting of vegetable ash.

M. Von Siebold, at a late meeting of the Natural History Society of Bonn, read a paper "On the State of the Natural Sciences among the Japanese." Their knowledge of these sciences, he says, is much more extensive and profound than is supposed in western Europe. They possess a great many learned treatises thereupon, and an admirable geological map of their island, by Buntzjo. They are well acquainted with the systems of European naturalists, and have translations of the more important of their works. They have a botanical dictionary, in which an account is given of not fewer than 5,300 species, and it is embellished with a vast number of well-executed engravings. The flora of their own island is admirably described in a work by the imperial physician, Tasuragawa.

Some experiments have lately been made at Portsmouth (England) of a most important and remarkable character, and which would appear to open up and promise to lead to further triumphs in *electricity*, equal in importance to any that have already been achieved. The experiments in question were for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of sending electric telegraph communications across a body of water without the aid of electric wires. The space selected for the experiment was the mill-dam, (a piece of water forming a portion of the fortifications,) at its widest part, where it is something near five hundred feet across. The operating battery was placed on one side of the dam, and the corresponding dial on the other side. An electric wire from each was submerged on their respective sides of the water, and terminating in a plate constructed for the purpose, and several messages were accurately conveyed across the entire width of the mill-dam, with accuracy and instantaneous rapidity. The apparatus employed in the experiments is not pretended to be here explained in even a cursory manner; this is of course the exclusive secret of the inventor. But there is no doubt of the fact that communications were actually sent a distance of nearly five hundred feet through the water without the aid of wires, or other conductors, and that there appeared every possibility that this could be done as easily with regard to the British Channel as with the mill-dam. The inventor is a gentleman of great scientific attainments, residing in Edinburgh, and lays claim to being the original inventor of the electric telegraph; but was unable to carry out the invention to his advantage.

